PAMELA:

OR,

VIRTUE Rewarded.

In a SERIES of

FAMILIAR LETTERS

FROM A

Beautiful Young DAMSEL,
To her PARENTS.

Now firſt Publiſhed

In order to cultivate the Principles of VIRTUE and RELIGION in the Minds of the YOUTH of BOTH SEXES.

In TWO VOLUMES.

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PAMELA;

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VOL. II.

The JOURNAL *continued.*

THURSDAY Morning.

SOMEBODY rapp'd at our Chamber-door this Morning ſoon after it was light: Mrs. *Jewkes* ask'd, Who it was? My Maſter ſaid, Open the Door, Mrs. *Jewkes!* O, ſaid I, for God's ſake, Mrs. *Jewkes*, don't. Indeed, ſaid ſhe, but I muſt. Then, ſaid I, and clung about her, let me ſlip on my Cloaths firſt. But he rapp'd again, and ſhe broke from me; and I

was frighted out of my Wits, and folded myſelf in the Bed-cloaths. He enter'd, and ſaid, What, *Pamela*, ſo fearful, after what paſs'd yeſterday between us! O Sir, Sir, ſaid I, I fear my Prayers have wanted their wiſh'd Effect. Pray, good Sir, conſider.—— He ſat down on the Bed-ſide, and interrupted me, No need of your fooliſh Fears; I ſhall ſay but a Word or two, and go away.

After you went up-ſtairs, ſaid he, I had an Invitation to a Ball, which is to be this Night at *Stamford*, on occaſion of a Wedding; and I am going to call on Sir *Simon* and his Lady, and Daughters; for the Bride is a Relation of theirs: So I ſhall not be at home till *Saturday*. I come therefore to caution *you* Mrs. *Jewkes*, before *Pamela*, (that ſhe may not wonder at being cloſer confin'd, than for theſe three or four Days paſt) that no body ſees her, nor delivers any Letter to her in that Space; for a Perſon has been ſeen lurking about, and inquiring after her; and I have been well inform'd, that either Mrs. *Jervis*, or Mr. *Longman*, has written a Letter, with a Deſign of having it convey'd to her: And, ſaid he, you muſt know, *Pamela*, that I have order'd Mr. *Longman* to give up his Accounts, and have diſmiſs'd *Jonathan*, and Mrs. *Jervis*, ſince I have been here; for their Behaviour has been intolerable; and they have made ſuch a Breach between my Siſter *Davers* and me, as we ſhall never, perhaps, make up. Now, *Pamela*, I ſhall take it kindly in you, if you will confine yourſelf to your Chamber pretty much for the Time I am abſent, and not give Mrs. *Jewkes* Cauſe of Trouble or Uneaſineſs; and the rather, as you know ſhe acts by my Orders.

Alas! Sir, ſaid I, I fear all theſe good Bodies have ſuffer'd for my ſake!—Why, ſaid he, I believe ſo too; and there never was a Girl of your Innocence, that

that ſet a large Family in ſuch an Uproar, ſurely.—But let that paſs. You know both of you my Mind, and, in part, the Reaſon of it. I ſhall only ſay, that I have had ſuch a Letter from my Siſter, as I could not have expected; and, *Pamela*, ſaid he, neither you nor I have Reaſon to thank her, as you ſhall know, perhaps, at my Return.—I go in my Coach, Mrs. *Jewkes*, becauſe I take Lady *Darnford*, and Mr. *Peters's* Niece, and one of Lady *Dapnford's* Daughters along with me; and Sir *Simon* and his other Daughter go in his Chariot: So let all the Gates be faſten'd, and don't take any Airing in either of the Chariots, nor let any body go to the Gate, without you Mrs. *Jewkes*. I'll be ſure, ſaid ſhe, to obey your Honour.

I will give Mrs. *Jewkes* no Trouble, Sir, ſaid I, and will keep pretty much in my Chamber, and not ſtir ſo much as into the Garden without her; to ſhew you I will obey in every thing I *can*. But I begin to fear.—Ay, ſaid he, more Plots and Contrivances, don't you?—But I'll aſſure you, you never had leſs Reaſon; and I tell you the Truth; for I am really going to *Stamford*, *this Time*; and upon the Occaſion I tell you. And ſo, *Pamela*, give me your Hand and one Kiſs, and then I am gone.

I durſt not refuſe, and ſaid, God bleſs you, Sir, where-ever you go!—But I am ſorry for what you tell me about your Servants!

He and Mrs. *Jewkes* had a little Talk without the Door; and I heard her ſay, You may depend, Sir, upon my Care and Vigilance.

He went in his Coach, as he ſaid he ſhould, and very richly dreſs'd, which looks as if what he ſaid was likely: But, really I have been us'd to ſo many Tricks, and Plots, and Surprizes, that I know not what to think. But I mourn for poor Mrs. *Jervis*.—So here is Parſon *Williams*; here is poor naughty

John; here is good Mrs. *Jervis*, and Mr. *Longman*, and Mr. *Jonathan*, turn'd away for me!—Mr. *Longman* is rich indeed, and ſo need the leſs matter it; but I know it will grieve him: And for poor Mr. *Jonathan*, I am ſure it will cut that good old Servant to the Heart. Alas for me! What Miſchiefs am I the Occaſion of?—Or, rather, my Maſter, whoſe Actions towards me, have made ſo many of my kind Friends forfeit his Favour, for my ſake!

I am very ſad about theſe things: If he really loved me, methinks he ſhould not be ſo angry that his Servants loved me too.—I know not what to think!

FRIDAY Night.

I Have removed my Papers from under the Roſe-buſh; for I ſaw the Gardener begin to dig near that Spot; and I was afraid he would find them.

Mrs. *Jewkes* and I were looking yeſterday thro' the Iron Gate that fronts the Elms, and a Gypſey-like Body made up to us, and ſaid; If, Madam, you will give me ſome broken Victuals, I will tell you both your Fortunes. I ſaid, Let us hear our Fortunes, Mrs. *Jewkes*. She ſaid, I don't like theſe ſort of People; but we will hear what ſhe'll ſay to us, however. I ſhan't fetch you any Victuals, Woman; but I will give you ſome Pence, ſaid ſhe. But *Nan* coming out, ſhe ſaid, Fetch ſome Bread, and ſome of the cold Meat, and you ſhall have your Fortune told, *Nan*.

This, you'll think, like ſome of my other Matters, a very trifling thing to write about. But, mark the Diſcovery of a dreadful Plot, which I have made by it. O bleſs me! what can I think of this naughty, this

this very naughty Gentleman!—Now will I hate him moſt heartily. Thus it was:

Mrs. *Jewkes* had no Suſpicion of the Woman, the Iron Gate being lock'd, and ſhe on the Outſide, and we on the Inſide; and ſo put her Hand thro'. She ſaid, muttering over a Parcel of cramp Words: Why, Madam, you will marry ſoon I can tell you. At that ſhe ſeem'd pleas'd, and ſaid, I am glad to hear that, and ſhook her fat Sides with laughing. The Woman look'd moſt earneſtly at *me* all the Time, and as if ſhe had Meaning. Then it came into my Head, from my Maſter's Caution, that poſſibly this Woman might be employed to try to get a Letter into my Hands; and I was reſolved to watch all her Motions. So Mrs. *Jewkes* ſaid, What ſort of a Man ſhall I have, pray?—Why, ſaid ſhe, a Man younger than yourſelf; and a very good Husband he'll prove—I am glad of that, ſaid ſhe, and laugh'd again. Come, Madam, let us hear *your* Fortune.

The Woman came to me, and took my Hand, O! ſaid ſhe, I cannot tell your Fortune: Your Hand is ſo white and fine, I cannot ſee the Lines: But, ſaid ſhe, and ſtooping, pull'd up a little Tuft of Graſs, I have a Way for that; and ſo rubb'd my Hand with the Mould-part of the Tuft: Now, ſaid ſhe, I can ſee the Lines.

Mrs. *Jewkes* was very watchful of all her Ways, and took the Tuft, and look'd upon it, leſt any thing ſhould be in that. And then the Woman ſaid, Here is the Line of *Jupiter* croſſing the Line of Life; and *Mars*—Odd, my pretty Miſtreſs, ſaid ſhe, you had beſt take care of yourſelf: For you are hard beſet, I'll aſſure you. You will never be marry'd, I can ſee; and will die of your firſt Child.

Out upon thee, Woman! ſaid I, better thou hadſt never come here.

Said Mrs. *Jewkes*, whiſpering, I don't like this. It looks like a Cheat: Pray Mrs. *Pamela*, go in this Moment. So I will, ſaid I, for I have enough of Fortune-telling. And in I went.

The Woman wanted ſadly to tell me more; which made Mrs. *Jewkes* threaten her, ſuſpecting ſtill the more: And away the Woman went, having told *Nan* her Fortune, that ſhe would be drown'd.

This thing ran ſtrongly in all our Heads; and we went an Hour after to ſee if the Woman was lurking about, and took Mr. *Colbrand* for our Guard. Looking thro' the Iron Gate, he 'ſpy'd a Man ſauntering about the middle of the Walk; which fill'd Mrs. *Jewkes* with ſtill more Suſpicions: And ſhe ſaid, Mr. *Colbrand*, you and I will walk towards this Fellow, and ſee what he ſaunters there for: And, *Nan*, do you and Madam ſtay at the Gate.

So they open'd the Iron Gate, and walked down towards the Man; and, gueſſing the Woman, if employ'd, muſt mean ſomething by the Tuft of Graſs, I caſt my Eye that way, whence ſhe pull'd it, and ſaw more Graſs ſeemingly pull'd up: then I doubted not ſomething was there for me; ſo I walk'd to it, and ſtanding over it, ſaid to *Nan*, That's a pretty Sort of a wild Flower, that grows yonder, near that Elm, the fifth from us on the Left; pray pull it for me. Said ſhe, It is a common Weed. Well, ſaid I, but pull it for me; there are ſometimes beautiful Colours in a Weed.

While ſhe went on, I ſtoop'd, and pull'd up a good Handful of the Graſs, and in it a Bit of Paper, which I put inſtantly in my Boſom, and dropt the Graſs, and my Heart went pit-a-pat at the odd Adven-

Adventure. Said I, Let us go in, Mrs. *Ann.* No, ſaid ſhe, we muſt ſtay till Mrs. *Jewkes* comes.

I was all Impatience to read this Paper. And when *Colbrand* and ſhe return'd, I went in. Said ſhe, Certainly there is ſome Reaſon for my Maſter's Caution; I can make nothing of this ſauntering Fellow; but, to be ſure, there was ſome Roguery in the Gypſey. Well, ſaid I, if there was, ſhe loſt her Aim, you ſee! Ay, very true, ſaid ſhe; but that was owing to my Watchfulneſs; and you was very good to go away when I ſpoke to you.

I haſted up-ſtairs to my Cloſet, and found the Billet to contain, in a Hand that ſeem'd diſguiſed, and bad Spelling, the following Words:

'TWenty Contrivances have been thought of to 'let you know your Danger; but all have prov'd 'in vain. Your Friends hope it is not yet too late to 'give you this Caution, if it reaches your Hands. 'The 'Squire is abſolutely determin'd to ruin you. 'And becauſe he deſpairs of any other way, he will 'pretend great Love and Kindneſs to you, and that 'he will marry you. You may expect a Parſon for 'this Purpoſe in a few Days; but it is a ſly artful 'Fellow of a broken Attorney, that he has hir'd to 'perſonate a Miniſter. The Man has a broad Face, 'pitted much with the Small-pox, and is a very good 'Companion. So take care of yourſelf. Doubt not 'this Advice. Perhaps you'll have had but too much 'Reaſon already to confirm you in the Truth of it. 'From your zealous Well-wiſher,

SOMEBODY.'

Now, my dear Father and Mother, what ſhall we ſay of this truly diabolical Maſter! O how ſhall

I find Words to paint my Griefs and his Deceit! I have as good as confeſs'd I love him; but indeed it was on ſuppoſing him good.—This, however, has given him too much Advantage. But now I will break this wicked forward Heart of mine, if it will not be taught to hate him! O what a black diſmal Heart muſt *he* have! So here is a Plot to ruin me, and by my own Conſent too!—No wonder he did not improve his wicked Opportunities, (which I thought owing to Remorſe for his Sin, and Compaſſion for me) when he had ſuch a Project as *this* in Reſerve!—Here ſhould I have been deluded with the Hopes of a Happineſs that my higheſt Ambition could not have aſpir'd to!—But how dreadful muſt have been my Lot, when I had found myſelf an undone Creature, and a guilty Harlot, inſtead of a lawful Wife? Oh! this is indeed too much, too much for your poor *Pamela* to ſupport! This is the worſe, as I hoped all the Worſt was over; and that I had the Pleaſure of beholding a reclaimed Gentleman, and not an abandon'd Libertine. What *now* muſt your poor Daughter do! Now all her Hopes are daſh'd! And if this fails him, then comes, to be ſure, my forc'd Diſgrace! for this ſhews he will never leave till he has ruin'd me!—O the wretched, wretched *Pamela!*

SATURDAY Noon, One o'Clock.

MY Maſter is come home, and to be ſure, has been where he ſaid. So *once* he has told Truth; and this Matter ſeems to be gone off without a Plot: No doubt he depends upon his ſham, wicked Marriage! He has brought a Gentleman with him to Dinner; and ſo I have not ſeen him yet.

Two

Two o'Clock.

I Am very ſorrowful; and ſtill have greater Reaſon; for juſt now as I was in my Cloſet, opening the Parcel I had hid under the Roſe-buſh, to ſee if it was damaged by lying ſo long, Mrs. *Jewkes* came upon me by Surprize, and laid her Hands upon it: for ſhe had been looking thro' the Key-hole, it ſeems.

I know not what I ſhall do! For now he will ſee all my private Thoughts of him, and all my Secrets, as I may ſay. What a careleſs Creature I am!—— To be ſure I deſerve to be puniſh'd.

You know I had the good Luck, by Mr. *Williams*'s means, to ſend you all my Papers down to *Sunday* Night, the 17th Day of my Impriſonment. But now theſe Papers contain all my Matters, from that Time, to *Wedneſday* the 27th Day of my Diſtreſs. And which, as you may now, perhaps, never ſee, I will briefly mention the Contents to you.

In theſe Papers, then, are included, 'An Account 'of Mrs. *Jewkes*'s Arts, to draw me in to approve of 'Mr. *Williams*'s Propoſal for Marriage; and my re'fuſing to do ſo; and deſiring you not to encourage 'his Suit to me. Mr. *Williams*'s being wickedly rob'bed, and a Viſit of hers to him; whereby ſhe diſco'ver'd all his Secrets. How I was inclin'd to get off, 'while ſhe was gone; but was ridiculouſly prevented 'by my fooliſh Fears, *&c.* My having the Key of the 'Back door. Mrs. *Jewkes*'s writing to my Maſter all 'the Secrets ſhe had diſcover'd of Mr. *Williams*; and 'her Behaviour to me and him upon it. Continu'ance of my Correſpondence with Mr. *Williams* by 'the Tiles; begun in the Parcel you had. My Re'proaches to him for his revealing himſelf to Mrs.

'*Jewkes*; and his Letter to me in Anſwer, threatening to expoſe my Maſter, if he deceiv'd him; mentioning in it *John Arnold*'s Correſpondence with him, and a Letter which *John* ſent, and was intercepted, as it ſeems. Of the Correſpondence being carried on by a Friend of his at *Gainsborough*: Of the Horſe he was to provide for me, and one for himſelf. Of what Mr. *Williams* had own'd to Mrs. *Jewkes*; and of my diſcouraging his Propoſals. Then it contained a preſſing Letter of mine to him, urging my Eſcape before my Maſter came; with his half-angry Anſwer to me. Your good Letter to me, my dear Father, ſent to me by Mr. *Williams*'s Conveyance; in which you would have me encourage Mr. *Williams*, but leave it to me; and in which, fortunately enough, you take Notice of my being uninclin'd to marry. — My earneſt Deſire to be with you. The Subſtance of my Anſwer to Mr. *Williams*, expreſſing more Patience, *&c.* A dreadful Letter of my Maſter to Mrs. *Jewkes*; which, by Miſtake, was directed to me; and one to me, directed, by like Miſtake, to her; and very free Reflections of mine upon both. The Concern I expreſſed for Mr. *Williams*'s being taken in, deceived and ruin'd. An Account of Mrs. *Jewkes*'s glorying in her wicked Fidelity. A ſad Deſcription I gave of Monſieur *Colbrand*, a Perſon he ſent down to aſſiſt Mrs. *Jewkes* in watching me. How Mr. *Williams* was arreſted and thrown into Gaol, and the Concern I expreſs'd upon it; and my free Reflections on my Maſter for it. A projected Contrivance of mine, to get away out of the Window, and by the Back-door; and throwing my Petticoat and Handkerchief into the Pond to amuſe them, while I got off: An Attempt that had like to have ended very dreadfully for me! My further Concern for Mr. *Williams*'s Ruin, on

'my

'my Account: And, laſtly, my over-hearing Mrs. 'Jewkes brag of her Contrivance to rob Mr. 'Williams, in order to get at my Papers; which, how-'ever he preſerved, and ſent ſafe to you.'

Theſe, down to the Execution of my unfortunate Plot, to eſcape, are, to the beſt of my Remembrance, the Contents of the Papers, which this mercileſs Woman ſeiz'd: For, how badly I came off, and what follow'd, I ſtill have ſafe, as I hope, ſew'd in my Under-Coat, about my Hips.

In vain were all my Prayers and Tears to her, to get her not to ſhew them to my Maſter. For ſhe ſaid, It had now come out, why I affected to be ſo much alone; and why I was always writing. And ſhe thought herſelf happy, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had found theſe; for often and often had ſhe ſearched every Place ſhe could think of, for Writings, to no purpoſe before. And ſhe hoped, ſhe ſaid, there was nothing in them but what *any body* might ſee; for, ſaid ſhe, you know, you are all *Innocence!*——Inſolent Creature, ſaid I; I am ſure you are *all Guilt!*---And ſo you muſt do your worſt; for now I can't help myſelf; and I ſee there is no Mercy to be expected from you.

Juſt now, my Maſter being coming up, ſhe went to him upon the Stairs, and gave him my Papers. There, Sir, ſaid ſhe; you always ſaid Mrs. *Pamela* was a great Writer; but I never could get at any thing of hers before. He took them, and, without coming to me, went down to the Parlour again. And what with the Gypſey Affair, and what with this, I could not think of going down to Dinner; and ſhe told him that too; and ſo I ſuppoſe I ſhall have him up-ſtairs, as ſoon as his Company is gone.

SATURDAY, Six o'Clock.

MY Maſter came up, and in a pleaſanter manner than I expected, ſaid, So *Pamela*, we have ſeiz'd, it ſeems, your treaſonable Papers? Treaſonable, ſaid I, very ſullenly. Ay, ſaid he, I ſuppoſe ſo; for you are a great Plotter; but I have not read them yet.

Then, Sir, ſaid I, very gravely, it will be truly honourable in you *not* to read them; but to give them to me again. To whom, ſays he, are they written? —To my Father, Sir; but I ſuppoſe, you *ſee* to whom.—Indeed, return'd he, I have not read three Lines as yet. Then, pray, Sir, ſaid I, *don't* read them; but give them to me again. No, that I won't, ſaid he, till I *have* read them. Sir, ſaid I, you ſerv'd me not well in the Letters I uſed to write formerly: I think it was not worthy your Character to contrive to get them into your Hands, by that falſe *John Arnold*; for ſhould ſuch a Gentleman as you, mind what your poor Servant writes?—Yes, ſaid he, by all means, mind what ſuch a Servant as *my Pamela* writes.

Your Pamela! thought I. Then the ſham Marriage came into my Head; and indeed it has not been out of it, ſince the Gypſey Affair.—But, ſaid he, have you any thing in theſe Papers you would not have me ſee? To be ſure, Sir, ſaid I, there is; for what one writes to one's Father and Mother is not for every body to ſee. Nor, ſaid he, am I every body.

Thoſe Letters, added he, that I did ſee by *John*'s Means, were not to your Diſadvantage, I'll aſſure you; for they gave me a very high Opinion of your Wit and Innocence: And if I had not loved you, do you think I would have troubled myſelf about your Letters?

Alas! Sir, ſaid I, great Pride to me *that!* For, they gave you ſuch an Opinion of my Innocence, that you was reſolved to ruin me. And what Advantage have they brought *me?*—Who have been made a Priſoner, and uſed as I have been, between you and your Houſe-keeper.

Why, *Pamela*, ſaid he, a little ſeriouſly, why this Behaviour, for my Goodneſs to you in the Garden? —This is not of a Piece with your Conduct and Softneſs there, that quite charm'd me in your Favour: And you muſt not give me Cauſe to think, that you will be the more inſolent, as you find me kinder. Ah! Sir, ſaid I, you know beſt your own Heart and Deſigns! But I fear I was too open-hearted then; and that you ſtill keep your Reſolution to undo me, and have only chang'd the Form of your Proceedings.

When I tell you once again, ſaid he, a little ſternly, that you cannot oblige me more, than by placing ſome Confidence in me, I will let you know, that theſe fooliſh and perverſe Doubts, are the worſt things you can be guilty of. But, ſaid he, I ſhall poſſibly account for the *Cauſe* of them, in theſe Papers of yours; for I doubt not you have been ſincere to your *Father* and *Mother*, tho' you begin to make *me* ſuſpect you: For I tell you, perverſe Girl, that it is impoſſible you ſhould be thus cold and inſenſible, after what laſt paſſed in the Garden, if you were not prepoſſeſſed in ſome *other* Perſon's Favour. And let me add, that if I find it ſo, it ſhall be attended with ſuch Effects, as will make every Vein in your Heart bleed.

He was going away in Wrath; and I ſaid, One Word, good Sir, one Word, before you read them, ſince you *will* read them: Pray make Allowances for all the harſh Reflections that you will find in them, on your own Conduct to me: And remember only,

that

that they were not written for your Sight; and were penn'd by a poor Creature hardly uſed, and who was in conſtant Apprehenſion of receiving from you the worſt Treatment that you could inflict upon her.

If that be all, ſaid he, and there be nothing of *another* Nature, that I *cannot* forgive, you have no Cauſe for Uneaſineſs; for I had as many Inſtances of your ſaucy Reflections upon me in your former Letters, as there were Lines; and yet, you ſee, I have never upbraided you on that Score; tho', perhaps, I wiſh'd you had been more ſparing of your Epithets, and your Freedoms of that Sort.

Well, Sir, ſaid I, ſince you *will*, you *muſt* read them; and I think I have no Reaſon to be afraid of being found inſincere, or having in any Reſpect, told you a Falſhood; becauſe, tho' I don't remember all I wrote, yet I know I wrote my Heart; and that is not deceitful. And remember, Sir, another thing, that I always declared I thought myſelf right to endeavour to make my Eſcape from this forced and illegal Reſtraint; and ſo you muſt not be angry that I would have done ſo, if I could.

I'll judge you, never fear, ſaid he, as favourably as you deſerve; for you have too powerful a Pleader within me. And ſo went down-ſtairs.

About Nine o'Clock he ſent for me down into the Parlour. I went a little fearfully; and he held the Papers in his Hand, and ſaid, Now, *Pamela*, you come upon your Trial. Said I, I hope I have a *juſt* Judge to hear my Cauſe. Ay, ſaid he, and you may hope for a *merciful* one too, or elſe I know not what will become of you.

I expect, continued he, that you will anſwer me directly, and plainly, to every Queſtion I ſhall ask you.—In the firſt place, Here are ſeveral Love-letters between

between you and *Williams*. Love-letters! Sir, ſaid I.—Well, call them what you will, ſaid he, I don't intirely like them, I'll aſſure you, with all the Allowances you deſired me to make for you. Do you find, Sir, ſaid I, that I encouraged his Propoſal, or do you not? Why, ſaid he, you diſcourage his Addreſs in Appearance; but no otherwiſe than all your cunning Sex do to ours, to make us more eager in purſuing you.

Well, Sir, ſaid I, that is your Comment; but it does not appear ſo in the Text. Smartly ſaid! ſays he; where a D—l, gotteſt thou, at theſe Years, all this Knowledge? and then thou haſt a Memory, as I ſee by your Papers, that nothing eſcapes it. Alas! Sir, ſaid I, what poor Abilities I have, ſerve only to make me more miſerable!—I have no Pleaſure in my Memory, which impreſſes things upon me, that I could be glad never *were*, or everlaſtingly to *forget*.

Well, ſaid he, ſo much for that—But where are the Accounts, (ſince you have kept ſo exact a Journal of all that has befallen you) *previous* to theſe here in my Hand? My Father has them, Sir, ſaid I.----By whoſe Means, ſaid he?----By Mr. *Williams*'s, ſaid I. Well anſwer'd, ſaid he. But cannot you contrive to get me a Sight of them? That would be pretty, ſaid I. I wiſh, I could have contrived to have kept thoſe you have from your Sight. Said he, I *muſt* ſee them, *Pamela*, or I ſhall never be eaſy; for I muſt know how this Correſpondence between you and *Williams* began: And if I *can* ſee them, it ſhall be better for you, if they anſwer what theſe give me Hope they will.

I can tell you, Sir, very faithfully, ſaid I, what the Beginning was; for I was bold enough to be the *Beginner*. That won't do, ſaid he; for tho' this may appear a Punctilio to *you*, to *me* it is of high Importance. Sir, ſaid I, if you pleaſe to let me go

to

to my Father, I will ſend them to you by any Meſſenger you ſhall ſend for them. Will you ſo? But I dare ſay, if you will write for them, they will ſend them to you, without the Trouble of ſuch a Journey to yourſelf. And I beg you will.

I think, Sir, ſaid I, as you have ſeen all my *former* Letters, thro' *John*'s Baſeneſs, and now *theſe*, thro' your faithful Houſe-keeper's officious Watchfulneſs, you *might* ſee *all the reſt*. But I hope you will not deſire it, till I can ſee how much my pleaſing you in this Particular, will be of Uſe to myſelf.

You muſt truſt to my Honour for that. But tell me, *Pamela*, ſaid the ſly Gentleman, ſince I have ſeen *theſe*, Would you have voluntarily ſhewn me *thoſe*, had they been in your Poſſeſſion?

I was not aware of his Inference, and ſaid, Yes, truly, Sir, I think I ſhould, if you commanded it. Well, then, *Pamela*, ſaid he, as I am ſure you have found means to continue your Journal, I deſire, while the *former Part* can come, that you will ſhew me the *ſucceeding*?--O Sir, Sir, ſaid I, have you caught me ſo!—But indeed you muſt excuſe me there.

Why, ſaid he, tell me truly, Have you not continued your Account till now? Don't ask me, Sir, ſaid I. But I inſiſt upon your Anſwer, reply'd he. Why then, Sir, ſaid I, I will not tell an Untruth; I have.---That's my good Girl, ſaid he. I love Sincerity at my Heart.---In *another*, Sir, ſaid I, I preſume, you mean!—Well, ſaid he, I'll allow you to be a little witty upon me; becauſe it is *in you*, and you cannot help it. But you will greatly oblige me, to ſhew me voluntarily, what you have written. I long to ſee the Particulars of your Plot, and your Diſappointment, where your Papers leave off. For you have ſo beautiful a manner, that it is partly that, and partly my Love for you, that has made me deſirous of reading all you write; tho' a great deal of

it

it is againſt myſelf; for which you muſt expect to ſuffer a little. And as I have furniſh'd you with the Subject, I have a Title to ſee the Fruits of your Pen. —Beſides, ſaid he, there is ſuch a pretty Air of Romance, as you relate them, in your Plots, and my Plots, that I ſhall be better directed in what manner to wind up the Cataſtrophe of the pretty Novel.

If I was your Equal, Sir, ſaid I, I ſhould ſay this is a very provoking way of jeering at the Misfortunes you have brought upon me.

O, ſaid he, the Liberties you have taken with my Character, in your Letters, ſet us upon a Par, at leaſt, in that reſpect. Sir, reply'd I, I could not have taken thoſe Liberties, if you had not given me the Cauſe: And the *Cauſe*, Sir, you know, is before the *Effect*.

True, *Pamela*, ſaid he; you chop Logick very prettily. What the duce do we Men go to School for? If our Wits were equal to Womens, we might ſpare much Time and Pains in our Education. For Nature teaches your Sex, what in a long Courſe of Labour and Study, ours can hardly attain to.—But indeed, every Lady is not a *Pamela*.

You delight to banter your poor Servant, ſaid I.

Nay, continued he, I believe, I muſt aſſume to myſelf half the Merit of your Wit, too; for the innocent Exerciſes you have had for it from me, have certainly ſharpen'd your Invention.

Sir, ſaid I, could I have been without thoſe *innocent* Exerciſes, as you are pleaſed to call them, I ſhould have been glad to have been as dull as a Beetle. But then, *Pamela*, ſaid he, I ſhould not have lov'd you ſo well. But then, Sir, reply'd I, I ſhould have been ſafe, eaſy, and happy.---Ay, may-be ſo, and may-be not; and the Wife too of ſome clouterly Plough-boy.

But

But then, Sir, I ſhould have been content and innocent; and that's better than being a Princeſs, and not ſo. And may-be not, ſaid he; for if you had had that pretty Face, ſome of us keen Fox-hunters ſhould have found you out; and, in ſpite of your romantick Notions, (which then too, perhaps, would not have had ſo ſtrong a Place in your Mind) might have been more happy with the Plough-man's Wife, than I have been with my Mother's *Pamela*. I hope, Sir, ſaid I, God would have given me more Grace.

Well, but, reſum'd he, as to theſe Writings of yours, that follow your fine Plot, I *muſt* ſee them. Indeed, Sir, you *muſt not*, if I can help it. Nothing, ſaid he, pleaſes me better, than that, in all your Arts, Shifts, and Stratagems, you have had a great Regard to Truth; and have, in all your little Pieces of Deceit, told very few *wilful* Fibs. Now I expect you'll continue this laudable Rule in your Converſation with me. —Let me know then, where you have found Supplies of Pen, Ink and Paper, when Mrs. *Jewkes* was ſo vigilant, and gave you but two Sheets at a Time?—Tell me Truth.

Why, Sir, little did I think I ſhould have ſuch Occaſion for them; but, when I went away from your Houſe, I begg'd ſome of each of good Mr. *Longman*, who gave me plenty. Yes, yes, ſaid he, It muſt be *good* Mr. *Longman!* All your Confederates are good, every one of them: But ſuch of my Servants as have done their Duty, and obey'd my Orders, are painted out, by you, as black as Devils; nay, ſo am I too, for that matter.

Sir, ſaid I, I hope you won't be angry; but, ſaving yourſelf, do you think they are painted worſe than they deſerve? or worſe than the Parts they acted require?

You

You ſay, Saving myſelf, *Pamela*; but is not that Saving a mere Compliment to me, becauſe I am preſent, and you are in my Hands? Tell me truly.--Good Sir, excuſe me; but I fanſy I might ask you, Why you ſhould think ſo, if there was not a little bit of Conſcience that told you, there was but too much Reaſon for it?

He kiſſed me, and ſaid, I muſt either do thus, or be angry with you; for you are very ſaucy, *Pamela*.---But, with your bewitching Chit-chat, and pretty Impertinence, I will not loſe my Queſtion. Where did you hide your Paper, Pens and Ink?

Some, Sir, in one Place, ſome in another; that I might have ſome left, if others ſhould be found.---That's a good Girl! ſaid he. I love you for your ſweet Veracity. Now tell me where it is you hide your Written-papers, your ſaucy Journal?---I muſt beg your Excuſe for that, Sir, ſaid I. But indeed, anſwer'd he, you will not have it; for I *will* know, and I will *ſee* them!---This is very hard, Sir, ſaid I; but I muſt ſay, you ſhall not, if I can help it.

We were ſtanding moſt of this Time; but he then ſat down, and took me by both my Hands, and ſaid, Well ſaid my pretty *Pamela*, *if you can help it:* But I will not let you help it. Tell me, Are they in your Pocket? No, Sir, ſaid I, my Heart up at my Mouth. Said he, I know you won't tell a downright *Fib* for the World; but for *Equivocation!* no Jeſuit ever went beyond you. Anſwer me then, Are they in *neither* of your Pockets? No, Sir, ſaid I. Are they not, ſaid he, about your Stays? No, Sir, reply'd I: but pray, no more Queſtions: For ask me ever ſo much, I will not tell you.

O, ſaid he, I have a way for that. I can do as they do abroad, when the Criminals won't confeſs; torture them till they do.---But pray, Sir, ſaid I, is this

this fair, juſt or honeſt? I am no Criminal; and I won't confeſs.

O, my Girl! ſaid he, many an innocent Perſon has been put to the Torture. But let me know where they are, and you ſhall eſcape the *Queſtion*, as they call it abroad.

Sir, ſaid I, the Torture is not uſed in *England*, and I hope you won't bring it up. Admirably ſaid! ſaid the naughty Gentleman.---But I can tell you of as good a Puniſhment. If a Criminal won't plead with us here in *England*, we *preſs* him to Death, or till he does plead. And ſo now, *Pamela*, that is a Puniſhment ſhall certainly be yours, if you won't tell without.

Tears ſtood in my Eyes, and I ſaid, This, Sir, is very cruel and barbarous.---No matter, ſaid he, it is but like your *Lucifer*, you know, in my Shape! And after I have done ſo many heinous things by you, as *you* think, you have no great Reaſon to judge ſo hardly of this; or at leaſt it is but of a piece with the reſt.

But, Sir, ſaid I, (dreadfully afraid he had ſome Notion they were about me) if you *will* be obey'd in this unreaſonable manner; tho' it is ſad Tyranny to be ſure!—let me go up to them, and read them over again, and you ſhall ſee ſo far as to the End of the ſad Story that follows thoſe you have.

I'll ſee them all, ſaid he, down to this Time, if you have written ſo far!——Or at leaſt, till within this Week.—Then let me go up to them, ſaid I, and ſee what I have written, and to what Day, to ſhew them to you; for you won't deſire to ſee every thing. But I will, reply'd he.——But ſay, *Pamela*, tell me Truth; Are they *above*? I was more affrighted. He ſaw my Confuſion. Tell me Truth, ſaid he. Why, Sir, anſwer'd I, I have ſometimes hid them under the dry Mould in the Garden; ſometimes in one Place, ſome-

ſometimes in another; and thoſe you have in your Hand, were ſeveral Days under a Roſe-buſh, in the Garden. Artful Slut! ſaid he; What's this to my Queſtion? Are they not *about* you?---If, ſaid I, I muſt pluck them out of my Hiding-place, behind the Wainſcot, won't you ſee me? Still more and more artful! ſaid he.—Is this an Anſwer to my Queſtion?---I have ſearched every Place above, and in your Cloſet, for them, and cannot find them; ſo I *will* know where they are. Now, ſaid he, it is my Opinion they are about you; and I never undreſs'd a Girl in my Life; but I will now begin to ſtrip my pretty *Pamela*; and hope I ſhall not go far before I find them.

I fell a crying, and ſaid, I will not be uſed in this manner. Pray, Sir, ſaid I, (for he began to unpin my Handkerchief) conſider! Pray, Sir, do!---And pray, ſaid he, do *you* conſider. For I *will* ſee theſe Papers. But may-be, ſaid he, they are ty'd about your Knees with your Garters, and ſtoop'd. Was ever any thing ſo vile, and ſo wicked!—I fell on my Knees, and ſaid, What *can* I do? What *can* I do? If you'll let me go up, I'll fetch them to you. Will you, ſaid he, on your Honour, let me ſee them uncurtail'd, and not offer to make them away; no, not a ſingle Paper?—I will, Sir.---On your Honour? Yes, Sir. And ſo he let me go up-ſtairs, crying ſadly for Vexation to be ſo uſed. Sure nobody was ever ſo ſerved as I am.

I went to my Cloſet, and there I ſat me down, and could not bear the Thoughts of giving up my Papers. Beſides, I muſt all undreſs me in a manner to untack them. So I writ thus:

'*SIR*,

'*SIR*,

'TO expoſtulate with ſuch an arbitrary Gentle-
'man, I know will ſignify nothing. And moſt
'hardly do you uſe the Power you ſo wickedly have
'got over me. I have Heart enough, Sir, to do a
'Deed that would make you regret uſing me thus;
'and I can hardly bear it, and what I am further
'to undergo. But a ſuperior Conſideration with-
'holds me; thank God, it does!—I will, however,
'keep my Word, if you inſiſt upon it when you
'have read this; but, Sir, let me beg you to give
'me time till to-morrow Morning, that I may juſt
'run them over, and ſee what I put into your Hands
'againſt me. And I will then give my Papers to you,
'without the leaſt Alteration, or adding or diminiſh-
'ing. But I ſhould beg ſtill to be excuſed, if you
'pleaſe. But if not, ſpare them to me, but till to-
'morrow Morning. And this, ſo hardly am I uſed,
'ſhall be thought a Favour, which I ſhall be very
'thankful for.'

I gueſſed it would not be long before I heard from him. And he accordingly ſent up Mrs. *Jewkes* for what I had promiſed. So I gave her this Note to carry to him. And he ſent word that I muſt keep my Promiſe, and he would give me till Morning; but that I muſt bring them to him without his asking again.

So I took off my Under-coat, and, with great Trouble of Mind, unſew'd them from it. And there is a vaſt Quantity of it. I will juſt ſlightly touch upon the Subjects; becauſe I may not, perhaps, get them again for you to ſee.

They begin with an Account of 'my attempting
'to get away, out of the Window firſt, and then throw-
'ing

'ing my Petticoat and Handkerchief into the Pond. 'How ſadly I was diſappointed; the Lock of the 'Back-door being changed. How, in trying to climb 'over the Door, I tumbled down, and was piteouſly 'bruiſed; the Bricks giving way, and tumbling upon me. How, finding I could not get off, and dreading the hard Uſage I ſhould receive, I was ſo wicked as to think of throwing myſelf into the Water. My ſad Reflections upon this Matter. How Mrs. *Jewkes* uſed me on this Occaſion, when ſhe found 'me. How my Maſter had like to have been drown'd 'in Hunting; and my Concern for his Danger, not-'withſtanding his Uſage of me. Mrs. *Jewkes*'s wick-'ed Reports to frighten me, that I was to be mar-'ry'd to an ugly *Swiſs*; who was to ſell me on the 'Wedding-day to my Maſter. Her vile way of talk-'ing to me, like a *London* Proſtitute. My Appre-henſions on ſeeing Preparations made for my Ma-ſter's coming. Her cauſeleſs Fears that I was try-ing to get away again, when I had no Thought of it; and my bad Uſage upon it. My Maſter's dread-ful Arrival; and his hard, very hard Treatment of me; and Mrs. *Jewkes*'s inſulting of me. His Jea-'louſy of Mr. *Williams* and me. How Mrs. *Jewkes* 'vilely inſtigated him to Wickedneſs.' And down to here, I put into one Parcel, hoping that would content him. But for fear it ſhould not, I put into another Parcel the following, *viz.*

'A Copy of his Propoſals to me, of a great Parcel 'of Gold, and fine Cloaths and Rings, and an Eſtate 'of I can't tell what a Year; and 50 *l.* a Year for the 'Life of both you, my dear Parents, to be his Mi-'ſtreſs; with an Inſinuation, that, may-be, he would 'marry me at a Year's End. All ſadly vile; with 'Threatnings, if I did not comply, that he would 'ruin me, without allowing me any thing. A Copy

'of

'of my Anſwer, refuſing all, with juſt Abhorrence. 'But begging at laſt his Goodneſs towards me, and 'Mercy on me, in the moſt moving manner I could 'think of. An Account of his angry Behaviour, and 'Mrs. *Jewkes*'s wicked Advice hereupon. His trying 'to get me to his Chamber; and my Refuſal to go. 'A deal of Stuff and Chit-chat between me and the 'odious Mrs. *Jewkes*; in which ſhe was very wicked, 'and very inſulting. Two Notes I wrote, as if to be 'carried to Church, to pray for his reclaiming, and 'mySafety; which Mrs. *Jewkes* ſeiz'd, and officiouſly 'ſhew'd him. A Confeſſion of mine, that notwith-'ſtanding his bad Uſage, I could not hate him. My 'Concern for Mr. *Williams*. A horrid Contrivance of 'my Maſter's to ruin me: being in my Room, diſ-'guiſed in Cloaths of the Maid's, who lay with me and 'Mrs. *Jewkes*. How narrowly I eſcaped, (it makes 'my Heart ake to think of it ſtill!) by falling into 'Fits. Mrs. *Jewkes*'s deteſtable Part in this ſad Af-'fair. How he ſeem'd mov'd at my Danger, and for-'bore his abominable Deſigns; and aſſured me he 'had offer'd no Indecency. How ill I was for a Day 'or two after; and how kind he ſeem'd. How he 'made me forgive Mrs. *Jewkes*. How, after this, 'and great Kindneſs pretended, he made rude Offers 'to me in the Garden, which I eſcap'd. How I re-'ſented them.' Then I had written, 'How kindly he 'behav'd himſelf to me, and how he praiſed me, and 'gave me great Hopes of his being good at laſt. Of 'the too tender Impreſſion this made upon me; and 'how I began to be afraid of my own Weakneſs and 'Conſideration for him, tho' he had uſed me ſo ill. 'How ſadly jealous he was of Mr. *Williams*; and 'how I, as I juſtly could, clear'd myſelf as to his 'Doubts on that Score. How, juſt when he had 'raiſed me up to the higheſt Hope of his Good-'neſs, he daſh'd me ſadly again, and went off more

'coldly.

'coldly. My free Reflections upon this trying 'Occaſion.'

This brought Matters down from *Thurſday* the 20th Day of my Impriſonment, to *Wedneſday* the 41ſt. And here I was reſolv'd to end, let what would come; for only *Thurſday*, *Friday* and *Saturday*, remain to give an Account of; and *Thurſday* he ſet out to a Ball at *Stamford*; and *Friday* was the Gypſey Story; and this is *Saturday*, his Return from *Stamford*. And, truly, I ſhall have but little Heart to write, if he is to ſee all.

So theſe two Parcels of Papers I have got ready for him againſt to-morrow Morning. To be ſure I have always uſed him very freely in my Writings, and ſhew'd him no Mercy; but yet he muſt thank himſelf for it: for I have only writ Truth; and I wiſh he had deſerved a better Character at my hands, as well for his own ſake, as mine.---So, tho' I don't know whether ever you'll ſee what I write, I muſt ſay, that I will go to-bed, with remembring you in my Prayers, as I always do, and as I know you do me: And ſo, my dear Parents, Good Night.

SUNDAY Morning.

I Remember'd what he ſaid, of not being obliged to ask again for my Papers; and what I ſhould be forced to do, and could not help, I thought I might as well do in ſuch a manner as might ſhew I would not diſoblige on purpoſe: Tho' I ſtomach'd this matter very heavily too. I had therefore got in Readineſs my two Parcels; and he, not going to Church in the Morning, bid Mrs. *Jewkes* tell me he was gone into the Garden.

I knew that was for me to go to him; and ſo I went. For how can I help being at his Beck! which

grieves me not a little, tho' he is my Maſter, as I may ſay; for I am ſo wholly in his Power, that it would do me no Good to incenſe him; and if I refuſed to obey him in little Matters, my Refuſal in greater would have the leſs Weight. So I went down to the Garden; but as he walked in one Walk, I took another; that I might not ſeem too forward neither.

He ſoon 'ſpy'd me, and ſaid, Do you expect to be courted to come to me? Sir, ſaid I, and croſs'd the Walk to attend him, I did not know but I ſhould interrupt you in your Meditations this good Day.

Was that the Caſe, ſaid he, truly, and from your Heart? Why, Sir, ſaid I, I don't doubt but you have very good Thoughts ſometimes: tho' not towards me! I wiſh, ſaid he, I could avoid thinking ſo well of you, as I do. But where are the Papers?--- I dare ſay, you had them about you Yeſterday; for you ſay in thoſe I have, that you will bury your Writings in the Garden, for fear you ſhould be *ſearch'd*, if you did not eſcape. This, added he, gave me a glorious Pretence to ſearch you; and I have been vexing myſelf all Night, that I did not ſtrip you Garment by Garment, till I had found them. O fie, Sir! ſaid I; let me not be ſcar'd, with hearing that you had ſuch a Thought in earneſt.

Well, ſaid he, I hope you have not now the Papers to give me; for I had rather find them myſelf, I'll aſſure you.

I did not like this way of Talk at all; and thinking it beſt, not to dwell upon it, ſaid, Well, but, Sir, you will excuſe me, I hope, giving up my Papers.

Don't trifle with me, ſaid he: Where are they?--- I think I was very good to you laſt Night, to humour you as I did. If you have either added or diminiſh'd, and

and have not ſtrictly kept your Promiſe, woe be to you! Indeed, Sir, ſaid I, I have neither added nor diminiſh'd. But here is the Parcel, that goes on with my ſad Attempt to eſcape, and the terrible Conſequences it had like to have been follow'd with. And it goes down to the naughty Articles you ſent me. And, as you know all that has happen'd ſince, I hope theſe will ſatisfy you.

He was going to ſpeak; but I ſaid, to drive him from thinking of any more, And I muſt beg you, Sir, to read the Matter favourably, if I have exceeded in any Liberties of my Pen.

I think, ſaid he, half-ſmiling, you may wonder at my Patience, that I can be ſo eaſy to read myſelf abus'd as I am by ſuch a ſaucy Slut.---Sir, ſaid I, I have wonder'd you ſhould be ſo deſirous to ſee my bold Stuff; and for that very Reaſon, I have thought it a very *good*, or a very *bad* Sign. What, ſaid he, is your *good* Sign?---That it may have an Effect upon your Temper, at laſt, in my Favour, when you ſee me ſo ſincere. Your *bad* Sign? Why, that if you can read my Reflections and Obſervations upon your Treatment of me, with Tranquillity, and not be mov'd, it is a Sign of a very cruel and determin'd Heart. Now, pray, Sir, don't be angry at my Boldneſs, in telling you ſo freely my Thoughts. You may, perhaps, ſaid he, be leaſt miſtaken, when you think of your bad Sign: God forbid! ſaid I.

So I took out my Papers; and ſaid, Here, Sir, they are. But if you pleaſe to return them, without breaking the Seal, it will be very generous: And I will take it for a great Favour, and a good Omen.

He broke the Seal inſtantly, and open'd them. So much for your *Omen!* reply'd he. I am ſorry for it,

ſaid I, very ſeriouſly; and was walking away. Whither now? ſaid he. I was going in, Sir, that you might have Time to read them, if you thought fit. He put them into his Pocket, and ſaid, You have *more* than theſe. Yes, Sir; but all they contain, *you* know as well as *I*.---But I don't know, ſaid he, the Light you put Things in; and ſo give them me, if you have not a mind to be ſearch'd.

Sir, ſaid I, I can't ſtay, if you won't forbear that ugly Word. --- Give me then no Reaſon for it. Where are the other Papers? Why then, unkind Sir, if it muſt be ſo, here they are. And ſo I gave him out of my Pocket the ſecond Parcel, ſeal'd up, as the former, with this Superſcription; *From the naughty Articles, down, thro' ſad Attempts, to* Thurſday *the 42d Day of my Impriſonment.* This is laſt *Thurſday*, is it? --- Yes, Sir; but now you *will* ſee what I write, I will find ſome other way to employ my Time: For I can neither write ſo free, nor with any Face, what muſt be for your Peruſal, and not for thoſe I intended to divert with my melancholy Stories.

Yes, ſaid he, I would have you continue your Penmanſhip by all means; and I aſſure you, in the Mind I am in, I will not ask you for any after theſe; except any thing very extraordinary occurs. And, I have another thing to tell you, added he: That if you ſend for thoſe from your Father, and let me read them, I may very probably give them all back again to you. And ſo I deſire you will do it.

This a little encourages me to continue my Scribbling; but, for fear of the worſt, I will, when they come to any Bulk, contrive ſome way to hide them, if I can, that I may proteſt I have them not about me, which, before, I could not ſay of a Truth; and that

that made him ſo reſolutely bent to try to find them upon me; for which I might have ſuffer'd frightful Indecencies.

He led me then to the Side of the Pond; and ſitting down on the Slope, made me ſit by him. Come, ſaid he, this being the Scene of Part of your Project, and where you ſo artfully threw in ſome of your Cloaths, I will juſt look upon that Part of your Relation. Sir, ſaid I, let me then walk about, at a little Diſtance; for I cannot bear the Thought of it. Don't go far, ſaid he.

When he came, as I ſuppoſe, to the Place where I mention'd the Bricks falling upon me, he got up, and walk'd to the Door, and look'd upon the broken Part of the Wall; for it had not been mended; and came back, reading on to himſelf, towards me; and took my Hand, and put it under his Arm.

Why, this, ſaid he, my Girl, is a very moving Tale. It was a very deſperate Attempt, and had you got out, you might have been in great Danger; for you had a very bad and lonely Way; and I had taken ſuch Meaſures, that let you have been where you would, I ſhould have had you.

You may ſee, Sir, ſaid I, what I ventur'd rather than be ruin'd; and you will be ſo good as hence to judge of the Sincerity of my Profeſſion, that my Honeſty is dearer to me than my Life. Romantick Girl! ſaid he, and read on.

He was very ſerious at my Reflections, on what God enabled me to eſcape. And when he came to my Reaſonings, about throwing myſelf into the Water, he ſaid, Walk gently before; and ſeem'd ſo mov'd, that he turn'd away his Face from me; and I bleſs'd this good Sign, and began not ſo much to repent at his ſeeing this mournful Part of my Story.

He put the Papers in his Pocket, when he had read my Reflections, and Thanks for eſcaping from *myſelf*; and ſaid, taking me about the Waiſt, O my dear Girl! you have touch'd me ſenſibly with your mournful Relation, and your ſweet Reflections upon it. I ſhould truly have been very miſerable, had it taken Effect. I ſee you have been us'd too roughly; and it is a Mercy you ſtood Proof in that fatal Moment.

Then he moſt kindly folded me in his Arms; Let us, ſay I too, my *Pamela*, walk from this accurſed Piece of Water; for I ſhall not, with Pleaſure, look upon it again, to think how near it was to have been fatal to my Fair-one. I thought, added he, of terrifying you to my Will, ſince I could not move you by Love; and Mrs. *Jewkes* too well obey'd me, when the Terrors of your Return, after your Diſappointment, were ſo great, that you had hardly Courage to withſtand them; but had like to have made ſo fatal a Choice, to eſcape the Treatment you apprehended.

O Sir, ſaid I, I have Reaſon, I am ſure, to bleſs my dear Parents, and my good Lady, your Mother, for giving me ſomething of a religious Education; for, but for that, and God's Grace, I ſhould, more than upon one Occaſion, have attempted, at leaſt, a deſperate Act: And I the leſs wonder how poor Creatures, who have not the Fear of God before their Eyes, and give way to Deſpondency, caſt themſelves into Perdition.

Come, kiſs me, ſaid he, and tell me you forgive me for puſhing you into ſo much Danger and Diſtreſs. If my Mind hold, and I can ſee thoſe former Papers of yours, and that theſe in my Pocket give me no Cauſe to alter my Opinion, I will endeavour to defy the World, and the World's Cenſures, and make my *Pamela* Amends, if it be in the Power of my whole Life, for all the Hardſhips I have made her undergo.

All

All this look'd well; but you ſhall ſee how ſtrangely it was all turn'd. For this Sham-marriage then came into my Mind again; and I ſaid, Your poor Servant is far unworthy of this great Honour; for what will it be, but to create Envy to herſelf, and Diſcredit to you? Therefore, Sir, permit me to return to my poor Parents, and that is all I have to ask.

He was in a fearful Paſſion then. And is it *thus*, ſaid he, in my fond conceding Moments, that I am to be deſpiſed and anſwer'd?---Preciſe, perverſe, unſeaſonable *Pamela!* be gone from my Sight, and know as well how to behave in a hopeful Proſpect, as in a diſtreſsful State; and then, and not till then, ſhalt thou attract the Shadow of my Notice.

I was ſtartled, and going to ſpeak: But he ſtamp'd with his Foot, and ſaid, Be gone, I tell you. I cannot bear this ſtupid romantick Folly.

One Word, ſaid I; but one Word, I beſeech you, Sir.

He turn'd from me in great Wrath, and took down another Alley, and ſo I went in with a very heavy Heart; and fear I was too unſeaſonable, juſt at a Time when he was ſo condeſcending: But if it was a piece of Art of his Side, as I apprehended, to introduce the Sham-wedding, (and to be ſure he is very full of Stratagem and Art) I think I was not ſo much to blame.

So I went up to my Cloſet; and wrote thus far, while he walk'd about till Dinner was ready; and he is now ſat down to it, as I hear by Mrs. *Jewkes*, very ſullen, thoughtful, and out of Humour; and ſhe asks, What I have done to him?---Now, again, I dread to ſee him!---When will my Fears be over?

Three o'Clock.

WELL, he continues exceeding wroth. He has order'd his travelling Chariot to be got ready, with all Speed. What is to come next, I wonder!---

Sure I did not ſay *ſo much!*---But ſee the Lordlineſs of a high Condition!---A poor Body muſt not put in a Word, when they take it into their Heads to be angry! What a fine Time a Perſon of unequal Condition would have of it, if ſhe were even to marry ſuch an one!---His poor dear Mother ſpoil'd him at firſt. Nobody muſt ſpeak to him, or contradict him, as I have heard, when he was a Child; and ſo he has not been uſed to be controul'd, and cannot bear the leaſt Thing that croſſes his violent Will. This is one of the Bleſſings attending Men of high Condition! Much good may do them with their Pride of Birth, and Pride of Fortune! ſay I:---All that it ſerves for, as far as I can ſee, is to multiply their Diſquiets, and every body's elſe that has to do with them.

So, ſo! where will this end?---Mrs. *Jewkes* has been with me from him, and ſhe ſays, I muſt get out of the Houſe this Moment! Well, ſaid I, but whither am I to be carry'd next? Why, home, ſaid ſhe, to your Father and Mother. And, can it be? ſaid I:---No, no, I doubt I ſhall not be ſo happy as that!---To be ſure, ſome bad Deſign is on foot again! To be ſure it is!---Sure, ſure, ſaid I, Mrs. *Jewkes*, he has not found out ſome other Houſekeeper *worſe than you!* She was very angry, you may well think. But I know ſhe can't be made worſe than ſhe is.

She came up again. Are you ready? ſaid ſhe. Bleſs me! ſaid I, you are very haſty: I have heard of this not a Quarter of an Hour ago. But I ſhall be ſoon

ſoon ready; for I have but little to take with me, and no kind Friends in this Houſe to take Leave of, to delay me. Yet, like a Fool, I can't help crying. Pray, ſaid I, juſt ſtep down, and ask, if I may not have my Papers.

So, I am quite ready now, againſt ſhe comes up with an Anſwer; and ſo I will put up theſe few Writings in my Boſom, that I have left.

I don't know what to think---nor how to judge; but I ſhall ne'er believe I am with you, till I am on my Knees before you, begging both your Bleſſings. Yet I am ſorry he is ſo *angry* with me! I thought I did not ſay *ſo much*.

There is, I ſee, the Chariot drawn out, the Horſes too, the grim *Colbrand* going to get on Horſeback. What will be the End of all this!

MONDAY.

WELL, where this will end, I cannot ſay. But here I am, at a little poor Village, almoſt ſuch an one as yours; I ſhall learn the Name of it by-and-by. And *Robin* aſſures me he has Orders to carry me to you, my dear Father and Mother. O that he may ſay Truth, and not deceive me again! But having nothing elſe to do, and I am ſure I ſhall not ſleep a Wink to-night, if I was to go to bed, I will write my Time away, and take up my Story where I left off, on *Sunday* Afternoon.

Mrs. *Jewkes* came up to me, with this Anſwer about my Papers: My Maſter ſays, he will not read them yet, leſt he ſhould be mov'd by any thing in them to alter his Reſolution. But, if he ſhall think it worth while to read them, he will ſend them to you afterwards to your Father's. But, ſaid ſhe, here

are your Guineas that I borrow'd: For all is over now with you, I find.

She ſaw me cry; and ſaid, Do you repent?---Of what? ſaid I.---Nay, I can't tell, reply'd ſhe; but to be ſure he has had a Taſte of your ſatirical Flings, or he would not be ſo angry. Oh! continu'd ſhe, and held up her Hand, Thou haſt a Spirit!---But I hope it will now be brought down.---I hope ſo too, ſaid I.

Well, added I, I am ready. She lifted up the Window, and ſaid, I'll call *Robin* to take your Portmanteau: Bag and Baggage! proceeded ſhe, I'm glad you're going. I have no Words, ſaid I, to throw away upon *you*, Mrs. *Jewkes*; but, making her a very low Court'ſy, I moſt heartily thank you for all your *virtuous* Civilities to me. And ſo adieu; for I'll have no Portmanteau, I'll aſſure you, nor any thing but theſe few Things that I brought with me in my Handkerchief, beſides what I have on. For I had all this Time worn my own bought Cloaths, tho' my Maſter would have had it otherwiſe often; but I had put up Paper, Ink and Pens, however.

So down I went, and as I went by the Parlour, ſhe ſtepp'd in, and ſaid, Sir, you have nothing to ſay to the Girl, before ſhe goes? I heard him reply, tho' I did not ſee him, Who bid you ſay *the Girl*, Mrs. *Jewkes*, in that manner? She has offended only me!

I beg your Honour's Pardon, ſaid the Wretch; but if I was your Honour, ſhe ſhould not, for all the Trouble ſhe has coſt you, go away ſcot-free. No more of this, as I *told you before*, ſaid he: What, when I have ſuch Proof, that her Virtue is all her Pride, ſhall I rob her of that?---No, added he, let her go, perverſe and fooliſh as ſhe is; but ſhe *deſerves* to go honeſt, and ſhe *ſhall* go ſo!

I was

I was ſo tranſported with this unexpected Goodneſs, that I opened the Door before I knew what I did, and I ſaid, falling on my Knees at the Door, with my Hands folded and lifted up, O thank you, thank your Honour, a Million of Times!----May God bleſs you for this Inſtance of your Goodneſs to me! I will pray for you as long as I live, and ſo ſhall my dear Father and Mother. And, Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſaid I, I will pray for *you* too, poor wicked Wretch that you are!

He turn'd from me, and went into his Cloſet, and ſhut the Door. He need not to have done ſo; for I would not have gone nearer to him!

Surely I did not ſay *ſo much*, to incur all this Diſpleaſure!

I think I was loth to leave the Houſe. Can you believe it?---What could be the Matter with me, I wonder!---I felt ſomething ſo ſtrange, and my Heart was ſo lumpiſh!---I wonder what ail'd me!---But this was ſo *unexpected!*---I believe that was all!---Yet I am very ſtrange ſtill. Surely, ſurely, I cannot be like the old murmuring *Iſraelites*, to long after the Onions and Garlick of *Egypt*, when they had ſuffer'd there ſuch heavy Bondage?---I'll take thee, O lumpiſh, contradictory, ungovernable Heart, to ſevere Task for this thy ſtrange Impulſe, when I get to my dear Father's and Mother's; and if I find any thing in thee that ſhould not be, depend upon it, thou ſhalt be humbled, if ſtrict Abſtinence, Prayer and Mortification, will do it!

But yet, after all, this *laſt* Goodneſs of his has touched me too ſenſibly. I wiſh I had not heard it, almoſt; and yet methinks I am glad I did; for I ſhould rejoice to think the beſt of him, for *his own* ſake.

Well, and ſo I went out to the Chariot, the ſame that brought me down. So, Mr. *Robert*, ſaid I, here I am again! a pure Sporting-piece for the Great! a mere Tennis-ball of Fortune! You have your Orders, I hope! Yes, Madam, ſaid he. Pray now, ſaid I, don't *Madam* me, nor ſtand with your Hat off to ſuch a one as I. Had not my Maſter, ſaid he, *order'd* me not to be wanting in Reſpects to you, I would have ſhewn you all I could. Well, ſaid I, with my Heart full, That's very kind, Mr. *Robert*.

Mr. *Colbrand*, mounted on Horſeback, with Piſtols before him, came up to me, as ſoon as I got in, with *his* Hat off too. What, Monſieur! ſaid I, are *you* to go with me?---Part of the Way, he ſaid, to ſee you ſafe. I *hope* that's kind, too, in you, Mr. *Colbrand*, ſaid I.

I had nobody to wave my Handkerchief to now, nor to take Leave of; and ſo I reſign'd myſelf to my Contemplations, with this ſtrange wayward Heart of mine, that I never found ſo ungovernable and awkward before.

So away drove the Chariot!---And when I had got out of the Elm-walk, and into the great Road, I could hardly think but I was in a Dream all the Time. A few Hours before in my Maſter's Arms almoſt, with twenty kind Things ſaid to me, and a generous Concern for the Misfortunes he had brought upon me; and only by *one* raſh Half-word exaſperated againſt me, and turn'd out of Doors, at an Hour's Warning; and all his Kindneſs changed to Hate! And I now, from Three o'Clock to Five, ſeveral Miles off! But if I am going to you, all will be well again, I hope.

Lack-a-day, what ſtrange Creatures are Men! *Gentlemen*, I ſhould ſay rather! For my dear deſerving good Mother, tho' Poverty be both your Lots, has had better Hap; and you are, and have always been, bleſt in one another!---Yet this pleaſes me too,

too, he was ſo good, he would not let Mrs. *Jewkes* ſpeak ill of me, and ſcorn'd to take her odious unwomanly Advice! O what a black Heart has this poor Wretch! So I need not rail againſt *Men* ſo much; for my Maſter, bad as I have thought him, is not half ſo bad as this Woman!---To be ſure ſhe muſt be an Atheiſt!---- Do you think ſhe is not?---

We could not reach further than this little poor Place, and ſad Ale-houſe, rather than Inn; for it began to be dark, and *Robin* did not make ſo much Haſte as he might have done: And he was forc'd to make hard ſhift for his Horſes,

Mr. *Colbrand*, and *Robert* too, are very civil. I ſee he has got my Portmanteau leaſh'd behind the Coach. I did not deſire it; but I ſhall not come quite empty.

A thorough Riddance of me, I ſee!----Bag and Baggage! as Mrs. *Jewkes* ſays. Well, my Story, ſurely, would furniſh out a ſurpriſing kind of Novel, if it was to be well told.

Mr. *Robert* came up to me, juſt now, and begg'd me to eat ſomething: I thank'd him; but ſaid, I could not eat. I bid him ask Mr. *Colbrand* to walk up; and he came; but neither of them would ſit, nor put their Hats on. What Mockado is this to ſuch a poor Soul as I! I ask'd them, If they were at Liberty to tell me the Truth of what they were to do with me? If not, I would not deſire it. --- They both ſaid, *Robin* was order'd to carry me to my Father's; and Mr. *Colbrand* was to leave me within Ten Miles, and then ſtrike off for the other Houſe, and wait till my Maſter arrived there. They both ſpoke ſo ſolemnly, that I could not but believe them.

But when *Robin* went down, the other ſaid, he had a Letter to give me next Day at Noon, when we baited, as we were to do, at Mrs. *Jewkes*'s Relations.---May I not, ſaid I, beg the Favour to ſee it To-night? He ſeem'd ſo loth to deny me, that I have Hopes, I ſhall prevail on him by-and-by.

Well, my dear Father and Mother, I have got the Letter, on great Promiſes of Secrecy, and making no Uſe of it. I will try if I can open it, without breaking the Seal, and will take a Copy of it by-and-by: For *Robin* is in and out; there being hardly any Room in this little Houſe for one to be long alone. Well, this is the Letter:

'WHEN theſe Lines are deliver'd to you, you 'will be far on your Way to your Father 'and Mother, where you have ſo long deſired to 'be: And, I hope, I ſhall forbear thinking of you 'with the leaſt Shadow of that Fondneſs my fooliſh 'Heart had entertained for you. I bear you, how-'ever, no Ill-will; but the End of my detaining 'you being over, I would not that you ſhould tarry 'with me an Hour more than needed, after the 'ungenerous Preference you gave, at a Time that I 'was inclined to paſs over all other Conſiderations, 'for an honourable Addreſs to you; for well I found 'the Tables intirely turn'd upon me, and that I 'was in far more Danger from *you*, than you were 'from *me*; for I was juſt upon reſolving to defy 'all the Cenſures of the World, and to make you 'my Wife.

'I will acknowledge another Truth; That had I 'not parted with you as I did, but permitted you 'to ſtay till I had read your Journal, reflecting, as I 'doubt not I ſhall find it, and till I had heard your

'bewitching

'bewitching Pleas in your own behalf, I fear'd I 'could not truſt myſelf with my own Reſolution. 'And this is the Reaſon, I frankly own, that I have 'determin'd not to ſee you, nor hear you ſpeak; for 'well I know my Weakneſs in your Favour.

'But I will get the better of this fond Folly: 'Nay, I hope I have already done it, ſince it was 'likely to coſt me ſo dear. And I write this to tell 'you, that I wiſh you well with all my Heart, tho' 'you have ſpread ſuch Miſchiefs thro' my Family. '---And yet, I cannot but ſay, that I could wiſh you 'would not think of marrying in haſte; and parti-'cularly that you would not have this curſed *Wil-'liams*.---But what is all this to me now?---Only, 'my Weakneſs makes me ſay, That as I had already 'look'd upon you as *mine*; and you have ſo ſoon 'got rid of your firſt Husband; ſo you will not re-'fuſe, to my *Memory*, the Decency that every com-'mon Perſon obſerves, to pay a Twelve-month's 'Compliment, tho' but a *mere* Compliment, to my 'Aſhes.

'Your Papers ſhall be faithfully return'd you, and 'I have paid ſo dear for my Curioſity in the Affec-'tion they have rivetted upon me for you, that you 'would look upon yourſelf amply reveng'd, if you 'knew what they have coſt me.

'I thought of writing only a few Lines; but I 'have run into Length. I will now try to recollect 'my ſcatter'd Thoughts, and reſume my Reaſon; 'and ſhall find Trouble enough to replace my Af-'fairs, and my own Family, and to ſupply the 'Chaſms you have made in it: For, let me tell you, 'tho' I can forgive *you*, I never can my *Siſter*, nor 'my Domeſticks; for my Vengeance muſt be 'wreaked ſomewhere.

'I doubt not your Prudence in forbearing to ex-'poſe me any more than is neceſſary for your own

'Juſtifi-

'Juſtification; and for *that*, I will ſuffer myſelf to 'be accuſed by you, and will alſo accuſe myſelf, if 'it be needful. For I am, and will ever be,

'*Your affectionate Well-wiſher.*'

This Letter, when I expected ſome new Plot, has affected me more than any thing of *that* ſort could have done. For here is plainly his great Value for me confeſs'd, and his rigorous Behaviour accounted for in ſuch a manner, as tortures me much. And all this wicked Gypſey-ſtory is, as it ſeems, a Forgery upon us both, and has quite ruin'd me! For, O my dear Parents, forgive me! but I found, to my Grief, before, that my Heart was too partial in his Favour; but *now*, with ſo much Openneſs, ſo much Affection, nay, ſo much *Honour* too, (which was all I had before doubted, and kept me on the Reſerve) I am quite overcome. This was a Happineſs, however, I had no Reaſon to expect. But to be ſure, I muſt own to you, that I ſhall never be able to think of any body in the World but him!--- Preſumption! you will ſay; and ſo it is: But Love is not a voluntary Thing: ---- *Love*, did I ſay!---- But, come, I hope not: --- At leaſt it is not, I hope, gone ſo far, as to make me *very* uneaſy: For I know not *how* it came, nor *when* it began; but crept, crept it has, like a Thief, upon me; and before I knew what was the Matter, it look'd like Love.

I wiſh, ſince it is too late, and my Lot determined, that I had not had this Letter, nor heard him take my Part to that vile Woman; for then I ſhould have bleſs'd myſelf, in having eſcap'd ſo happily his deſigning Arts upon my Virtue; but *now*, my poor Mind is all topſy-turvy'd, and I have made an Eſcape, to be more a Priſoner.

But,

But, I hope, ſince thus it is, that All will be for the beſt; and I ſhall, with your prudent Advice, and pious Prayers, be able to overcome this Weakneſs. ---But, to be ſure, my dear Sir, I will keep a longer Time than a Twelve-month, as a *true* Widow, for a Compliment, and *more* than a Compliment, to your Aſhes! ---- O the dear Word! --- How kind, how moving, how affectionate is the Word! O why was I not a Ducheſs, to ſhew my Gratitude for it; But muſt labour under the Weight of an Obligation, even had this Happineſs befallen me, that would have preſs'd me to Death, and which I never could return by a whole Life of faithful Love, and chearful Obedience!

O forgive your poor Daughter! --- I am ſorry to find this Trial ſo ſore upon me; and that all the Weakneſs of my weak Sex, and tender Years, who never before knew what it was to be touched, is come upon me, and too mighty to be withſtood by me.---But Time, Prayer, and Reſignation to God's Will, and the Benefits of your good Leſſons and Examples, I hope, will enable me to get over this ſo heavy a Trial.

O my treacherous, treacherous Heart! to ſerve me thus! And give no Notice to me of the Miſchiefs thou waſt about to bring upon me.---But thus fooliſhiſhly to give thyſelf up to the proud Invader, without ever conſulting thy poor Miſtreſs in the leaſt! But thy Puniſhment will be the *firſt* and the *greateſt*; and well deſerveſt thou to ſmart, O perfidious Traitor! for giving up ſo weakly, thy *whole Self*, before a Summons came, and to one too, who had uſed me ſo hardly; and when likewiſe thou hadſt ſo well maintain'd thy Poſt againſt the moſt violent and avowed, and therefore, as I thought, more dangerous Attacks!

After

After all, I muſt either not ſhew you this my Weakneſs, or tear it out of my Writing. *Memorandum*, to conſider of this, when I get home.

MONDAY Morning, Eleven o'Clock.

WE are juſt come in here, to the Inn kept by Mrs. *Jewkes*'s Relations. The firſt Compliment I had, was, in a very impudent manner, How I liked the 'Squire?---I could not help ſaying, Bold, forward Woman! Is it for *you*, who keep an Inn, to treat Paſſengers at this Rate? She was but in Jeſt, ſhe ſaid, and begg'd Pardon: And ſhe came, and begg'd Excuſe again, very ſubmiſſively, after *Robin* and Mr. *Colbrand* had talk'd to her a little.

The latter here, in great Form, gave me, before *Robin*, the Letter, which I had given him back for that Purpoſe. And I retir'd, as if to read it; and ſo I did; for I think I can't read it too often; tho', for my Peace of Mind's ſake, I might better try to forget it. I am ſorry, methinks, I cannot bring you back a ſound Heart; but indeed it is an honeſt one, as to any body but me; for it has deceived nobody elſe: Wicked thing that it is!

More and more ſurpriſing Things ſtill!---

Juſt as I had ſat down, to try to eat a bit of Victuals, to get ready to purſue my Journey, came in Mr. *Colbrand*, in a mighty Hurry. O Madam! Madam! ſaid he, Here be de Groom from de 'Squire *B.* all over in a Lather, Man and Horſe! O how my Heart went pit-a-pat! What now, thought I, is to come next! He went out, and preſently return'd with a Letter for me, and another, incloſed, for Mr. *Colbrand*. This ſeem'd odd, and put me all in a Trembling. So I ſhut the Door; and, never, ſure

wa

was the like known! found the following agreeable Contents:

'IN vain, my *Pamela*, do I find it to ſtruggle againſt my Affection for you. I muſt needs, after you were gone, venture to entertain myſelf with your Journal. When I found Mrs. *Jewkes*'s bad Uſage of you, after your dreadful Temptations and Hurts; and particularly your generous Concern for me, on hearing how narrowly I eſcaped Drowning (tho' my Death would have been your *Freedom*, and I had made it your *Intereſt* to wiſh it); and your moſt agreeable Confeſſion in another Place, that notwithſtanding all my hard Uſage of you, you could not *hate* me; and that expreſſed in ſo ſweet, ſo ſoft, and ſo innocent a manner, that I flatter myſelf you may be brought to *love* me, (together with the other Parts of your admirable Journal) I began to repent my parting with you; but, God is my Witneſs! for no unlawful End, as *you* would call it; but the very contrary. And the rather, as all this was improv'd in your Favour, by your Behaviour at leaving my Houſe: For, Oh! that melodious Voice praying for me at your Departure, and thanking me for my Rebuke to Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſtill hangs upon my Ears, and delights my Memory. And tho' I went to-bed, I could not reſt; but about Two got up, and made *Thomas* get one of the beſt Horſes ready, in order to ſet out to overtake you, while I ſat down to write this to you.

'Now, my dear *Pamela*, let me beg of you, on the Receipt of this, to order *Robin* to drive you back again to my Houſe. I would have ſet out myſelf, for the Pleaſure of bearing you Company back in the Chariot; but am really indiſpoſed; I believe, with Vexation that I ſhould part thus

'with

'with my Soul's Delight, as I now find you are, 'and muſt be, in ſpight of the Pride of my own 'Heart.

'You cannot imagine the Obligation your Re- 'turn will lay me under to your Goodneſs: and yet, 'if you will not ſo far favour me, you ſhall be un- 'der no Reſtraint, as you will ſee by my Letter in- 'cloſed to *Colbrand*; which I have not ſealed, that 'you may read it. But ſpare me, my deareſt Girl, 'the Confuſion of following you to your Father's; 'which I muſt do, if you perſiſt to go on; for I 'find I cannot live a Day without you.

'If you are the generous *Pamela* I imagine you 'to be, (for hitherto you have been all Goodneſs, 'where it has *not* been merited) let me ſee, by this 'new Inſtance, the further Excellency of your Diſ- 'poſition; let me ſee you can forgive the Man who 'loves you more than himſelf; let me ſee by it, 'that you are not prepoſſeſſed in any *other* Perſon's 'Favour: And one Inſtance more I would beg, and 'then I am all Gratitude; and that is, That you 'would diſpatch Monſieur *Colbrand* with a Letter 'to your Father, aſſuring him, that all will end 'happily; and to deſire, that he will ſend to you, 'at my Houſe, the Letters you found means, by '*Williams*'s Conveyance, to ſend him: And when I 'have all my proud, and, perhaps, *punctilious* Doubts 'anſwered, I ſhall have nothing to do, but to make 'you happy, and be ſo myſelf. For I muſt be

'*Monday* Morn. near 'Three o'Clock. *Yours, and only yours.*'

O my exulting Heart! how it throbs in my Boſom, as if it would reproach me for ſo lately upbraiding it for giving way to the Love of ſo dear a Gentleman! ---- But take care thou art not too credulous

dulous neither, O fond Believer! Things that we wiſh, are apt to gain a too ready Credence with us. This ſham Marriage is not yet clear'd up: Mrs. *Jewkes*, the vile Mrs. *Jewkes!* may yet inſtigate the Mind of this Maſter: His Pride of Heart, and Pride of Condition, may again take place; and a Man that could, in ſo *little* a Space, firſt love me, then hate, then baniſh me his Houſe, and ſend me away diſgracefully; and now ſend for me again, in ſuch affectionate Terms; may *ſtill* waver, may *ſtill* deceive thee. Therefore will I not acquit thee yet, O credulous, fluttering, throbbing Miſchief! that art ſo ready to believe what thou wiſheſt: And I charge thee to keep better Guard than thou haſt lately done, and lead me not to follow too implicitly thy flattering and deſirable Impulſes. Thus fooliſhly dialogued I with my Heart; and yet, all the time, this Heart is *Pamela*.

I open'd the Letter to Monſieur *Colbrand*; which was in theſe Words:

'*Monſieur*,

'I AM ſure you'll excuſe the Trouble I give you. I have, for good Reaſons, changed my Mind; and I have beſought it, as a Favour, that Mrs. *Andrews* will return to me the Moment *Tom* reaches you. I hope, for the Reaſons I have given her, ſhe will have the Goodneſs to oblige me. But if not, you are to order *Robin* to purſue his Directions, and ſet her down at her Father's Door. If ſhe *will* oblige me in her Return, perhaps, ſhe'll give you a Letter to her Father, for ſome Papers to be deliver'd to you for her; which you'll be ſo good, in that Caſe, to bring to her *here*: But if ſhe will *not* give you ſuch a Letter, you'll return with her to me, if ſhe pleaſes to favour me ſo far; and that with all Expedition, that her Health and

'Safety

'Safety will permit; for I am pretty much indif-
'poſed; but hope it will be but ſlight, and ſoon go
'off. I am

'*Yours*, &c.

'On ſecond Thoughts, let *Tom* go forward with
'Mrs. *Andrews*'s Letter, if ſhe pleaſes to give
'one, and you return with her, for her Safety.'

Now this is a dear generous Manner of treating me. O how I love to be generouſly uſed!---Now, my dear Parents, I wiſh I could conſult you for your Opinions, how I ſhould act. Should I go back, or ſhould I not?---I doubt he has got too great Hold in my Heart, for me to be eaſy preſently, if I ſhould refuſe: And yet this Gypſey Information makes me fearful.

Well, I will, I think, truſt in his Generoſity! Yet is it not too great a Truſt?---eſpecially conſidering how I have been uſed!---But then that was while he avow'd his bad Deſigns; and now he gives great Hope of his good ones. And I *may* be the Means of making many happy, as well as myſelf, by placing a generous Confidence in him.

And then, I think, he might have ſent to *Colbrand*, or to *Robin*, to carry me back, whether I would or not. And how different is his Behaviour to that? And would it not look as if I was *prepoſſeſſed*, as he calls it, if I don't oblige him; and as if it was a ſilly Female Piece of Pride to make him follow me to my Father's; and as if I would uſe him hardly in *my* Turn, for his having uſed me ill in *his*! Upon the whole, I reſolved to obey him; and if he uſes me ill afterwards, double will be his ungenerous Guilt!---Tho' hard will be my Lot, to have my Credulity ſo juſtly blameable as it will then ſeem. For, to be ſure, the World, the *wiſe* World, that never

never is wrong itſelf, judges always by Events. And if he ſhould uſe me ill, then I ſhall be blamed for truſting him: If well, O then I did right, to be ſure! ---But, How would my Cenſurers act in my Caſe, before the Event juſtifies or condemns the Action, is the Queſtion?

Then I have no Notion of obliging by halves; but of doing things with a Grace, as one may ſay, where they *are* to be done; and ſo I wrote the deſir'd Letter to you, aſſuring you, that I had before me happier Proſpects than ever I yet had; and hoped all would end well: And that I begg'd you would ſend me, by the Bearer, Mr. *Thomas*, my Maſter's Groom, thoſe Papers, which I had ſent you by Mr. *Williams*'s Conveyance: For that they imported me much, for clearing up a Point in my Conduct, that my Maſter was deſirous to know, before he reſolved to favour me, as he had intended.---But you will have that Letter, before you can have *this*; for I would not ſend you this without the preceding; which now is in my Maſter's Hands.

And ſo, having given the Letter to Mr. *Thomas*, for him to carry to you, when he had baited and reſted, after his great Fatigue, I ſent for Monſieur *Colbrand* and *Robin*; and gave to the former his Letter; and when he had read it, I ſaid, You ſee how things ſtand. I am reſolved to return to our Maſter; and as he is not ſo well as were to be wiſh'd, the more Haſte you make, the better: And don't mind my Fatigue; but conſider only yourſelves, and the Horſes. *Robin*, who gueſs'd the Matter, by his Converſation with *Thomas*, (as I ſuppoſe) ſaid, God bleſs you, Madam, and reward you, as your Obligingneſs to my good Maſter deſerves; and may we all live to ſee you triumph over Mrs. *Jewkes!*

I wonder'd to hear him ſay ſo; for I was always careful of expoſing my Maſter, or even that naughty Woman,

Woman, before the common Servants. But yet I queſtion whether *Robin* would have ſaid this, if he had not gueſſed, by *Thomas*'s Meſſage, and my reſolving to return, that I might ſtand well with his Maſter. So ſelfiſh are the Hearts of poor Mortals, that they are ready to change as Favour goes!

So they were not long getting ready; and I am juſt ſetting out, back again; and, I hope, ſhall have no Reaſon to repent it.

Robin put on very vehemently; and when we came to the little Town, where we lay on *Sunday* Night, he gave his Horſes a Bait; and ſaid, he would puſh for his Maſter's that Night, as it would be Moon-light, if I ſhould not be too much fatigu'd; becauſe there was no Place between that and the Town adjacent to his Maſter's, fit to put up at, for the Night. But Monſieur *Colbrand*'s Horſe beginning to give way, made a Doubt between them: Wherefore I ſaid, (hating to lie on the Road) If it could be done, I ſhould bear it well enough, I hoped; and that Monſieur *Colbrand* might leave his Horſe, when it fail'd, at ſome Houſe, and come into the Chariot. This pleas'd them both; and about Twelve Miles ſhort, he left the Horſe, and took off his Spurs and Holſters, *&c.* and, with abundance of ceremonial Excuſes, came into the Chariot; and I ſat the eaſier for it; for my Bones ached ſadly with the Jolting, and ſo many Miles travelling in ſo few Hours, as I have done, from *Sunday* Night, Five o'Clock. But, for all this, it was Eleven o'Clock at Night, when we came to the Village adjacent to my Maſter's; and the Horſes began to be very much tired, and *Robin* too; but I ſaid, It would be pity to put up only Three Miles ſhort of the Houſe.

So about One we reach'd the Gate; but every body was a-bed. But one of the Helpers got the Keys

Keys from Mrs. *Jewkes*, and open'd the Gates; and the Horſes could hardly crawl into the Stables. And I, when I went to get out of the Chariot, fell down, and thought I had loſt the Uſe of my Limbs.

Mrs. *Jewkes* came down, with her Cloaths huddled on, and lifted up her Hands and Eyes, at my Return: But ſhew'd more Care of the Horſes than of me. By that time the two Maids came; and I made ſhift to creep in as well as I could.

It ſeems my poor Maſter was very ill indeed, and had been upon the Bed moſt part of the Day; and *Abraham* (who ſucceeded *John*) ſat up with him. And he was got into a fine Sleep, and heard not the Coach come in, nor the Noiſe we made; for his Chamber lies towards the Garden, on the other Side the Houſe. Mrs. *Jewkes* ſaid, He had a feveriſh Complaint, and had been blooded; and, very prudently, order'd *Abraham*, when he awak'd, not to tell him I was come, for fear of ſurpriſing him, and augmenting his Fever; nor, indeed, to ſay any thing of me, till ſhe herſelf broke it to him in the Morning, as ſhe ſhould ſee how he was.

So I went to-bed with Mrs. *Jewkes*, after ſhe had cauſed me to drink almoſt half a Pint of burnt Wine, made very rich and cordial, with Spices; which I found very refreſhing, and ſet me into a Sleep I little hoped for.

TUESDAY Morning.

GEtting up pretty early, I have written thus far, while Mrs. *Jewkes* lies ſnoring in Bed, fetching up her laſt Night's Diſturbance. I long for her Riſing, to know how my poor Maſter does. 'Tis well for *her* ſhe can ſleep ſo purely. No Love, but for herſelf, will ever break her Reſt, I am ſure. I am deadly ſore all over, as if I had been ſoundly

beaten. I did not think I could have lived under ſuch Fatigue.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, as ſoon as ſhe got up, went to know how my Maſter did, and he had had a good Night; and having drank plentifully of Sack-whey, had ſweated much; ſo that his Fever had abated conſiderably. She ſaid to him, that he muſt not be ſurpris'd, and ſhe would tell him News. He asked, What? And ſhe ſaid, I was come. He raiſed himſelf up in his Bed; Can it be? ſaid he:---What, already!---She told him, I came laſt Night. Monſieur *Colbrand* coming to inquire of his Health, he order'd him to draw near him, and was highly pleaſed with the Account he gave him of the Journey; my Readineſs to come back, and my Willingneſs to reach home that Night. And he ſaid, Why, theſe tender Fair-ones, I think, bear Fatigue better than us Men. But ſhe is very good, to give me ſuch an Inſtance of her Readineſs to oblige me. Pray, Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſaid he, take great Care of her Health; and let her lie a-bed all Day. She told him, I had been up theſe two Hours. Ask her, ſaid he, if ſhe will be ſo good as to make me a Viſit: If ſhe won't, I'll riſe, and go to her. Indeed, Sir, ſaid ſhe, you muſt lie ſtill; and I'll go to her. But don't urge her too much, ſaid he, if ſhe be unwilling.

She came to me, and told me all the above; and I ſaid, I would moſt willingly wait upon him. For indeed I longed to ſee him, and was much grieved he was ſo ill.---So I went down with her. Will ſhe come? ſaid he, as I enter'd the Room. Yes, Sir, ſaid ſhe; and ſhe ſaid, at the firſt Word, Moſt willingly. Sweet Excellence! ſaid he.

As ſoon as he ſaw me, he ſaid, O my beloved *Pamela*! you have made me quite well. I'm concern'd to return my Acknowledgments to you in ſo unfit a Place and Manner; but will you give me your

your Hand? I did, and he kiſſed it with great Eagerneſs. Sir, ſaid I, you do me too much Honour!---I am ſorry you are ſo ill.---I can't be ill, ſaid he, while you are with me. I am very well already.

Well, ſaid he, and kiſſed my Hand again, you ſhall not repent this Goodneſs. My Heart is too full of it, to expreſs myſelf as I ought. But I am ſorry you have had ſuch a fatiguing Time of it.---Life is no Life without you! If you had refuſed me, and yet I had hardly Hopes you would oblige me, I ſhould have had a ſevere Fit of it, I believe; for I was taken very oddly, and knew not what to make of myſelf: But now I ſhall be well inſtantly; you need not, Mrs. *Jewkes*, added he, ſend for the Doctor from *Stamford*, as we talk'd yeſterday: for this lovely Creature is my Doctor, as her Abſence was my Diſeaſe.

He begg'd me to ſit down by his Bed-ſide, and aſk'd me, If I had oblig'd him with ſending for my former Pacquet? I ſaid, I had, and hoped it would be brought. He ſaid, It was doubly kind.

I would not ſtay long, becauſe of diſturbing him. And he got up in the Afternoon, and deſir'd my Company; and ſeem'd quite pleas'd, eaſy, and much better. He ſaid, Mrs. *Jewkes*, after this Inſtance of my good *Pamela*'s Obligingneſs in her Return, I am ſure we ought to leave her intirely at her own Liberty; and pray, if ſhe pleaſes to take a Turn in the Chariot, or in the Garden, or to the Town, or wherever ſhe will, let her be left at Liberty, and asked no Queſtions; and do you do all in your Power to oblige her. She ſaid, ſhe would, to be ſure.

He took my Hand, and ſaid, One thing I will tell you, *Pamela*, becauſe I know you will be glad to hear it, and yet not care to ask me: I had, before you went, taken *Williams*'s Bond for the Money; for how the poor Man had behav'd, I can't tell; but he could

get no Bail; and if I have no freſh Reaſon given me, perhaps I ſhall not exact the Payment; and he has been ſome time at Liberty, and now follows his School; but, methinks, I could wiſh you would not ſee him at preſent.

Sir, ſaid I, I will not do any thing to diſoblige you wilfully; and I am glad he is at Liberty, becauſe I was the Occaſion of his Misfortunes. I durſt ſay no more, tho' I wanted to plead for the poor Gentleman; which, in Gratitude, I thought I ought, when I could do him Service. I ſaid, I am ſorry, Sir, Lady *Davers*, who loves you ſo well, ſhould have incurr'd your Diſpleaſure, and that there ſhould be any Variance between your Honour and her. I hope it was not on my Account. He took out of his Waiſtcoat Pocket, as he ſat in his Gown, his Letter-caſe, and ſaid, Here, *Pamela*; read *that* when you go up-ſtairs, and let me have your Thoughts upon it; and that will let you into the Affair.

He ſaid, he was very heavy of a ſudden, and would lie down, and indulge for that Day; and if he was better in the Morning, would take an Airing in the Chariot. And ſo I took my Leave for the preſent, and went up to my Cloſet, and read the Letter he was pleaſed to put into my Hands; which is as follows:

'*Brother*,

'I Am very uneaſy at what I hear of you; and 'muſt write, whether it pleaſe you, or not, my '*full* Mind. I have had ſome People with me, de'ſiring to interpoſe with you; and they have a 'greater Regard for your Honour, than, I am ſorry 'to ſay it, you have yourſelf. Could I think that 'a Brother of mine would ſo meanly run away with 'my late dear Mother's Waiting-maid, and keep 'her a Priſoner from all her Friends, and to the

'Diſ-

Diſgrace of your own? But I thought, when you
'would not let the Wench come to me on my
'Mother's Death, that you meant no Good.----I
'bluſh for you, I'll aſſure you. The Girl was an
'innocent, good Girl; but I ſuppoſe that's over with
'her now, or ſoon will. What can you mean by
'this, let me ask you? Either you will have her
'for a kept Miſtreſs, or for a Wife. If the for-
'mer, there are enough to be had without ruining
'a poor Wench that my Mother lov'd, and who
'really was a very good Girl; and of *this* you may
'be aſham'd. As to the *other*, I dare ſay, you
'don't think of it; but if you *ſhould*, you would
'be utterly inexcuſable. Conſider, Brother, that
'ours is no upſtart Family; but is as antient as
'the beſt in the Kingdom: and, for ſeveral Hun-
'dreds of Years, it has never been known, that the
'Heirs of it have diſgraced themſelves by unequal
'Marches: And you know you have been ſought
'to by ſome of the firſt Families in the Nation, for
'your Alliance. It might be well enough, if you
'were deſcended of a Family of Yeſterday, or but
'a Remove or two from the Dirt you ſeem ſo fond
'of. But, let me tell you, that I, and all mine, will
'renounce you for ever, if you can deſcend ſo mean-
'ly; and I ſhall be aſhamed to be called your Siſter.
'A handſome Gentleman as you are in your Per-
'ſon, ſo happy in the Gifts of your Mind, that
'every body courts your Company; and poſſeſs'd of
'ſuch a noble and clear Eſtate; and very rich in
'Money beſides, left you by the beſt of Fathers
'and Mothers, with ſuch antient Blood in your
'Veins, untainted! for *you* to throw away yourſelf
'thus, is intolerable; and it would be very wicked
'in you to ruin the Wench too. So that I beg
'you will reſtore her to her Parents, and give her
'100*l.* or ſo, to make her happy in ſome honeſt

'Fellow of her own Degree; and that will be doing
'ſomething, and will alſo oblige and pacify

'*Your much grieved Siſter.*

'If I have written too ſharply, conſider it is my
'Love to you, and the Shame you are bring-
'ing upon yourſelf; and I wiſh this may have
'the Effect upon you intended by your very
'loving Siſter.'

This is a ſad Letter, my dear Father and Mother; and one may ſee how poor People are deſpiſed by the Proud and the Rich; and yet we were all on a foot originally: And many of theſe Gentlefolks, that brag of their ancient Blood, would be glad to have it as wholſome, and as *really* untainted, as ours!—Surely theſe proud People never think what a ſhort Stage Life is; and that, with all their Vanity, a Time is coming, when they ſhall be obliged to ſubmit to be on a Level with us; and true ſaid the Philoſopher, when he looked upon the Skull of a King, and that of a poor Man, that he ſaw no Difference between them. Beſides, do they not know, that the richeſt of Princes, and the pooreſt of Beggars, are to have one great and tremendous Judge, at the laſt Day; who will not diſtinguiſh between them, according to their Circumſtances in Life?—But, on the contrary, may make their Condemnations the greater, as their neglected Opportunities were the greater? Poor Souls! how do I pity their Pride!—O keep me, Heaven, from *their* high Condition, if my Mind ſhall ever be tainted with *their* Vice! or polluted with ſo cruel and inconſiderate a Contempt of the humble Eſtate which they behold with ſo much Scorn!

But beſides, how do theſe Gentry know, that ſuppoſing they could trace back their Anceſtry, for One

Two

Two, Three, or even Five hundred Years, that then the original Stems of theſe poor Families, tho' they have not kept ſuch elaborate Records of their Good-for-nothingneſs, as it often proves, were not ſtill deeper rooted?——And how can they be aſſured, that one hundred Years hence or two, ſome of thoſe now deſpiſed upſtart Families may not revel in their Eſtates, while their Deſcendants may be reduced to the other's Dunghils?——And, perhaps, ſuch is the Vanity, as well as Changeableneſs of human Eſtates, in *their* Turns ſet up for Pride of Family, and deſpiſe the others!

Theſe Reflections occurr'd to my Thoughts, made ſerious by my Maſter's Indiſpoſition, and this proud Letter of the *lowly* Lady *Davers*, againſt the *high-minded* Pamela. *Lowly*, I ſay, becauſe ſhe could *ſtoop* to ſuch vain *Pride*; and *high-minded I*, becauſe I hope, I am too *proud* ever to do the like!—But, after all, poor Wretches that we be! we ſcarce know what we *are*, much leſs what we *ſhall be!*—But, once more, pray I, to be kept from the ſinful Pride of a high Eſtate!

On this Occaſion I recal the following Lines, which I have read; where the Poet argues in a much better manner:

——*Wiſe Providence*
Does various Parts for various Minds diſpenſe;
The meaneſt Slaves, *or thoſe who* hedge *and* ditch,
Are uſeful, by their Sweat, to feed the Rich.
The Rich, *in due Return, impart their Store;*
Which comfortably feeds the lab'ring Poor.
Nor let the Rich *the* loweſt Slave *diſdain*;
He's equally *a* Link *of Nature's* Chain;
Labours to the ſame End, *joins in* one View;
And both alike *the* Will divine *purſue:*

And, at the laſt, are levell'd, King *and* Slave,
Without Diſtinction in the ſilent Grave.

WEDNESDAY Morning.

MY Maſter ſent me a Meſſage juſt now, that he was ſo much better, that he would take a Turn after Breakfaſt, in the Chariot, and would have me give him my Company. I hope I ſhall know how to be humble, and comport myſelf as I ſhould do under all theſe Favours.

Mrs. *Jewkes* is one of the moſt obliging Creatures in the World; and I have ſuch Reſpects ſhewn me by every one, as if I was as great as Lady *Davers*.—But now, if this ſhould all end in the Sham-marriage!—It cannot be, I hope. Yet the Pride of Greatneſs and Anceſtry, and ſuch-like, is ſo ſtrongly ſet out in Lady *Davers*'s Letter, that I cannot flatter myſelf to be ſo happy as all theſe deſirable Appearances make for me. Should I be *now* deceived, I ſhould be worſe off than ever. But I ſhall ſee what Light this new Honour will procure me!—So I'll get ready. But I won't, I think, change my Garb. Should I do it, it would look as if I would be nearer on a Level with him: And yet, ſhould I not, it may be thought a Diſgrace to him; but I will, I think, open the Portmanteau, and, for the firſt time, ſince I came hither, put on my beſt Silk Night-gown. But then that will be making myſelf a ſort of Right to the Cloaths I had renounced; and I am not yet quite ſure I ſhall have no other Croſſes to encounter. So I will go as I am; for tho' ordinary, I am as clean as a Penny, tho' I ſay it. So I'll e'en go as I am, except he orders otherwiſe. Yet Mrs. *Jewkes* ſays, I ought to dreſs as fine as I can.—But I ſay, I think not. As my Maſter is up and at Breakfaſt, I will venture

ture down to ask him how he will have me be.

Well, he is kinder and kinder, and thank God, purely recover'd!—How charmingly he looks, to what he did Yeſterday! Bleſſed be God for it!

He aroſe and came to me, and took me by the Hand, and would ſet me down by him; and he ſaid, My charming Girl ſeem'd going to ſpeak. What would you ſay?—Sir, ſaid I, (a little aſham'd) I think it is too great an Honour to go into the Chariot with you. No, my dear *Pamela*, ſaid he; the *Pleaſure* of your Company will be greater than the *Honour* of mine; and ſo ſay no more on that Head.

But, Sir, ſaid I, I ſhall diſgrace you to go thus. You would grace a Prince, my Fair-one, ſaid the good, kind, kind Gentleman! in that Dreſs, or any you ſhall chuſe: And you look ſo pretty, that if you ſhall not catch Cold, in that round-ear'd Cap, you ſhall go juſt as you are. But, Sir, ſaid I, then you'll be pleaſed to go a By-way, that it mayn't be ſeen you do ſo much Honour to your Servant. O my good Girl, ſaid he, I doubt you are afraid of yourſelf being talk'd of, more than me. For I hope, by degrees, to take off the World's Wonder, and teach them to expect what is to follow, as a Due to my *Pamela*.

O the dear good Man! There's for you, my dear Father and Mother!—Did I not do well now to come back!——O could I get rid of my Fears of this Sham-marriage, (for all this is not yet inconſiſtent with that frightful Scheme) I ſhould be too happy!

So I came up, with great Pleaſure, for my Gloves; and now wait his kind Commands. Dear, dear Sir! ſaid I to myſelf, as if I was ſpeaking to him, for

God's ſake let me have no more Trials and Reverſes; for I could not bear it now, I verily think!

At laſt the welcome Meſſage came, that my Maſter was ready; and ſo I went down as faſt as I could; and he, before all the Servants, handed me in, as if I was a Lady; and then came in himſelf. Mrs. *Jewkes* begg'd he would take care he did not catch Cold, as he had been ill. And I had the Pride to hear his new Coachman ſay, to one of his Fellow-ſervants, They are a charming Pair, I am ſure! 'tis pity they ſhould be parted!—O my dear Father and Mother! I fear your Girl will grow as proud as any thing! And eſpecially you will think I have Reaſon to guard againſt it, when you read the kind Particulars I am going to relate.

He order'd Dinner to be ready by Two; and *Abraham*, who ſucceeds *John*, went behind the Coach. He bid *Robin* drive gently, and told me, he wanted to talk to me about his Siſter *Davers*, and other Matters. Indeed, at firſt ſetting out, he kiſſed me a little too often, that he did; and I was afraid of *Robin*'s looking back, thro' the Fore-glaſs, and People ſeeing us as they paſſed; but he was exceedingly kind to me, in his Words, as well. At laſt, he ſaid,

You have, I doubt not, read over and over, my Siſter's ſaucy Letter; and find, as I told you, that you are no more obliged to her than I am. You ſee ſhe intimates, that ſome People had been with her; and who ſhould they be, but the officious Mrs. *Jervis*, and Mr. *Longman*, and *Jonathan!* and ſo that has made me take the Meaſures I did in diſmiſſing them my Service.—I ſee, ſaid he, you are going to ſpeak on their Behalfs; but your Time is not come to do that, if ever I ſhall permit it.

My

My Siſter, ſays he, I have been beforehand with her; for I have renounced her. I am ſure I have been a kind Brother to her; and gave her to the Value of 3000 *l.* more than her Share came to by my Father's Will, when I enter'd upon my Eſtate. And the Woman, ſurely, was beſide herſelf with Paſſion and Inſolence, when ſhe wrote me ſuch a Letter; for well ſhe knew I would not bear it. But you muſt know, *Pamela*, that ſhe is much incenſed, that I will give no Ear to a Propoſal of hers, of a Daughter of my Lord ——, who, ſaid he, neither in Perſon, or Mind, or Acquirements, even with all her Opportunities, is to be named in a Day with my *Pamela*. But yet you ſee the Plea, my Girl, which I made to you before, of the Pride of Condition, and the World's Cenſure, which, I own, ſticks a little too cloſe with me ſtill. For a Woman ſhines not forth to the Publick as a Man; and the World ſees not your Excellencies and Perfections: If it did, I ſhould intirely ſtand acquitted by the ſevereſt Cenſurers. But it will be taken in the Lump; that here is Mr. *B*——, with ſuch and ſuch an Eſtate, has married his Mother's Waiting-maid; not conſidering there is not a Lady in the Kingdom that can outdo her, or better ſupport the Condition to which ſhe will be raiſed, if I ſhould marry her. And ſaid he, putting his Arm round me, and again kiſſing me, I pity my dear Girl too, for *her* Part in this Cenſure; for, here will ſhe have to combat the Pride and Slights of the neighbouring Gentry all around us. Siſter *Davers*, you ſee, will never be reconciled to you. The other Ladies will not viſit you; and you will, with a Merit ſuperior to them all, be treated as if unworthy their Notice. Should I now marry my *Pamela*, how will my Girl reliſh all this? Won't theſe be cutting things to my Fair-one? For, as to me, I ſhall have

nothing to do, but, with a good Eſtate in Poſſeſſion, to brazen out the Matter, of my former Plaiſantry on this Subject, with my Companions of the Chace, the Green, and the Aſſemblée; ſtand their rude Jeſts for once or twice, and my Fortune will create me always Reſpect enough, I warrant you. But, I ſay, what will my poor Girl do, as to *her* Part, with her own Sex? For ſome Company you muſt keep. My Station will not admit it to be with my Servants; and the Ladies will fly your Acquaintance; and ſtill, tho' my Wife, will treat you as my Mother's Waiting-maid.—What ſays my Girl to this?

You may well gueſs, my dear Father and Mother, how tranſporting theſe kind, theſe generous and condeſcending Sentiments were to me!—I thought I had the Harmony of the Spheres all around me; and every Word that dropp'd from his Lips was as ſweet as the Honey of *Hybla* to me---Oh! Sir, ſaid I, how inexpreſſibly kind and good is all this! Your poor Servant has a much greater Struggle than this to go thro', a more knotty Difficulty to overcome.

What is that? ſaid he, a little impatiently: I will not forgive your Doubts now!---No, Sir, ſaid I, I cannot doubt; but it is, how I ſhall *ſupport*, how I ſhall *deſerve*, your Goodneſs to me!—Dear Girl! ſaid he, and hugg'd me to his Breaſt, I was afraid you would have made me angry again; but that I would not be, becauſe I ſee you have a grateful Heart; and this your kind and chearful Return, after ſuch cruel Uſage as you had experienced in my Houſe, enough to make you deteſt the Place, has made me reſolve to bear any thing in you, but Doubts of my Honour, at a time when I am pouring out my Soul, with a true and affectionate Ardour, before you.

But,

But, good Sir, ſaid I, my greateſt Concern will be for the rude Jeſts you will have yourſelf to encounter with, for thus ſtooping beneath yourſelf. For as to *me*, conſidering my lowly Eſtate, and little Merit, even the Slights and Reflections of the Ladies will be an Honour to me: And I ſhall have the Pride to place more than half their Ill-will, to their Envy at my Happineſs. And if I can, by the moſt chearful Duty, and reſigned Obedience, have the Pleaſure to be agreeable to you, I ſhall think myſelf but too happy, let the World ſay what it will.

He ſaid, You are very good, my deareſt Girl: But how will you beſtow your Time, when you will have no Viſits to receive or pay? No Parties of Pleaſure to join in? No Card-tables to employ your Winter Evenings, and even, as the Taſte is, half the Day, Summer and Winter? And you have often play'd with my Mother too, and ſo know how to perform a Part there, as well as in the other Diverſions: And I'll aſſure you, my Girl, I ſhall not deſire you to live without ſuch Amuſements, as *my Wife* might expect, were I to marry a Lady of the firſt Quality.

O, Sir, ſaid I, you are all Goodneſs! How ſhall I bear it!— But do you think, Sir, in ſuch a Family as yours, a Perſon whom you ſhall honour with the Name of Miſtreſs of it, will not find uſeful Employments for her Time, without looking abroad for any others?

In the firſt place, Sir, if you will give me Leave, I will myſelf look into ſuch Parts of the Family-Oeconomy, as may not be beneath the Rank to which I ſhall have the Favour of being exalted, if any ſuch there can be; and this, I hope, without incurring the Ill-will of any *honeſt* Servant.

Then, Sir, I will eaſe you of as much of your Family-Accounts, as I poſſibly can, when I have con-

convinced you, that I am to be truſted with them; and, you know, Sir, my late good Lady made me her Treaſurer, her Almoner, and every thing.

Then, Sir, if I muſt needs be viſiting or viſited, and the Ladies won't honour me ſo much, or even if they *would* now-and-then, I will viſit, if your Goodneſs will allow me ſo to do, the ſick Poor in the Neighbourhood around you; and adminiſter to their Wants and Neceſſities, in ſuch Matters, as may not be hurtful to your Eſtate, but comfortable to them; and entail upon you their Bleſſings, and their Prayers for your dear Health and Welfare.

Then I will aſſiſt your Houſe-keeper, as I uſed to do, in the making Jellies, Comfits, Sweatmeats, Marmalades, Cordials; and to pot, and candy, and preſerve, for the Uſes of the Family. And to make myſelf all the fine Linen of it, for yourſelf and me.

Then, Sir, if you will ſometimes indulge me with your Company, I will take an Airing in your Chariot now-and-then: And when you ſhall return home from your Diverſions on the Green, or from the Chace, or where-ever you ſhall pleaſe to go, I ſhall have the Pleaſure of receiving you with Duty, and a chearful Delight; and, in your Abſence, count the Moments till you return, and you will, may-be, fill up ſome Part of my Time, the ſweeteſt by far! with your agreeable Converſation, for an Hour or two now-and-then; and be indulgent to the impertinent Overflowings of my grateful Heart, for all your Goodneſs to me.

The Breakfaſting-time, the Preparation for Dinner, and ſometimes to entertain your choſen Friends, and the Company you ſhall bring home with you, *Gentlemen*, if not *Ladies*, and the Supperings, will fill up a great Part of the Day, in a very neceſſary manner.

And,

And, may-be, Sir, now-and-then a good-humour'd Lady will drop in; and, I hope, if they do, I ſhall ſo behave myſelf, as not to *add* to the Diſgrace you will have brought upon yourſelf: for indeed, I will be very circumſpect, and try to be as diſcreet as I can; and as humble too, as ſhall be conſiſtent with your Honour.

Cards, 'tis true, I can play at, in all the uſual Games, that our Sex delight in; but this I am not fond of, nor ſhall ever deſire to play, unleſs to induce ſuch Ladies, as you may wiſh to ſee, not to abandon your Houſe for want of an Amuſement they are accuſtomed to.

Muſick, which my good Lady taught me, will fill up ſome Intervals, if I ſhould have any.

And then, Sir, you know, I love Reading and Scribbling; and tho' all the latter will be employ'd in the Family-Accounts, between the Servants and me, and me and your good Self; yet Reading at proper times, will be a Pleaſure to me, which I ſhall be unwilling to give up, for the beſt Company in the World, except yours. And, O Sir! that will help to poliſh my Mind, and make me worthier of your Company and Converſation; and with the Explanations you will give me, of what I ſhall not underſtand, will be a ſweet Employment, and Improvement too.

But one thing, Sir, I ought not to forget, becauſe it is the Chief; my Duty to God will, I hope, always employ ſome good Portion of my Time, with Thanks for his ſuperlative Goodneſs to me: and to pray for *you* and *myſelf:* For *you*, Sir, for a Bleſſing on you, for your great Goodneſs to ſuch an unworthy Creature: For *myſelf*, that I may be enabled to diſcharge my Duty to you, and be found grateful for all the Bleſſings I ſhall receive at the Hands

Hands of Providence, by means of your Generoſity and Condeſcenſion.

With all this, Sir, ſaid I, can you think I ſhall be at a Loſs to paſs my Time? But, as I know, that every Slight to me, if I come to be ſo happy, will be, in ſome meaſure, a Slight to you, I will beg of you, Sir, not to let me go very fine in Dreſs; but appear only ſo, as that you may not be aſhamed of it, after the Honour I ſhall have of being called by your worthy Name: For well I know, Sir, that nothing ſo much excites the Envy of my own Sex, as ſeeing a Perſon ſet above them in Appearance, and in Dreſs. And that would bring down upon me an hundred *ſaucy Things*, and *low-born Brats*, and I can't tell what!

There I ſtopp'd; for I had prattled a great deal; and he ſaid, claſping me to him, Why ſtops my dear *Pamela*?--- Why does ſhe not proceed? I could dwell upon your Words all the Day long; and you ſhall be the Directreſs of your own Pleaſures, and your own Time, ſo ſweetly do you chuſe to employ it: And thus ſhall I find ſome of my own bad Actions aton'd for by your exemplary Goodneſs, and God will bleſs *me* for *your* ſake.

O, ſaid he, what Pleaſure you give me in this ſweet Foretaſte of my Happineſs! I will now defy the ſaucy, buſy Cenſurers of the World; and bid them know *your* Excellence, and *my* Happineſs, before they, with unhallow'd Lips, preſume to judge of *my* Actions, and *your* Merit!— And, let me tell you, my *Pamela*, that I can add my Hopes of a ſtill more pleaſing Amuſement, and what your baſhful Modeſty would not permit you to hint; and which I will no otherwiſe touch upon, leſt it ſhould ſeem, to your Nicety, to detract from the preſent Purity of my good Intentions, than to ſay, I hope

to

to have ſuperadded to all theſe, ſuch an Employment, as will give me a View of perpetuating my happy Proſpects, and my Family at the ſame time; of which I am almoſt the only Male.

I bluſhed, I believe; yet could not be diſpleaſed at the decent and charming Manner with which he inſinuated this diſtant Hope: An Oh! judge for me, how my Heart was affected with all theſe things!

He was pleaſed to add another charming Reflection, which ſhew'd me the noble Sincerity of his kind Profeſſions. I do own to you, my *Pamela*, ſaid he, that I love you with a purer Flame than ever I knew in my whole Life! A Flame, to which I was a Stranger, and which commenced for you in the Garden; tho' you, unkindly, by your unſeaſonable Doubts, nipp'd the opening Bud, while it was too tender to bear the cold Blaſts of Slight or Negligence. And I know more ſincere Joy and Satisfaction in this ſweet Hour's Converſation with you, than all the guilty Tumults of my former Paſſion ever did, or (had even my Attempts ſucceeded) ever could have afforded me.

O, Sir! ſaid I, expect not Words, from your poor Servant, equal to theſe moſt generous Profeſſions. Both the Means, and the Will, I now ſee, are given to you, to lay me under an everlaſting Obligation. How happy ſhall I be, if, tho' I cannot be worthy of all this Goodneſs and Condeſcenſion, I can prove myſelf not intirely unworthy of it! But I can only anſwer for a grateful Heart; and if ever I give you Cauſe wilfully (and you will generouſly allow for *involuntary* Imperfections) to be diſguſted with me, may I be an Out-caſt from your Houſe and Favour, and as much repudiated, as if the Law had divorced me from you!

But,

But, Sir, continued I, tho' I was ſo unſeaſonable as I was in the Garden, you would, I flatter myſelf, had you *then* heard me, have pardon'd my Imprudence, and own'd I had ſome Cauſe to fear, and to wiſh to be with my poor Father and Mother; and this I the rather ſay, that you ſhould not think me capable of returning Inſolence for your Goodneſs; or appearing fooliſhly ungrateful to you, when you was ſo kind to me.

Indeed, *Pamela*, ſaid he, you gave me great Uneaſineſs; for I love you too well not to be jealous of the leaſt Appearance of your Indifference to me, or Preference of any other Perſon, not excepting your Parents themſelves. This made me reſolve not to hear you; for I had not got over my Reluctance to Marriage; and a little Weight, you know, turns the Scale, when it hangs in an equal Balance. But yet, you ſee, that tho' I could part with you, while my Anger held, yet the Regard I had then newly profeſs'd for your Virtue, made me reſolve not to offer to violate it; and you have ſeen likewiſe, that the painful Struggle I underwent when I began to reflect, and to read your moving Journal, between my Deſire to recal you, and my Doubt whether you would return, (tho' yet I reſolved not to force you to it) had like to have coſt me a ſevere Illneſs: But your kind and chearful Return has diſpelled all my Fears, and given me Hope, that I am not indifferent to you; and you ſee how your Preſence has chas'd away my Illneſs.

I bleſs God for it, ſaid I; but ſince you are ſo good as to encourage me, and will not deſpiſe my Weakneſs, I will acknowledge, that I ſuffer'd more than I could have imagined, till I experienced it, in being baniſh'd your Preſence in ſo much Anger; and the more ſtill was I affected, when you anſwer'd the wicked Mrs. *Jewkes* ſo generouſly in my Favour,

vour, at my leaving your Houſe: For this, Sir, awaken'd all my Reverence for you; and you ſaw I could not forbear, not knowing what I did, to break boldly in upon you, and acknowledge your Goodneſs on my Knees. 'Tis true, my dear *Pamela*, ſaid he, we have ſufficiently tortur'd one another; and the only Comfort that can reſult from it, will be, reflecting upon the Matter coolly and with Pleaſure, when all theſe Storms are overblown, (as I hope they now are) and we ſit together ſecur'd in each other's good Opinion, recounting the uncommon Gradations, by which we have aſcended to the Summit of that Felicity, which I hope we ſhall ſhortly arrive at.

Mean-time, ſaid the good Gentleman, let me hear what my dear Girl would have ſaid in her Juſtification, could I have truſted myſelf with her, as to her Fears, and the Reaſon of her wiſhing herſelf from me, at a Time that I had begun to ſhew my Fondneſs for her, in a manner that I thought would have been agreeable to her and Virtue.

I pulled out of my Pocket the Gypſey Letter; but I ſaid, before I ſhew'd it to him, I have this Letter, Sir, to ſhew you, as what, I believe, you will allow, muſt have given me the greateſt Diſturbance: But firſt, as I know not who is the Writer, and it ſeems to be in a diſguis'd Hand, I would beg it as a Favour, that if you gueſs who it is, which I cannot, it may not turn to their Prejudice, becauſe it was written very probably with no other View than to ſerve me.

He took it, and read it. And it being ſigned *Somebody*, he ſaid, Yes, this is indeed from *Somebody*; and, diſguis'd as the Hand is, I know the Writer: Don't you ſee by the Setneſs of ſome of theſe Letters, and a little Secretary Cut here and there, eſpecially in that *c*, and that *r*, that it is the Hand of a Perſon

Perſon bred in the Law-way? Why, *Pamela*, ſaid he, 'tis old *Longman*'s Hand: An officious Raſcal as he is! — But I have done with him. O Sir, ſaid I, it would be too inſolent in me to offer (ſo much am I myſelf overwhelm'd with your Goodneſs) to defend any body that you are angry with, yet, Sir, ſo far as they have incurr'd your Diſpleaſure for my ſake, and for no other want of Duty or Reſpect, I could wiſh—But I dare not ſay more.

But, ſaid he, as to the Letter, and the Information it contains: — Let me know, *Pamela*, when you received this? On the *Friday*, Sir, ſaid I, that you were gone to the Wedding at *Stamford*.--- How could it be convey'd to you, ſaid he, unknown to Mrs. *Jewkes*, when I gave her ſuch a ſtrict Charge to attend you, and you had promis'd me, that you would not throw yourſelf in the Way of ſuch Intelligence? For, ſaid he, when I went to *Stamford*, I knew from a private Intimation given me, that there would be an Attempt made to ſee you, or give you a Letter, by ſomebody, if not to get you away; but was not certain from what Quarter, whether from my Siſter *Davers*, Mrs. *Jervis*, Mr *Longman*, or *John Arnold*, or your Father; and as I was then but ſtruggling with myſelf, whether to give way to my honourable Inclinations, or to free you, and let you go to your Father, that I might avoid the Danger I found myſelf in of the former (for I had abſolutely reſolved never to wound again even your Ears with any Propoſals of a contrary Nature); that was the Reaſon I deſir'd you to permit Mrs. *Jewkes* to be ſo much on her Guard till I came back, when I thought I ſhould have decided this diſputed Point within myſelf, between my Pride and my Inclinations.

This, good Sir, ſaid I, accounts well to me, for your Conduct in that Caſe, and for what you ſaid to me

me and Mrs. *Jewkes* on that Occaſion: and I ſee more and more how much I may depend upon your Honour and Goodneſs to me.— But I will tell you all the Truth. And then I recounted to him the whole Affair of the Gypſey, and how the Letter was put among the looſe Graſs, *&c.* And he ſaid, The Man who thinks a thouſand Dragons ſufficient to watch a Woman, when her Inclination takes a contrary Bent, will find all too little; and ſhe will engage the Stones in the Street, or the Graſs in the Field, to act for her, and help on her Correſpondence. If the Mind, ſaid he, be not engaged, I ſee there is hardly any Confinement ſufficient for the Body; and you have told me a very pretty Story; and, as you never gave me any Reaſon to queſtion your Veracity, even in your ſevereſt Trials, I make no doubt of the Truth of what you have now mention'd: And I will in my Turn give you ſuch a Proof of mine, that you ſhall find it carry Conviction with it.

You muſt know then, my *Pamela*, that I had actually form'd ſuch a Project, ſo well inform'd was this old raſcally *Somebody*; and the Time was fix'd for the very Perſon deſcrib'd in this Letter, to be here; and I had thought he ſhould have read ſome Part of the Ceremony (as little as was poſſible, to deceive you) in my Chamber; and ſo I hoped to have you mine upon Terms that *then* would have been much more agreeable to me than real Matrimony. And I did not in haſte intend you the Mortification of being undeceived; ſo that we might have liv'd for Years, perhaps very lovingly together; and I had at the ſame time been at liberty to confirm or abrogate it, as I pleas'd.

O Sir, ſaid I, I am out of breath with the Thoughts of my Danger. But what good Angel prevented the Execution of this deep-laid Deſign?

Why, *your* good Angel, *Pamela*, ſaid he; for when I began to conſider, that it would have made *you* miſerable, and *me* not happy; that if you ſhould have a dear Little-one, it would be out of my own Power to legitimate it, if I ſhould wiſh it to inherit my Eſtate; and that, as I am almoſt the laſt of my Family, and moſt of what I poſſeſs muſt deſcend to a ſtrange Line, and diſagreeable and unworthy Perſons; notwithſtanding that I might, in this Caſe, have Iſſue of my own Body: When I further conſider'd your untainted Virtue, what Dangers and Trials you had undergone by my Means, and what a world of Troubles I had involv'd you in, only becauſe you were beautiful and virtuous, which had excited all my Paſſion for you; and reflected alſo upon your try'd Prudence and Truth; I, tho' I doubted not effecting this my laſt Plot, reſolv'd to overcome myſelf; and, however I might ſuffer in ſtruggling with my Affection for you, to part with you, rather than to betray you under ſo black a Veil. Beſides, ſaid he, I remember how much I had exclaim'd againſt and cenſur'd an Action of this kind, that had been attributed to one of the firſt Men of the Law, and of the Kingdom, as he afterwards became; and that it was but treading in a Path that another had mark'd out for me; and, as I was aſſur'd, with no great Satisfaction to himſelf, when he came to reflect; my fooliſh Pride was a little piqu'd with this, becauſe I lov'd to be, if I went out of the way, my own Original, as I may call it: On all theſe Conſiderations it was, that I rejected this Project, and ſent word to the Perſon, that I had better conſider'd of the Matter, and would not have him come, till he heard farther from me: And, in this Suſpenſe, I ſuppoſe, ſome of your Confederates, *Pamela*, (for we have been a Couple of Plotters, tho' your Virtue and Merit have procur'd you faithful Friends and Partiſans,

Partiſans, which my Money and Promiſes could hardly do) one way or other got Knowledge of it, and gave you this Notice; but perhaps it would have come too late, had not your white Angel got the better of my black one, and inſpir'd me with Reſolutions to abandon the Project juſt as it was to have been put in Execution. But yet I own, that, from theſe Appearances, you were but too well juſtify'd in your Fears, on this odd way of coming at this Intelligence; and I have only one thing to blame you for, that tho' I was reſolv'd not to *hear* you in your own Defence, yet, as you have ſo ready a Talent at your Pen, you might have clear'd your Part of this Matter up to me by a Line or two; and when I had known what ſeeming good Grounds you had for pouring cold Water on a young Flame, that was juſt then riſing to an honourable Expanſion, I ſhould not have imputed it, as I was apt to do, to unſeaſonable Inſult for my Tenderneſs to you on one hand; to perverſe Nicety on the other; or to, what I was moſt alarm'd by, and concern'd for, Prepoſſeſſion for ſome other Perſon. And this would have ſav'd us both much Fatigue, I of Mind, you of Body.

And indeed, Sir, ſaid I, of *Mind* too; and I could not better manifeſt this, than by the Chearfulneſs with which I obey'd your Recalling me to your Preſence.

Ay, that, my dear *Pamela*, ſaid he, and claſp'd me in his Arms, was the kind, the inexpreſſibly kind Action, that has riveted my Affections to you, and obliges me, in this free and unreſerv'd manner, and to pour out my whole Soul into your Boſom.

I ſaid, I had the leſs Merit in this my Return, becauſe I was driven by an irreſiſtible Impulſe to it, and could not help it if I would.

This, ſaid he, (and honour'd me by kiſſing my Hand) is engaging indeed; if I may hope, that my

Pamela's

Pamela's gentle Inclination for her Perſecutor, was the ſtrongeſt Motive to her Return; and I ſo much value a voluntary Love, in the Perſon I would wiſh for my Wife, that I would have even Prudence and Intereſt, hardly nam'd, in Compariſon with it: And can you return me ſincerely the honeſt Compliment I now make you?— In the *Choice* I have made, it is impoſſible I ſhould have any View to to my *Intereſt*. Love, *true* Love, is the *only* Motive by which *I* am induc'd. And were I not what I am, could you give me the *Preference* to any other you know in the World, notwithſtanding what has paſſed between us? Why, ſaid I, ſhould your ſo much obliged *Pamela* refuſe to anſwer this kind Queſtion? Cruel, as I have thought you, and dangerous as your Views to my Honeſty have been; you, Sir, are the only Perſon living that ever was more than indifferent to me; and before I knew this to be what I bluſh now to call it, I could not hate you, or wiſh you ill, tho' from my Soul; the Attempts you made, were ſhocking and moſt diſtaſteful to me.

I am ſatisfy'd, my *Pamela*, ſaid he; nor do I want to ſee thoſe Papers that you have kindly written for to your Father; tho' I ſtill wiſh to ſee them too, for the ſake of the ſweet Manner in which you relate what has paſſed, and to have before me the whole Series of your Sufferings, that I may learn what Degree of Kindneſs may be ſufficient to recompenſe you for them.

In this manner, my dear Father and Mother, did your happy Daughter find herſelf bleſs'd by her generous Maſter! An ample Recompence for all her Sufferings, did I think this ſweet Converſation only. A hundred tender Things he expreſs'd beſides, that tho' they never can eſcape my Memory, yet would be

be too tedious to write down. Oh how I bleſſed God, and, I hope, ever ſhall, for all his gracious Favours to his unworthy Handmaid! What a happy Change is this! And who knows but my kind, my generous Maſter may put it in my Power, when he ſhall ſee me not quite unworthy of it, to be a Means, without injuring him, to diſpenſe around me, to many Perſons, the happy Influences of the Condition to which I ſhall be, by his kind Favour exalted? Doubly bleſt ſhall I be, in particular, if I can return the hundredth Part of the Obligations I owe to ſuch honeſt good Parents, to whoſe pious Inſtructions and Examples, under God, I owe all my preſent Happineſs and future Proſpects.—O the Joy that fills my Mind on theſe proud Hopes! on theſe delightful Proſpects!—It is too mighty for me; and I muſt ſit down to ponder all theſe Things, and to admire and bleſs the Goodneſs of that Providence, which has, thro' ſo many intricate Mazes, made me tread the Paths of Innocence, and ſo amply rewarded me, for what it has itſelf enabled me to do! All Glory to God alone be ever given for it, by your poor enraptured Daughter!—

I will now continue my moſt pleaſing Relation.

As the Chariot was returning home from this ſweet Airing, he ſaid, From all that has paſs'd between us, in this pleaſing Turn, my *Pamela* will ſee, and will believe, that the Trials of her Virtue are all over from me: But perhaps, there will be ſome few yet to come of her Patience and Humility. For I have, at the earneſt Importunity of Lady *Darnford*, and her Daughters, promiſed them a Sight of my beloved Girl: And ſo I intend to have their whole Family, and Lady *Jones*, and Mrs. *Peters*'s Family, to dine with me once in a few Days. And,

ſince I believe you would hardly chuſe, at preſent, to grace the Table on the Occaſion, till you can do it in your own Right, I ſhould be glad you would not refuſe coming down to us, if I ſhould deſire it; for I would preface our Nuptials, ſaid the dear Gentleman! O what a ſweet Word was that!—with their good Opinion of your Merits; and to ſee you, and your ſweet Manner, will be enough for that purpoſe; and ſo, by degrees, prepare my Neighbours for what is to follow: And they already have your Character from me, and are diſpoſed to admire you.

Sir, ſaid I, after all that has paſſed, I ſhould be unworthy if I could not ſay, that I *can* have no Will but yours: and however aukwardly I ſhall behave in ſuch Company, weighed down with the Senſe of your Obligations on one ſide, and my own Unworthineſs, with their Obſervations, on the other, I will not ſcruple to obey you.

I am obliged to you, *Pamela*, ſaid he; and pray be only dreſs'd as you are; for ſince they know your Condition, and I have told them the Story of your preſent Dreſs, and how you came by it, one of the young Ladies begs it as a Favour, that they may ſee you juſt as you are: And I am the rather pleaſed it ſhould be ſo, becauſe they will perceive you owe nothing to Dreſs, but make a much better Figure with your own native Stock of Lovelineſs, than the greateſt Ladies array'd in the moſt ſplendid Attire, and adorn'd with the moſt glittering Jewels.

O Sir, ſaid I, your Goodneſs beholds your poor Servant in a Light greatly beyond her Merit! But it muſt not be expected that others, Ladies eſpecially, will look upon me with *your* favourable Eyes: But, nevertheleſs, I ſhould be beſt pleaſed to wear always this humble Garb, till you for your own ſake, ſhall order it otherwiſe: For, oh! Sir, ſaid I, I hope it will be

be always my Pride to glory moſt in your Goodneſs; and it will be a Pleaſure to me to ſhew every one, that, with reſpect to my Happineſs in this Life, I am intirely the Work of your Bounty; and to let the World ſee from what a lowly Original you have raiſed me to Honours, that the greateſt Ladies would rejoice in.

Admirable *Pamela*, ſaid he, excellent Girl!—Surely thy Sentiments are ſuperior to thoſe of all thy Sex!—I might have *addreſſed* an hundred fine Ladies; but never, ſurely, could have had reaſon to *admire* one as I do you.

As, my dear Father and Mother, I repeat theſe generous Sayings, only becauſe they are the Effect of my Maſter's Goodneſs, being far from preſuming to think I deſerve one of them; ſo I hope you will not attribute it to my Vanity; for, I do aſſure you, I think I ought rather to be more *humble*, as I am more *obliged:* For it muſt be always a Sign of a poor Condition to receive Obligations one cannot repay; as it is of a rich Mind, when it can confer them, without expecting or *needing* a return. It is, on one ſide, the State of the human Creature compared, on the other, to the Creator; and ſo, with due Deference, may his Beneficence be ſaid to be God-like, and that is the higheſt that can be ſaid.

The Chariot brought us home at near the Hour of Two, and bleſſed be God, my Maſter is pure and well, and chearful; and that makes me hope he does not repent him of his late generous Treatment of me. He handed me out of the Chariot, and to the Parlour, with the ſame Goodneſs, that he ſhewed when he put me in it, before ſeveral of the Servants. Mrs. *Jewkes* came to inquire how he did. Quite well, Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſaid he, quite well; I thank God, and this good Girl, for it!—I am glad of it, ſaid ſhe; but I hope you are

not the worſe for *my* Care, and *my* Doctoring of you! —No, but the better Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſaid he, you have much obliged me by both.

Then he ſaid, Mrs. *Jewkes*, you and I have uſed this good Girl very hardly.—I was afraid, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I ſhould be the Subject of her Complaints.—I aſſure you, ſaid he, ſhe has not open'd her Lips about you. We have had quite a different Subject to talk of; and I hope ſhe will forgive us both: you eſpecially ſhe muſt; becauſe you have done nothing but by my Orders. But I only mean, that the neceſſary Conſequence of thoſe Orders has been very grievous to my *Pamela:* And now comes our Part to make her Amends, if we can.

Sir, ſaid ſhe, I always ſaid to Madam, (as ſhe called me) that you was very good, and very forgiving. No, ſaid he, I have been ſtark naught, and it is ſhe, I hope, will be very forgiving. But all this Preamble is to tell you, Mrs. *Jewkes*, that now I deſire you'll ſtudy to oblige her, as much, as (to obey me) you was forced to diſoblige her before. And you'll remember, that in every thing ſhe is to be her own Miſtreſs.

Yes, ſaid ſhe, and mine too, I ſuppoſe, Sir? Ay, ſaid the generous Gentleman, I believe it will be ſo in a little Time.—Then, ſaid ſhe, I know how it will go with me! And ſo put her Handkerchief to her Eyes.—*Pamela*, ſaid my Maſter, comfort poor Mrs. *Jewkes*.

This was very generous, already to ſeem to put her in my Power; and I took her by the Hand, and ſaid, I ſhall never take upon me, Mrs. *Jewkes*, to make a bad Uſe of any Opportunities that may be put into my Hands, by my generous Maſter; nor ſhall I ever wiſh to do you any Diſſervice, if I might: For I ſhall conſider, that what you have done, was in Obedience to a Will which it will become me

alſo

alſo to ſubmit to; and ſo, if the *Effects* of our Obedience may be different, yet as they proceed from *one* Cauſe, *that* muſt be always reverenc'd by me.

See there, Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſaid my Maſter, we are both in generous Hands; and indeed, if *Pamela* did not pardon you, I ſhould think ſhe but half forgave me, becauſe you acted by my Inſtructions.—Well, ſaid ſhe, God bleſs you both together, ſince it muſt be ſo; and I will double my Diligence to oblige my Lady, as I find ſhe will ſoon be.

O my dear Father and Mother, now pray for me on another Score! for fear I ſhould grow too proud, and be giddy and fooliſh with all theſe promiſing Things, ſo ſoothing to the Vanity of my Years and Sex. But even to this Hour can I pray, that God would remove from me all theſe delightful Proſpects, if they were likely ſo to corrupt my Mind, as to make me proud, and vain, and not acknowledge with thankful Humility, the bleſſed Providence which has ſo viſibly conducted me thro' the dangerous Paths I have trod to this happy Moment.

My Maſter was pleaſed to ſay, that he thought I might as well dine with him ſince he was alone. But I begg'd he would excuſe me, for fear, as I ſaid, ſuch Exceſs of Goodneſs and Condeſcenſion, all at once, ſhould turn my Head; and that he would by ſlower Degrees bring on my Happineſs, leſt I ſhould not know how to bear it.

Perſons that doubt themſelves, ſaid he, ſeldom do amiſs. And if there was any Fear of what you ſay, you could not have had it in your Thoughts: For none but the Preſumptuous, the Conceited, and the Thoughtleſs, err capitally. But nevertheleſs, ſaid he, I have ſuch an Opinion of your Prudence, that I

ſhall generally think what you do right, becauſe it is *you* that do it.

Sir, ſaid I, your kind Expreſſions ſhall not be thrown away upon me, if I can help it; for they will task me, with the Care of endeavouring to deſerve your good Opinion, and your Approbation, as the beſt Rule of my Conduct.

Being then about to go up-ſtairs, Permit me, Sir, ſaid I, (looking about me with ſome Confuſion, to ſee that nobody was there) thus on my Knees to thank you, as I often wanted to do in the Chariot, for all your Goodneſs to me, which ſhall never, I hope, be caſt away upon me. And ſo I had the Boldneſs to kiſs his Hand.

I wonder ſince, how I came to be ſo forward. But what could I do?—My poor grateful Heart was like a too full River, which overflows its Banks; and it carried away my Fear and my Shame-facedneſs, as that does all before it on the Surface of its Waters!

He claſp'd me in his Arms, with Tranſport, and condeſcendingly kneel'd by me, and kiſſing me, ſaid, O my dear obliging good Girl, on my Knees, as you on yours, I vow to you everlaſting Truth and Fidelity; and may God but bleſs us both with half the Pleaſures that ſeem to lie before us, and we ſhall have no reaſon to envy the Felicity of the greateſt Princes! O Sir, ſaid I, how ſhall I ſupport ſo much Goodneſs!—I am poor, indeed, in *every thing*, compar'd to you! and how far, very far, do you, in every generous Way, leave me behind you!

He raiſed me, and as I bent towards the Door, led me to the Stairs-foot, and, ſaluting me there again, left me to go up to my Cloſet, where I threw myſelf on my Knees in Raptures of Joy, and bleſſed that gracious God, who had thus changed my Diſtreſs

to

to Happineſs, and ſo abundantly rewarded me for all the Sufferings I had paſſed thro'.—And Oh! how light, how very light do all thoſe Sufferings *now* appear, which *then* my repining Mind made ſo grievous to me!—Hence, in every State of Life, and in all the Changes and Chances of it, for the future, will I truſt in Providence, who knows what is beſt for us, and frequently turns the very Evils we moſt dread, to be the Cauſes of our Happineſs, and of our Deliverance from greater.—My Experiences, young as I am, as to this great Point of Reliance on God, are ſtrong, tho' my Judgment in general may be weak and uninformed; but you'll excuſe theſe Reflections, becauſe they are your beloved Daughter's; and, ſo far as they are not amiſs, derive themſelves from the Benefit of yours and my late good Lady's Examples and Inſtructions.

I have written a vaſt deal in a little Time. And ſhall only ſay, to conclude this delightful *Wedneſday*, That in the Afternoon my good Maſter was ſo well, that he rode out on Horſeback, and came home about Nine at Night; and then ſtepp'd up to me, and ſeeing me with Pen and Ink before me in my Cloſet, ſaid, I come only to tell you I am very well, my *Pamela*, and ſince I have a Letter or two to write, I will leave you to proceed in yours, as I ſuppoſe that was your Employment; (for I had put by my Paper at his coming up) and ſo he ſaluted me, bid me Good-night, and went down; and I finiſhed up to this Place before I went to-bed. Mrs. *Jewkes* told me, if it was more agreeable to me ſhe would lie in another Room; but I ſaid, No, thank you, Mrs. *Jewkes*; pray let me have your Company. And ſhe made me a fine Court'ſy, and thank'd me.—How Times are alter'd!

THURSDAY.

THIS Morning my Maſter came up to me, and talk'd with me on various Subjects, for a good while together, in the moſt kind manner. Among other Things he ask'd me, if I choſe to order any new Cloaths againſt my Marriage; (O how my Heart flutters when he mentions this Subject ſo freely!) I ſaid, I left every thing to his good Pleaſure, only repeating my Requeſt, for the Reaſons aforegiven, that I might not be too fine.

He ſaid, I think, my Dear, it ſhall be very private: I hope you are not afraid of a Sham-marriage; and pray get the Service by Heart, that you may ſee nothing is omitted. I glow'd between Shame and Delight. O how I felt my Cheeks burn!

I ſaid, I fear'd nothing, I apprehended nothing, but my own Unworthineſs. Said he, I think it ſhall be done within theſe Fourteen Days, from this Day, at this Houſe. O how I trembled; but not with Grief, you may believe!—What ſays my Girl? Have you to object againſt any Day of the next Fourteen? becauſe my Affairs require me to go to my other Houſe, and I think not to ſtir from this till I am happy in you.

I have no Will but yours, ſaid I, (all glowing like the Fire, as I could feel): But, Sir, did you ſay in the *Houſe*? Ay, ſaid he; for I care not how privately it be done; and it muſt be very publick if we go to Church. It is a *Holy Rite*, Sir, ſaid I, and would be better, methinks, in a *Holy Place*.

I ſee, (ſaid he, moſt kindly) my lovely Maid's Confuſion; and your trembling Tenderneſs ſhews I ought to oblige you all I may. Therefore, I will order my own little Chapel, which has not been us'd for two Generations, for any thing but a Lumber-room,

room, becauſe our Family ſeldom reſided here long together, to be clear'd and clean'd, and got ready for the Ceremony, if you diſlike your own Chamber or mine.

Sir, ſaid I, that will be better than the Chamber; and I hope it will never be lumber'd again, but kept to the Uſe, for which, as I *preſume*, it has been conſecrated. O yes, ſaid he, it has been conſecrated, and that ſeveral Ages ago, in my Great Great Grandfather's Time, who built that and the good old Houſe together.

But now, my good Girl, if I do not too much add to your ſweet Confuſion, ſhall it be in the *firſt* ſeven Days, or the *ſecond* of this Fortnight? I look'd down, quite out of Countenance. Tell me, ſaid he?

In the Second, if you pleaſe, Sir, ſaid I.—As *you* pleaſe, ſaid he moſt kindly; but I ſhould thank you, *Pamela*, if you would chuſe the firſt. I'd *rather*, Sir, if you pleaſe, ſaid I, have the ſecond. Well, ſaid he, be it ſo; but don't defer it till the laſt Day of the Fourteen.

Pray, Sir, ſaid I, ſince you embolden me to talk on this important Subject, may I not ſend my dear Father and Mother word of my Happineſs?—You may, ſaid he; but charge them to keep it ſecret, till you or I direct the contrary. And I told you, I would ſee no more of your Papers; but I meant, I would not without your Conſent: But if you will ſhew them to me, (and now I have no other Motive for my Curioſity, but the Pleaſure I take in reading what you write) I ſhall acknowledge it as a Favour.

If, Sir, ſaid I, you will be pleaſed to let me write over again one Sheet, I will; tho' I had rely'd upon your Word, and not written them for your Peruſal. What is that, ſaid he? tho' I cannot conſent to

it beforehand: For I more deſire to ſee them, becauſe they are your true Sentiments at *the Time*, and becauſe they were *not* written for my Peruſal. Sir, ſaid I, What I am loth you ſhould ſee, are very ſevere Reflections on the Letter I received by the Gypſey, when I apprehended your Deſign of the Sham-marriage; tho' there are other things I would not have you ſee; but that is the worſt. It can't be worſe, ſaid he, my dear Sauce-box, than I have ſeen already; and I will allow your treating me in ever ſo black a Manner on that Occaſion, becauſe it muſt have a very black Appearance to you.—Well, Sir, ſaid I, I think I will obey you, before Night. But don't alter a Word, ſaid he. I won't, Sir, reply'd I, ſince you order it.

While we were talking, Mrs. *Jewkes* came up, and ſaid *Thomas* was return'd. O, ſaid my Maſter, let him bring up the Papers. For he hoped, and ſo did I, that you had ſent them by him. But it was a great Balk, when he came up and ſaid, Sir, Mr. *Andrews* did not care to deliver them; and would have it, that his Daughter was forc'd to write that Letter to him: And indeed, Sir, ſaid he, the old Gentleman took on ſadly, and would have it, that his Daughter was undone, or elſe, he ſaid, ſhe would not have turn'd back, when on her Way, (as I told him ſhe did, ſaid *Thomas*) inſtead of coming to them. I began to be afraid now that all would be bad for me again.

Well, *Tom*, ſaid he, don't mince the Matter. Tell me, before Mrs. *Andrews*, what they ſaid. Why, Sir, both he and Goody *Andrews*, after they had conferr'd together upon *your* Letter, Madam, came out, weeping bitterly, that griev'd my very Heart; and they ſaid, Now all was over with their poor Daughter; and either ſhe had written that Letter

Letter by Compulſion, or had yielded to your Honour, ſo they ſaid, and was, or would be ruin'd!

My Maſter ſeem'd vex'd, as I fear'd. And I ſaid, Pray, Sir, be ſo good to excuſe the Fears of my honeſt Parents! They cannot know your Goodneſs to me.

And ſo, (ſaid he, without anſwering me,) they refus'd to deliver the Papers? Yes, and pleaſe your Honour, ſaid *Thomas*, tho' I told them, that you, Madam, of your own Accord, on a Letter I had brought you, very chearfully wrote what I carry'd. But the old Gentleman ſaid, Why, Wife, there are in theſe Papers twenty Things nobody ſhould ſee but ourſelves, and eſpecially not the 'Squire. O the poor Girl has had ſo many Stratagems to ſtruggle with! and now, at laſt, ſhe has met with one that has been too hard for her. And can it be poſſible for us to account for her ſetting out to come to us, and in ſuch Poſt-haſte, and when ſhe had got above Half-way, to ſend us this Letter, and to go back again of her own Accord, as you ſay; when we know that all her Delight would have been to come to us, and to eſcape from the Perils ſhe has been ſo long contending with? And then, and pleaſe your Honour, he ſaid he could not bear this; for his Daughter was ruin'd, to be ſure, before now. And ſo, ſaid *Thomas*, the good old Couple ſat themſelves down, and Hand-in-hand, leaning upon each other's Shoulder, did nothing but lament.—I was piteouſly grieved, ſaid he; but all I could ſay could not comfort them; nor would they give me the Papers; tho' I told them I ſhould deliver them only to Mrs. *Andrews* herſelf. And ſo, and pleaſe your Honour, I was forced to come away without them.

My good Maſter ſaw me all bath'd in Tears at this Deſcription of your Diſtreſs and Fears for me,

and he ſaid, I would not have you take on ſo. I am not angry with your Father in the main; he is a good Man; and I would have you write out of hand, and it ſhall be ſent by the Poſt, to Mr. *Atkins*, who lives within two Miles of your Father, and I'll incloſe it in a Cover of mine, in which I'll deſire Mr. *Atkins*, the Moment it comes to his Hand, to convey it ſafely to your Father or Mother: And ſay nothing of their ſending the Papers, that it may not make them uneaſy; for I want not now to ſee them on any other Score than that of mere Curioſity; and that will do at any Time. And ſo ſaying, he ſaluted me, before *Thomas*, and with his own Handkerchief wip'd my Eyes; and ſaid to *Thomas*, The good old Folks are not to be blam'd in the main. They don't know my honourable Intentions by their dear Daughter: Who, *Tom*, will in a little Time, be your Miſtreſs; tho' I ſhall keep the Matter private ſome Days, and would not have it ſpoken of by my Servants out of my Houſe.

Thomas ſaid, God bleſs your Honour: You know beſt. And I ſaid, O Sir, you are all Goodneſs!—How kind is this, to forgive the Diſappointment, inſtead of being angry, as I fear'd you would. *Thomas* then withdrew. And my Maſter ſaid, I need not remind you of writing out of hand, to make the good Folks eaſy: And I will leave you to yourſelf for that purpoſe; only ſend me down ſuch of your Papers, as you are willing I ſhould ſee, with which I ſhall entertain myſelf for an Hour or two. But, one Thing, added he, I forgot to tell you: The neighbouring Gentry I mentioned, will be here To-morrow to dine with me, and I have order'd Mrs. *Jewkes* to prepare for them. And *muſt* I, Sir, ſaid I, be ſhewn to them? O yes, ſaid he, that's the chief Reaſon of their coming. And you'll

you'll ſee no body equal to yourſelf; don't be concerned.

I open'd my Papers, as ſoon as my Maſter had left me, and laid out thoſe beginning on the *Thurſday* Morning he ſet out for *Stamford*, ‘ with the Morning Viſit he made me before I was up, and the Injunctions of Watchfulneſs, *&c.* to Mrs. *Jewkes*; the next Day's Gypſey Affair, and my Reflections, in which I called him *truly diabolical*, and was otherwiſe very ſevere, on the ſtrong Appearances the Matter had then againſt him. His Return on *Saturday*, with the Dread he put me in, on the offering to ſearch me for my Papers which followed thoſe he had got by Mrs. *Jewkes*'s Means. My being forc'd to give them up. His Carriage to me after he had read them, and Queſtions to me. His great Kindneſs to me on ſeeing the Dangers I had eſcap'd, and the Troubles I had undergone. And how I unſeaſonably, in the midſt of his Goodneſs, expreſs'd my Deſire of being ſent to you, having the Intelligence of a Sham-marriage, from the Gypſey, in my Thoughts. How this inraged him, and made him turn me that very *Sunday* out of his Houſe, and ſend me on my Way to you. The Particulars of my Journey, and my Grief at parting with him; and my free Acknowledgments to you, that I found, unknown to myſelf, I had begun to love him, and could not help it. His ſending after me, to beg my Return; but yet generouſly leaving me at my Liberty, when he might have forc'd me to return whether I was willing or not. My Reſolution to oblige him, and fatiguing Journey back. My Concern for his Illneſs on my Return. His kind Reception of me, and ſhewing me his Siſter *Davers*'s angry Letter, againſt his Behaviour to me, deſiring him to ſet me free, and threatning to renounce him as a Brother, if he

‘ ſhould

'ſhould degrade himſelf by marrying me. My ſeri-
'ous Reflections on this Letter, *&c.*' (all which, I hope, with the others, you will ſhortly ſee). And this carry'd Matters down to *Tueſday* Night laſt.

All that follow'd was ſo kind on his Side, being our Chariot Conference, as above, on *Wedneſday* Morning, and how good he has been ever ſince, that I thought I would go no further; for I was a little aſham'd to be ſo very open on that tender and moſt grateful Subject; tho' his great Goodneſs to me deſerves all the Acknowledgments I can poſſibly make.

And when I had look'd theſe out, I carried them down myſelf into the Parlour to him, and ſaid, putting them into his Hands, Your Allowances, good Sir, as heretofore; and if I have been too open and free in my Reflections or Declarations; let my Fears on one Side, and my Sincerity on the other, be my Excuſe. You are very obliging, my good Girl, ſaid he. You have nothing to apprehend from my Thoughts, any more than from my Actions.

So I went up, and wrote the Letter to you, briefly acquainting you with my preſent Happineſs, and my Maſter's Goodneſs, and expreſſing the Gratitude of Heart, which I owe to the kindeſt Gentleman in the World, and aſſuring you, that I ſhould ſoon have the Pleaſure of ſending back to you, not only thoſe Papers, but all that ſucceeded them to this Time, as I know you delight to amuſe yourſelf in your Leiſure Hours with my Scribble; and I ſaid, carrying it down to my Maſter, before I ſeal'd it, Will you pleaſe, Sir, to take the Trouble of reading what I write to my dear Parents? Thank you, *Pamela*, ſaid he, and ſet me on his Knee, while he read it, and ſeem'd much pleas'd with it, and giving it me again, You are very happy, ſaid he, my beloved Girl,

in

in your Style and Expreſſions: And the affectionate Things you ſay of me, are inexpreſſibly obliging; and again, with this Kiſs, ſaid he, do I confirm for Truth all that you have promiſed for my Intentions in this Letter.--- O what Halcyon Days are theſe? God continue them!--- A Change now would kill me quite.

He went out in his Chariot in the Afternoon; and in the Evening return'd, and ſent me Word, he would be glad of my Company for a little Walk in the Garden; and down I went that very Moment.

He came to meet me. So, ſaid he, how does my dear Girl do now?--Whom do you think I have ſeen ſince I have been out?--- I don't know, Sir, ſaid I. Why, ſaid he, there is a Turning in the Road, about five Miles off, that goes round a Meadow, that has a pleaſant Foot-way, by the Side of a little Brook, and a double Row of Limes on each Side, where now-and-then the Gentry in the Neighbourhood walk, and angle, and divert themſelves.--- I'll ſhew it you next Opportunity.--- And I ſtept out of my Chariot, to walk croſs this Meadow, and bid *Robin* meet me with it on the further Part of it. And whom ſhould I 'ſpy there, walking, with a Book in his Hand, reading, but your humble Servant Mr. *Williams*?-- Don't bluſh, *Pamela*, ſaid he.--- As his Back was towards me, I thought I would ſpeak to the Man, and before he ſaw me, I ſaid, How do you, old Acquaintance? (for, ſaid he, you know we were of one College for a Twelvemonth) I thought the Man would have jump'd into the Brook, he gave ſuch a Start at hearing my Voice, and ſeeing me.

Poor Man! ſaid I. Ay, ſaid he, but not too much of your poor Man, in that ſoft Accent, neither, *Pamela*.--- Said I, I am ſorry my Voice is ſo ſtartling to you, Mr. *Williams*. What are you reading? Sir, ſaid

ſaid he, and ſtammer'd with the Surprize, it is the *French Telemachus*; for I am about perfecting myſelf, if I can, in the *French* Tongue.— Thought I, I had rather ſo, than perfecting my *Pamela* in it.— You do well, reply'd I.— Don't you think that yonder Cloud may give us a ſmall Shower? and it did a little begin to wet.— He ſaid, he believed not much.

If, ſaid I, you are for the Village, I'll give you a Caſt; for I ſhall call at Sir *Simon's*, in my Return from the little Round I am taking. He ask'd me, If it was not too great a Favour?— No, ſaid I, don't talk of that; let us walk to the further Opening there, and we ſhall meet my Chariot.

So, *Pamela*, continu'd my Maſter, we fell into Converſation, as we walk'd. He ſaid, he was very ſorry he had incurr'd my Diſpleaſure; and the more, as he had been told, by Lady *Jones*, who had it from Sir *Simon's* Family, that I had a more honourable View than at firſt was apprehended. I ſaid, We Fellows of Fortune, Mr. *Williams*, take ſometimes a little more Liberty with the World than we ought to do; wantoning, very probably, as you contemplative Folks would ſay, in the Sun-beams of a dangerous Affluence, and cannot think of confining ourſelves to the common Paths, tho' the ſafeſt and moſt eligible, after all. And you may believe I could not very well like to be ſupplanted in a View that lay next my Heart; and that by an old Acquaintance, whoſe Good, before this Affair, I was ſtudious to promote.

I would only ſay, Sir, ſaid he, that my *firſt* Motive was intirely ſuch as became my Function: And, very politely, ſaid my Maſter, he added, And I am very ſure, that however inexcuſable I might ſeem in the *Progreſs* of the Matter, yourſelf, Sir, would have been ſorry to have it ſaid, you had caſt your Thoughts

Thoughts on a Perſon, that nobody could have wiſh'd for but yourſelf.

Well, Mr. *Williams*, ſaid I, I ſee you are a Man of Gallantry as well as Religion: But what I took moſt amiſs was, that, if you thought me doing a wrong Thing, you did not expoſtulate with me upon it, as your Function might have allow'd you to do; but immediately determine to counterplot me, and attempt to ſecure to yourſelf a Prize, you would have robb'd me of, and that from my own Houſe. But the matter is at an end, and I retain not any Malice upon it; tho' you did not *know*, but I might, at laſt, do honourably by her, as I actually intend.

I am ſorry for *myſelf*, Sir, ſaid he, that I ſhould ſo unhappily incur your Diſpleaſure; but I rejoice for *her* ſake in your honourable Intentions: Give me Leave only to ſay, That if you make Mrs. *Andrews* your Lady, ſhe will do Credit to your Choice with every body that ſees her, or comes to know her; and for Perſon and Mind both, you may challenge the County.

In this manner, ſaid my Maſter, did the Parſon and I confabulate; and I ſet him down at his Lodgings in the Village. But he kept your Secret, *Pamela*, and would not own, that you gave any Encouragement to his Addreſſes.

Indeed, Sir, ſaid I, he could not ſay that I did; and I hope you believe me. I do, I do, ſaid he: but 'tis ſtill my Opinion, that if, when I ſaw Plots ſet up againſt my Plots, I had not diſcovered the Parſon as I did, the Correſpondence between you might have gone to a Length that would have put our preſent Situation out of both our Powers.

Sir, ſaid I, when you conſider that my utmoſt Preſumption could not make me hope for the Honour

Honour you now ſeem to deſign me; that I was ſo hardly uſed, and had no Proſpect before me but Diſhonour; you will allow, that I ſhould have ſeem'd very little in earneſt in my Profeſſions of Honeſty, if I had not endeavour'd to get away: But yet I reſolv'd not to think of Marriage; for I never ſaw the Man I could love, till your Goodneſs emboldened me to look up to you.

I ſhould, my dear *Pamela*, ſaid he, make a very ill Compliment to my Vanity, if I did not believe you; tho' at the ſame time, Juſtice calls upon me to ſay, that it is, ſome Things conſider'd, beyond my Merit.

There was a ſweet noble Expreſſion for your poor Daughter, my dear Father and Mother!— And from my Maſter too!

I was glad to hear this Account of the Interview between Mr. *Williams* and himſelf; but I dar'd not to ſay ſo. I hope in Time he will be re-inſtated in his good Graces.

He was ſo good as to tell me, he had given Orders for the Chapel to be clear'd. O how I look forward with inward Joy, yet with Fear and Trembling!

FRIDAY.

ABOUT Twelve o'Clock came Sir *Simon*, and his Lady and two Daughters, and Lady *Jones*, and a Siſter-in-Law of hers, and Mr. *Peters*, and his Spouſe and Niece. Mrs. *Jewkes*, who is more and more obliging, was much concern'd I was not dreſſed in ſome of my beſt Cloaths, and made me many Compliments.

They all went into the Garden for a Walk, before Dinner, and, I underſtood, were ſo impatient to ſee me, that my Maſter took them into the largeſt Alcove,

cove, after they had walk'd two or three Turns, and ſtept himſelf to me. Come, my *Pamela*, ſaid he, the Ladies can't be ſatisfied without ſeeing you, and I deſire you'll come. I ſaid, I was aſhamed; but I would obey him. Said he, the two young Ladies are dreſs'd out in their beſt Attire; but they make not ſuch an Appearance as my charming Girl in this ordinary Garb.— Sir, ſaid I, ſhan't I follow you thither? for I can't bear you ſhould do me ſo much Honour. Well, ſaid he, I'll go before you. And he bid Mrs. *Jewkes* bring a Bottle or two of Sack, and ſome Cake. So he went down to them.

This Alcove fronts the longeſt Gravel-walk in the Garden, ſo that they ſaw me all the Way I came, for a good Way; and my Maſter told me afterwards, with Pleaſure, all they ſaid of me.

Will you forgive the little vain Slut your Daughter, if I tell you all, as he was pleaſed to tell me? He ſaid, 'ſpying me firſt, Look there, Ladies, comes my pretty Ruſtick!— They all, I ſaw, which daſh'd me, ſtood at the Windows and in the Door-way, looking full at me.

My Maſter told me, that Lady *Jones* ſaid, She is a charming Creature, I ſee that, at this Diſtance. And Sir *Simon*, it ſeems, who has been a ſad Rake in his younger Days, ſwore he never ſaw ſo eaſy an Air, ſo fine a Shape, and ſo graceful a Preſence.— The Lady *Darnford* ſaid, I was a ſweet Girl. And Mrs *Peters* ſaid very handſome Things. Even the Parſon ſaid, I ſhould be the Pride of the County. O dear Sirs! all this was owing to the Light my good Maſter's Favour placed me in, which made me ſhine out in their Eyes beyond my Deſerts. He ſaid the young Ladies bluſh'd, and envy'd me.

When I came near he ſaw me in a little Confuſion, and was ſo kind as to meet me: Give me your Hand, ſaid he, my good Girl, you walk too faſt, (for indeed I wanted

I wanted to be out of their gazing). I did ſo, with a Court'ſy, and he led me up the Steps of the Alcove, and in a moſt gentleman-like Manner preſented me to the Ladies, and they all ſaluted me, and ſaid, They hop'd to be better acquainted with me: and Lady *Darnford* was pleas'd to ſay, I ſhould be the Flower of their Neighbourhood. Sir *Simon* ſaid, Good Neighbour, by your leave; and ſaluting me, added, Now, will I ſay, that I have kiſſed the loveliеſt Maiden in *England*. But for all this, methought I ow'd him a Grudge for a Tell-tale, tho' all had turn'd out ſo happily. Mr. *Peters* very gravely follow'd his Example, and ſaid, like a Biſhop, God bleſs you, fair Excellence. Said Lady *Jones*, Pray, dear Madam, ſit down by me. And they all ſat down; but I ſaid, I would ſtand, if they pleas'd. No, *Pamela*, ſaid my Maſter, Pray ſit down with theſe good Ladies, my Neighbours:— They will indulge it to you, for *my* ſake, till they know you better; and for *your own*, when they are acquainted with you. Sir, ſaid I, I ſhall be proud to deſerve their Indulgence.

They all ſo gaz'd at me, that I could not look up; for I think it is one of the Diſtinctions of Perſons of Condition, and well-bred People, to put baſhful Bodies out of Countenance. Well, Sir *Simon*, ſaid my Maſter, what ſay you now to my pretty Ruſtick!— He ſwore a great Oath, that he ſhould better know what to ſay to me if he was as young as himſelf. Lady *Darnford* ſaid, You will never leave, Sir *Simon*.

Said my Maſter, You are a little confus'd, my good Girl, and out of *Breath*; but I have told all my kind Neighbours here a good deal of your Story, and your Excellence. Yes, ſaid Lady *Darnford*, my dear Neighbour, as I *will* call you; we that are here preſent have all heard of your uncommon Story. Madam, ſaid I, you have then heard what muſt make

your

your kind Allowance for me very neceſſary. No, ſaid Mrs *Peters*, we have heard what will always make you valued as an Honour to our Sex, and as a worthy Pattern for all the young Ladies in the County. You are very good, Madam, ſaid I, to make me able to look up, and to be thankful for the Honour you are pleas'd to do me.

Mrs. *Jewkes* came in with the Canary, brought by *Nan*, to the Alcove, and ſome Cake on a Silver Salver; and I ſaid, Mrs. *Jewkes*, let me be your Aſſiſtant; I will ſerve the Ladies with the Cake. And ſo I took the Salver, and went round to the good Company with it, ending with my Maſter. The Lady *Jones* ſaid, ſhe never was ſerv'd with ſuch a Grace, and it was giving me too much Trouble. O Madam, ſaid I, I hope my good Maſter's Favour will never make me forget that it is my Duty to wait upon his Friends.— *Maſter*, ſweet one, ſaid Sir *Simon*, I hope you won't always call Mr. *B.* by that Name, for fear it ſhould become a Faſhion for all our Ladies to do the like through the County. I, Sir, ſaid I, ſhall have many Reaſons to continue this Style, which cannot affect your good Ladies.

Sir *Simon*, ſaid Lady *Jones*, you are very arch upon us; but I ſee very well, that it will be the Intereſt of all the Gentlemen, to bring their Ladies into an Intimacy with one that can give them ſuch a good Example. I am ſure then, Madam, ſaid I, it muſt be after I have been poliſh'd and improv'd by the Honour of ſuch an Example as yours.

They all were very good and affable, and the young Lady *Darnford*, who had wiſh'd to ſee me in this Dreſs, ſaid, I beg your Pardon, dear Miſs, as ſhe call'd me; but I had heard how ſweetly this Garb became you, and was told the Hiſtory of it; and I begg'd it, as a Favour, that you might oblige us with your

your Appearance in it. I am much obliged to your Ladyſhip, ſaid I, that your kind Preſcription was ſo agreeable to my Choice. Why, ſaid ſhe, *was* it your Choice then?—I am glad of that: Tho' I am ſure your Perſon muſt *give*, and not *take* Ornament from any Dreſs.

You are very kind, Madam, ſaid I: But there will be the leſs reaſon to fear I ſhould forget the high Obligations I ſhall have to the kindeſt of Gentlemen, when I can delight to ſhew the humble Degree from which his Goodneſs has raiſed me.—My dear *Pamela*, ſaid my Maſter, if you proceed at this Rate, I muſt inſiſt upon your firſt Seven Days. You know what I mean. Sir, ſaid I, you are all Goodneſs!

They drank a Glaſs of Sack each, and Sir *Simon* would make me do ſo too; ſaying, It will be a Reflection, Madam, upon all the Ladies, if you don't do as they do. No, Sir *Simon*, ſaid I, that can't be, becauſe the Ladies Journey hither makes a Glaſs of Canary a proper Cordial for them. But I won't refuſe; becauſe I will do myſelf the Honour of drinking good Health to you, and to all this worthy Company.

Said good Lady *Darnford*, to my Maſter, I hope, Sir, we ſhall have Mrs. *Andrews*'s Company at Table. He ſaid, very obligingly, Madam, it is her Time now; and I will leave it to her Choice. If the good Ladies, then, will forgive me, Sir, ſaid I, I had rather be excuſed. They all ſaid, I muſt not be excuſed. I begged I might. Your Reaſon for it, my dear *Pamela*, ſaid my Maſter? ſince the Ladies requeſt it, I wiſh you would oblige them. Sir, reply'd I, your Goodneſs will make me, every Day, worthier of the Honour the Ladies do me; and when I can perſuade myſelf that I am more worthy of it than at preſent, I ſhall with great Joy embrace all the

the Opportunities they will be pleaſed to give me.

Mrs. *Peters* whiſper'd Lady *Jones*, as my Maſter told me afterwards; Did you ever ſee ſuch Excellence, ſuch Prudence, and Diſcretion? Never in my Life, ſaid the other good Lady. She will adorn, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, her Diſtinction. Ay, ſaid Mrs. *Peters*, ſhe would adorn any Station in Life.

My good Maſter was highly delighted, generous Gentleman, as he is! with the favourable Opinion of the Ladies; and I took the more pleaſure in it, becauſe their Favour ſeem'd to leſſen the Diſgrace of his ſtooping ſo much beneath himſelf.

Lady *Darnford* ſaid, We will not oppreſs you; tho' we could almoſt blame your too punctilious Exactneſs; but if we excuſe Mrs. *Andrews* from Dinner, we muſt inſiſt upon her Company at the Card-table, and at a Diſh of Tea; for we intend to paſs the whole Day with you, Sir, as we told you. What ſay you to that, *Pamela*, ſaid my Maſter? Sir, reply'd I, whatever you and the Ladies pleaſe, I will chearfully do. They ſaid I was very obliging. But Sir *Simon* rapt out an Oath, and ſaid, that *they* might dine together if they would; but *he* would dine with me, and nobody elſe. For, ſaid he, I ſay, Sir, as Parſon *Williams* ſaid, (by which I found my Maſter had told them the Story) you muſt not think you have choſen one that nobody can like but yourſelf.

The young Ladies ſaid, If I pleas'd, they would take a Turn about the Garden with me. I anſwer'd I would very gladly attend them; and ſo we three, and Lady *Jones*'s Siſter-in-Law, and Mr. *Peters*'s Niece, walk'd together. They were very affable, kind and obliging; and we ſoon enter'd into a good deal of Familiarity; and I found Miſs *Darnford* a very agreeable Perſon.

Perſon. Her Siſter was a little more on the Reſerve; and I afterwards heard, that, about a Year before, ſhe would fain have had my Maſter make his Addreſſes to her; but tho' Sir *Simon* is reckon'd rich, ſhe was not thought a ſufficient Fortune for him. And now, to have him look down ſo low as me, muſt be a ſort of Mortification to a poor young Lady!—and I pity'd her— Indeed I did!— I wiſh all young Perſons of my Sex could be as happy as I am likely to be.

My Maſter told me afterwards, that I left the other Ladies, and Sir *Simon* and Mr. *Peters*, full of my Praiſes; ſo that they could hardly talk of any thing elſe; one launching out upon my Complexion, another upon my Eyes, my Hand, and, in ſhort, for you'll think me ſadly proud, upon my whole Perſon, and Behaviour; and they all magnify'd my Readineſs and obligingneſs in my Anſwers, and the like: And I was glad of it, and I ſaid, for my good Maſter's ſake, who ſeem'd quite pleas'd and rejoic'd. God bleſs him, for his Goodneſs to me!

Dinner not being ready, the young Ladies propos'd a Tune upon the Spinnet. I ſaid, I believ'd it was not in Tune. They ſaid, they knew it was but a few Months ago. If it *is*, ſaid I, I wiſh I had known it; tho' indeed, Ladies, added I, ſince you know my Story, I muſt own, that my Mind has not been long in Tune, to make uſe of it. So they would make me play upon it, and ſing to it; which I did, a Song my dear good Lady made me learn, and us'd to be pleas'd with, and which ſhe brought with her from *Bath*. And the Ladies were much taken with the Song, and were ſo kind as to approve my Performance: And Miſs *Darnford* was pleaſed to compliment me, that I had all the Accompliſhments of my Sex. I ſaid, I had had a good Lady, in my Maſter's Mother, who had ſpar'd no Pains nor Coſt

to

to improve me. She ſaid, ſhe wiſh'd Mr. *B.* could be prevailed upon to give a Ball on an approaching happy Occaſion, that we might have a Dancing-match, *&c.*—But I can't ſay I do; tho' I did not ſay ſo; for theſe Occaſions, I think, are too ſolemn for the *Principals*, at leaſt of our Sex, to take Part in, eſpecially if they have the ſame Thoughts of the Solemnity that I have: For indeed, tho' I have before me a Proſpect of Happineſs, that may be envied by Ladies of high Rank, yet I muſt own to you, my dear Parents, that I have ſomething very awful upon my Mind, when I think of the Matter, and ſhall more and more, as it draws nearer and nearer. This is the Song.

I.

GO, *happy* Paper, *gently ſteal,*
And underneath her Pillow lie;
There, in ſoft Dreams, *my* LOVE *reveal,*
That LOVE *which I muſt ſtill conceal,*
And, wrapt in awful Silence, *die.*

II.

Should Flames *be doom'd thy hapleſs Fate,*
To Atoms THOU *wouldſt quickly turn,*
MY Pains *may bear a longer Date;*
For ſhould I live, *and ſhould ſhe* hate,
In endleſs *Torments I ſhould* burn.

III.

Tell fair AURELIA, *ſhe has Charms,*
Might in a Hermit *ſtir Deſire.*
T' attain the Heav'n that's in her Arms,
I'd quit the World's *alluring Harms,*
And to a Cell, *content, retire.*

IV.

Of all that pleas'd my raviſh'd Eye
Her Beauty *ſhould* ſupply *the Place*;
Bold Raphael's Strokes, *and* Titian's Dye,
Should but in vain preſume to vye
With her inimitable Face.

V.

No more I'd wiſh for Phœbus' Rays,
To gild the Object of my Sight;
Much leſs the Taper's *fainter Blaze*;
Her Eyes *ſhould meaſure out my* Days;
And when ſhe ſlept, *it ſhould be* Night.

About Four o'Clock. My Maſter juſt came up to me, and ſaid, If you ſhould ſee Mr. *Williams* below, do you think, *Pamela*, you ſhould not be ſurpris'd?—No, Sir, ſaid I, I hope not. Why ſhould I? Expect, ſaid he, a Stranger then, when you come down to us in the Parlour; for the Ladies are preparing themſelves for the Card-table, and they inſiſt upon your Company.—You have a mind, Sir, ſaid I, I believe, to try all my Courage. Why, ſaid he, does it want Courage to ſee him? No, Sir, ſaid I, not at all. But I was grievouſly daſh'd to ſee all thoſe ſtrange Ladies and Gentlemen; and now to ſee Mr. *Williams* before them, as ſome of them refus'd his Application for me, when I wanted to get away, it will a little ſhock me, to ſee them ſmile, in recollecting what has paſs'd of that kind. Well, ſaid he, guard your Heart againſt Surprizes, tho' you ſhall ſee, when you come down, a Man that I can allow you to love dearly; tho' hardly preferably to me.

This ſurpriſes me much. I am afraid he begins to be jealous of me. What will become of me, (for

(for he look'd very ſeriouſly) if any Turn ſhould happen now!—My Heart akes! I know not what's the matter. But I will go down as brisk as I can, that nothing may be imputed to me. Yet I wiſh this Mr. *Williams* had not been there now, when they are all there; becauſe of their Fleers at him and me. Otherwiſe I ſhould be glad to ſee the poor Gentleman; for indeed I think him a good Man, and he has ſuffer'd for my Sake.

So, I am ſent for down to Cards. I'll go; but wiſh I may continue their good Opinions of me: For I ſhall be very aukward. My Maſter, by his ſerious Queſtion, and bidding me guard my Heart againſt Surprizes, tho' I ſhould ſee, when I came down, a Man he can allow me to love dearly, tho' hardly better than himſelf, has quite alarm'd me, and made me ſad!—I hope he loves me!—But whether he does or not, I am in for it now, over Head and Ears, I doubt, and can't help loving him; 'tis a Folly to deny it. But to be ſure I cannot love any Man preferably to him. I ſhall ſoon know what he means.

Now, my dear Mother, muſt I write to *you*. Well might my good Maſter ſay ſo myſteriouſly as he did, about guarding my Heart againſt Surprizes. I never was ſo ſurpris'd in my Life; and never could ſee a Man I lov'd ſo dearly!—O my dear Mother, it was my dear, dear Father, and not Mr. *Williams*, that was below ready to receive and to bleſs your Daughter; and both my Maſter and he enjoin'd me to write how the whole Matter was, and what my Thoughts were on this joyful Occaſion.

I will take the Matter from the Beginning, that Providence directed his Feet to this Houſe, to this Time, as I have had it from Mrs. *Jewkes*, from my Maſter, my Father, the Ladies, and my own Heart

and Conduct, as far as I know of both; becauſe they command it, and you will be pleaſed with my Relation; and ſo, as you know how I came by the Connection, will make one uniform Relation of it.

It ſeems then, my dear Father and you were ſo uneaſy to know the Truth of the Story which *Thomas* had told you, that, fearing I was betrayed, and quite undone, he got Leave of Abſence, and ſet out the Day after *Thomas* was there; and ſo, on *Friday* Morning, he got to the neighbouring Town; and there he heard, that the Gentry in the Neighbourhood were at my Maſter's, at a great Entertainment. He put on a clean Shirt and Neckcloth (which he brought in his Pocket) at an Ale-houſe there, and got ſhav'd; and ſo, after he had eat ſome Bread and Cheeſe, and drank a Can of Ale, he ſet out for my Maſter's Houſe, with a heavy Heart, dreading for me, and in much fear of being brow-beaten. He had, it ſeems, asked, at the Ale-houſe, what Family the 'Squire had down here, in hopes to hear ſomething of me; and they ſaid, A Houſe-keeper, two Maids, and, at preſent, two Coachmen, and two Grooms, a Footman, and a Helper. Was that all? he ſaid. They told him, there was a young Creature there, belike, who *was*, or *was to be*, his Miſtreſs, or ſomewhat of that nature; but had been his Mother's Waiting-maid. This, he ſaid, grieved his Heart, and confirmed his Fears.

So he went on, and, about Three o'Clock in the Afternoon, came to the Gate; and ringing there, Sir *Simon*'s Coachman went to the Iron-gate; and he ask'd for the Houſe-keeper; tho' from what I had written, in his Heart, he could not abide her. She ſent for him in, little thinking who he was, and ask'd him, in the little Hall, what his Buſineſs with her was? —Only, Madam, ſaid he, whether I cannot ſpeak one Word with the 'Squire? No, Friend, ſaid ſhe; he

he is engaged with ſeveral Gentlemen and Ladies. Said he, I have Buſineſs with his Honour of greater Conſequence to me than either Life or Death; and Tears ſtood in his Eyes.

At that ſhe went into the great Parlour, where my Maſter was talking very pleaſantly with the Ladies; and ſhe ſaid, Sir, here is a good tight old Man, that wants to ſee you on Buſineſs of Life and Death, he ſays, and is very earneſt. Ay, ſaid he, Who can that be!—Let him ſtay in the little Hall, and I'll come to him preſently. They all ſeem'd to ſtare; and Sir *Simon* ſaid, No more nor leſs, I dare ſay, my good Friend, but a Baſtard-child. If it is, ſaid Lady *Jones*, bring it in to us. I will, ſaid he.

Mrs. *Jewkes* tells me, my Maſter was much ſurpris'd, when he ſaw who it was; and ſhe much more, when my dear Father ſaid,——Good God! give me Patience! but, as great as you are, Sir, I muſt ask for my Child! and burſt out into Tears. (O what Trouble have I given you both!) My Maſter ſaid, taking him by the Hand, Don't be uneaſy, Goodman *Andrews*, your Daughter is in the way to be happy!

This alarm'd my dear Father, and he ſaid, What! then is ſhe dying? And trembled he could ſcarce ſtand. My Maſter made him ſit down, and ſat down by him, and ſaid, No, God be praiſed; ſhe is very well; and pray be comforted; I cannot bear to ſee you thus apprehenſive; but ſhe has written you a Letter to aſſure you, that ſhe has Reaſon to be well ſatisfied and happy!

Ah! Sir, ſaid he, you told me once ſhe was in *London*, waiting on a Biſhop's Lady, when all the time ſhe was a ſevere Priſoner here.—Well, that's all over now, Goodman *Andrews*, ſaid my Maſter: but the Times are alter'd; for now the ſweet Girl has taken me Priſoner; and, in a few Days, I

ſhall put on the moſt agreeable Fetters that ever Man wore.

O, Sir, ſaid he, you are too pleaſant for my Griefs. My Heart's almoſt broke. But may I not ſee my poor Child? You ſhall preſently, ſaid he, for ſhe is coming down to us; and ſince you won't believe *me*, I hope you will *her*.

I will ask you, good Sir, ſaid he, but one Queſtion till then, that I may know how to look upon her when I ſee her. Is ſhe honeſt? Is ſhe virtuous? —As the new-born Babe, Mr. *Andrews*, ſaid my good Maſter; and, in twelve Days time, I hope, will be my Wife!—

O flatter me not, good your Honour, ſaid he: It cannot be! it cannot be!—I fear you have deluded her with ſtrange Hopes; and would make me believe Impoſſibilities!—Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſaid he, do you tell my dear *Pamela*'s good Father, when I go out, all you know concerning me, and your Miſtreſs that is to be. Mean time, make much of him, and ſet out what you have; and make him drink a Glaſs of what he likes beſt. If this be Wine, added he, fill me a Bumper.

She did ſo; and he took my Father by the Hand, and ſaid, Believe me, good Man, and be eaſy; for I can't bear to ſee you tortur'd in this cruel Suſpenſe: Your dear Daughter is the beloved of my Soul. I am glad you are come: For you'll ſee us all in the ſame Story. And here's your Dame's Health; and God bleſs you both, for being the happy Means of procuring for me ſo great a Bleſſing! And ſo he drank a Bumper to this moſt obliging Health.

What do I hear! it cannot ſurely be! ſaid my Father. And your Honour is too good, I hope, to mock a poor old Man!—This ugly Story, Sir, of the Biſhop, runs in my Head!—But you ſay, I ſhall ſee my dear Child!—And I ſhall ſee her honeſt—If not, poor, as I am, I would not own her!

My

My Maſter bid Mrs. *Jewkes* not let me know yet, that my Father was come, and went to the Company, and ſaid, I have been agreeably ſurpris'd, Here is honeſt old Goodman *Andrews* come full of Grief to ſee his Daughter; for he fears ſhe is ſeduced; and tells me, good honeſt Man, that, poor as he is, he will not own her, if ſhe be not virtuous. O, ſaid they all, with one Voice almoſt, dear Sir! ſhall we not ſee the good old Man you have ſo praiſed for his plain good Senſe and honeſt Heart? If, ſaid he, I thought *Pamela* would not be too much affected with the Surprize, I would make you all witneſs to their firſt Interview; for never did Daughter love a Father, or a Father a Daughter, as they two do one another. Miſs *Darnford*, and all the Ladies, and the Gentlemen too, begg'd it might be ſo. But was not this very cruel, my dear Mother? For well might they think I ſhould not ſupport myſelf in ſuch an agreeable Surprize.

He ſaid, kindly, I have but one Fear, that the dear Girl may be too much affected. O, ſaid Lady *Darnford*, we'll all help to keep up her Spirits. Says he, I'll go up and prepare her; but won't tell her of it. So he came up to me, as I have ſaid, and amus'd me about Mr. *Williams*, to half prepare me for ſome Surprize; tho' that could not have been any thing to this, and he left me, as I ſaid, in that Suſpenſe, at his myſtical Words, ſaying, he would ſend to me, when they were going to Cards.

My Maſter went from me to my Father, and asked if he had eaten any thing. No, ſaid Mrs. *Jewkes*; the good Man's Heart's ſo full, he cannot eat, nor do any thing, till he has ſeen his dear Daughter. That ſhall ſoon be, ſaid my Maſter. I will have you come in with me; for ſhe is going to ſit down with my Gueſts, to a Game at Quadrille;

and I will ſend for her down. O, Sir, ſaid my Father, don't, don't let me; I am not fit to appear before your Gueſts; let me ſee my Daughter by myſelf, I beſeech you. Said he, They all know your honeſt Character, Goodman *Andrews*, and long to ſee you, for *Pamela*'s ſake.

So he took my Father by the Hand, and led him in, againſt his Will, to the Company. They were all very good. My Maſter kindly ſaid, Ladies and Gentlemen, I preſent to you one of the honeſteſt Men in *England*; my good *Pamela*'s Father. Mr. *Peters* went to him, and took him by the Hand, and ſaid, We are all glad to ſee you, Sir; you are the happieſt Man in the World in a Daughter; whom we never ſaw before to-day; but cannot enough admire.

Said my Maſter, This Gentleman, Goodman *Andrews*, is the Miniſter of the Pariſh; but is not young enough for Mr. *Williams*. This airy Expreſſion, my poor Father ſaid, made him fear, for a Moment, that all was a Jeſt—Sir *Simon* alſo took him by the Hand, and ſaid, Ay, you have a ſweet Daughter, *Honeſty*; we are all in love with her. And the Ladies came, and ſaid very fine Things: Lady *Darnford* particularly, That he might think himſelf the happieſt Man in *England*, in ſuch a Daughter. If, and pleaſe you, Madam, ſaid he, ſhe be but virtuous, 'tis all in all: For all the reſt is Accident. But, I doubt, his Honour *has been too much upon the Jeſt with me*. No, ſaid Mrs. *Peters*, we are all Witneſſes, that he intends very honourably by her.—It is ſome Comfort, ſaid he, and wiped his Eyes, that ſuch good Ladies ſay ſo!—But I wiſh I could ſee her.

They would have had him ſit down by them, but he would only ſit behind the Door, in the Corner of the Room, ſo that one could not ſoon ſee him,

as

as one came in; becauſe the Door open'd againſt him, and hid him almoſt. The Ladies all ſat down; and my Maſter ſaid, Deſire Mrs. *Jewkes* to ſtep up, and tell Mrs. *Andrews* the Ladies wait for her. So down I came.

Miſs *Darnford* roſe, and met me at the Door, and ſaid, Well, Miſs, we long'd for your Company. I did not ſee my dear Father; and it ſeems his Heart was too full to ſpeak; and he got up, and ſat down three or four times ſucceſſively, unable to come to me, or to ſay any thing. The Ladies looked that way; but I would not, ſuppoſing it was Mr. *Williams*. And they made me ſit down between Lady *Darnford* and Lady *Jones*; and asked me, what we ſhould play at? I ſaid, At what your Ladyſhips pleaſe. I wonder'd to ſee them ſmile, and look upon me, and to that Corner of the Room; but I was afraid of looking that way, for fear of ſeeing Mr. *Williams*; tho' my Face was that way too, and the Table before me.

Said my Maſter, Did you ſend your Letter away to the Poſt-houſe, my good Girl, for your Father? To be ſure, Sir, ſaid I, I did not forget that: I took the Liberty to deſire Mr. *Thomas* to carry it. What, ſaid he, I wonder, will the good old Couple ſay to it? O Sir, ſaid I, your Goodneſs will be a Cordial to their dear honeſt Hearts! At that, my dear Father, not able to contain himſelf, nor yet to ſtir from the Place, guſh'd out into a Flood of Tears, which he, good Soul! had been ſtruggling with, it ſeems; and cry'd out, O my dear Child!

I knew the Voice, and lifting up my Eyes, and ſeeing my Father, gave a Spring, overturn'd the Table, without Regard to the Company, and threw myſelf at his Feet: O my Father! my Father! ſaid I, can it be!—Is it you? Yes, it is! It is!——O bleſs

your happy—Daughter! I would have ſaid, and down I ſunk.

My Maſter ſeem'd concern'd—I fear'd, ſaid he, that the Surprize would be too much for her Spirits; and all the Ladies ran to me, and made me drink a Glaſs of Water; and I found myſelf incircled in the Arms of my deareſt Father——O tell me, ſaid I, every thing! How long have you been here? When did you come? How does my honour'd Mother? And half a Dozen Queſtions more, before he could anſwer one.

They permitted me to retire, with my Father; and then I pour'd forth all my Vows, and Thankſgivings to God for this additional Bleſſing; and confirm'd all my Maſter's Goodneſs to his ſcarce-believing Amazement. And we kneeled together, bleſſing God, and one another, for ſeveral ecſtatick Minutes; and my Maſter coming in ſoon after, my dear Father ſaid, O Sir, what a Change is this! May God reward and bleſs you both in this World and the next!

May God bleſs us all! ſaid he. But how does my ſweet Girl! I have been in pain for you!—I am ſorry I did not apprize you beforehand.

O Sir, ſaid I, it was You! and all you do muſt be good—But this was a Bleſſing ſo unexpected!—

Well, ſaid he, you have given Pain to all the Company. They will be glad to ſee you, when you can; for you have ſpoiled all their Diverſion: And yet painfully delighted them at the ſame time. Mr. *Andrews*, added he, do you make this Houſe your own; and the longer you ſtay, the more welcome you'll be. After you have a little compos'd yourſelf, my dear Girl, ſtep in to us again. I am glad to ſee you ſo well already. And ſo he left us.

See you, my dear Father, ſaid I, what Goodneſs there is in this once naughty Maſter! O pray for him! and pray for me, that I may deſerve it!

How long has this happy Change been wrought, my dear Child!—O, ſaid I, ſeveral happy Days!—I have wrote down every thing; and you'll ſee, from the Depth of Miſery, what God has done for your happy Daughter!

Bleſſed be his Name! ſaid he. But do you ſay, he will marry you! Can it be, that ſuch a brave Gentleman will make a Lady of the Child of ſuch a poor Man as I? O the Divine Goodneſs! How will your poor dear Mother be able to ſupport theſe happy Tidings? I will ſet out to-morrow, to acquaint her with them. For I am but half happy till the dear good Woman ſhares them with me!—To be ſure, my dear Child, we ought to go into ſome far Country to hide ourſelves, that we may not diſgrace you by our Poverty!

O my dear Father, ſaid I, now you are unkind for the firſt Time. Your Poverty has been my Glory, and my Riches; and I have nothing to brag of, but that I ever thought it an Honour, rather than a Diſgrace; becauſe you were always ſo honeſt, that your Child might well boaſt of ſuch a Parentage!

In this manner, my dear Mother, did we paſs the happy Moments, till Miſs *Darnford* came to me, and ſaid, how do you do, dear Miſs? I rejoice to ſee you well! Pray let us have your Company. And, ſaid ſhe, taking my Father's Hand, And yours too, good Mr. *Andrews*.

This was very obliging, I told her; and we went to the great Parlour; and my Maſter took my Father by the Hand, and made him ſit down by him; and drink a Glaſs of Wine with him. Mean time, I made my Excuſes to the Ladies, as well as I could,

which they readily granted me. But Sir *Simon*, after his comical manner, put his Hands on my Shoulders, Let me ſee, let me ſee, ſaid he, where your Wings grow; for I never ſaw any body fly like you? —Why, ſaid he, you have broken Lady *Jones*'s Shins with the Table. Shew her elſe, Madam.

His Pleaſantry made them laugh. And I ſaid, I was very ſorry for my Extravagancy: And if it had not been my Maſter's Doings, I ſhould have ſaid, it was a Fault to permit me to be ſo ſurpriſed, and put out of myſelf, before ſuch good Company. They ſaid, All was very excuſable; and they were glad I ſuffer'd no more by it.

They were ſo kind, as to excuſe me at Cards, and play'd by themſelves; and I went, by my Maſter's Command, and ſat on the other Side, in the happieſt Place I ever was bleſt with, between two of the deareſt Men in the World to me, and each holding one of my Hands?—my Father, every now-and-then, with Tears, lifting up his Eyes, and ſaying, Could I ever have hoped this!

I ask'd him, If he had been ſo kind as to bring the Papers with him? He ſaid he had, and looked at me, as who ſhould ſay, Muſt I give them to you now?—I ſaid, Be pleaſed to let me have them. He pulled them from his Pocket; and I ſtood up, and, with my beſt Duty, gave them into my Maſter's Hands. He ſaid, Thank you, *Pamela*. Your Father ſhall take all with him, to ſee what a ſad Fellow I have been, as well as the preſent happier Alteration. But I muſt have them all again, for the Writer's ſake.

The Ladies and Gentlemen would make me govern the Tea-table, whatever I could do; and *Abraham* attended me, to ſerve the Company. My Maſter and my Father ſat together, and drank a Glaſs or two of Wine inſtead of Tea; and Sir *Simon* jok'd with

with my Maſter, ſaying, I warrant you would not be ſuch a Woman's Man, as to drink Tea, for ever ſo much, with the Ladies. But your Time's coming, and, I doubt not, you'll be made as conformable as I.

My Maſter was very urgent with them to ſtay Supper; and, at laſt, they comply'd, on Condition that I would grace the Table, as they were pleaſed to call it. I begg'd to be excus'd. My Maſter ſaid, Don't be excus'd, *Pamela*, ſince the Ladies deſire it. And beſides, ſaid he, we won't part with your Father; and ſo you may as well ſtay with us.

I was in hopes my Father and I might ſup by ourſelves, or only with Mrs. *Jewkes*. And Miſs *Darnford*, who is a moſt obliging young Lady, ſaid, We will not part with you; indeed we won't.

When Supper was brought in, Lady *Darnford* took me by the Hand, and ſaid to my Maſter, Sir, by your leave; and would have plac'd me at the Upper-end of the Table. Pray, pray, Madam, ſaid I, excuſe me, I cannot do it, indeed I cannot. *Pamela*, ſaid my Maſter, to the great Delight of my good Father, as I could ſee by his Looks, oblige Lady *Darnford*, ſince ſhe deſires it. It is but a little before your Time, you know.

Dear, good Sir, ſaid I, pray don't command it! Let me ſit by my Father, pray! Why, ſaid Sir *Simon*, here's ado indeed; Sit down at the Upper-end, as you ſhould do! and your Father ſhall ſit by you there. This put my dear Father upon Difficulties. And my Maſter ſaid, Come, I'll place you all: And ſo put Lady *Darnford* at the Upper-end, Lady *Jones* at her Right Hand, and Mrs. *Peters* on the other; and he placed me between the two young Ladies; but very genteelly put Miſs *Darnford* below her younger Siſter; ſaying, Come, Miſs, I put you here, becauſe you ſhall hedge in this little Cuckow; for

for I take notice, with Pleaſure, of your Goodneſs to her; and beſides, all you very young Ladies ſhould ſit together. This ſeem'd to pleaſe both Siſters; for had the youngeſt Miſs been put there, it might have piqu'd her, as Matters have been formerly, to be placed below me; whereas Miſs *Darnford* giving Place to her younger Siſter, made it leſs odd ſhe ſhould to me; eſpecially with that handſome Turn of the dear Man, as if I was a Cuckow, and to be hedg'd in.

My Maſter kindly ſaid, Come, Mr. *Andrews*, you and I will ſit together. And ſo took his Place at the Bottom of the Table, and ſet my Father on his Right-hand; and Sir *Simon* would ſit on his Left. For, ſaid he, Parſon, I think the Petticoats ſhould ſit together; and ſo do you ſit down by that Lady (his Siſter). A boiled Turkey ſtanding by me, my Maſter ſaid, Cut up that Turkey, *Pamela*, if it be not too ſtrong Work for you, that Lady *Darnford* may not have too much Trouble. So I carv'd it in a Trice, and helped the Ladies. Miſs *Darnford* ſaid, I would give ſomething to be ſo dexterous a Carver. O Miſs, ſaid I, my late good Lady would always make me do theſe Things, when ſhe entertained her Female Friends; as ſhe uſed to do on particular Days.

Ay, ſaid my Maſter, I remember my poor Mother would often ſay, if I, or any body at Table, happen'd to be a little out in Carving, I'll ſend up for my *Pamela*, to ſhew you how to carve. Said Lady *Jones*, Mrs. *Andrews* has every Accompliſhment of her Sex. She is quite wonderful for her Years. Miſs *Darnford* ſaid, And I can tell you, Madam, that ſhe plays ſweetly upon the Spinnet, and ſings as ſweetly to it; for ſhe has a fine Voice. Fooliſh, ſaid Sir *Simon*, who, that hears her ſpeak, knows not that? And who, that ſees her Fingers, believes not that they were made to touch any Key?

O,

O, Parſon! ſaid he, 'tis well you're by, or I ſhould have had a Bluſh from the Ladies. I hope not, Sir *Simon*, ſaid Lady *Jones*; for a Gentleman of your Politeneſs would not ſay any thing that would make Ladies bluſh. — No, no, ſaid he, for the World: But if I had, it would have been, as the Poet ſays,

They bluſh, becauſe they underſtand.

When the Company went away, Lady *Darnford*, Lady *Jones*, and Mrs. *Peters*, ſeverally invited my Maſter, and me with him, to their Houſes; and begged he would permit me, at leaſt, to come before we left theſe Parts. And they ſaid, We hope when the happy Knot is ty'd, you will induce Mr. *B.* to reſide more among us. We were always glad, ſaid Lady *Darnford*, when he was here; but now ſhall have double Reaſon. O what grateful things were theſe to the Ears of my good Father!

When the Company was gone, my Maſter ask'd my Father, if he ſmoak'd? he anſwer'd, No. He made us both ſit down by him; and ſaid, I have been telling this ſweet Girl, that, in Fourteen Days, and two of them are gone, ſhe muſt fix on one to make me happy: And have left it to her, to chuſe either one of the firſt or the laſt Seven. My Father held up his Hands and Eyes; God bleſs your Honour, ſaid he, is all I can ſay! Now *Pamela*, ſaid my Maſter, taking my Hand, don't let a little wrong-timed Baſhfulneſs take place, without any other Reaſon, becauſe I ſhould be glad to go to *Bedfordſhire* as ſoon as I could; and I would not return till I carry my Servants there a Miſtreſs, who ſhould aſſiſt me to repair the Miſchiefs ſhe had made in it.

I could not look up for Confuſion. And my Father ſaid, My dear Child, I need not I am ſure, prompt your Obedience in whatever will moſt oblige

oblige ſo good a Maſter. What ſays my *Pamela*? ſaid my Maſter. She does not uſe to be at a Loſs for Expreſſion. Sir, ſaid I, were I too ſudden, it would look as if I doubted whether you would hold in your Mind, and was not willing to give you Time for Reflection. But otherwiſe, to be ſure, I ought to reſign myſelf implicitly to your Will.

Said he, I want not Time for Reflection. For I have often told you, and that long ago, I could not live without you. And my Pride of Condition made me both tempt and terrify you to other Terms, but your Virtue was Proof againſt all Temptation, and was not to be aw'd by Terrors: Wherefore, as I could not conquer my Paſſion for you, I corrected myſelf, and reſolv'd, ſince you would not be mine upon my Terms, you ſhould upon your own: And now I deſire you not on any other, I aſſure you. And, I think, the ſooner it is done, the better. What ſay you, Mr. *Andrews*? Sir, ſaid he, there is ſo much Goodneſs on your Side, and, bleſſed be God! ſo much Prudence on my Daughter's, that I muſt be quite ſilent. But when it is done, I and my poor Wife ſhall have nothing to do, but to pray for you both, and to look back with Wonder and Joy, on the Ways of Providence.

This, ſaid my Maſter, is *Friday* Night; and ſuppoſe, my Girl, it be next *Monday*, *Tueſday*, *Wedneſday*, or *Thurſday* Morning?—Say, my *Pamela*,

Will you, Sir, ſaid I, excuſe me till to-morrow for an Anſwer? I will, ſaid he. And touch'd the Bell, and called for Mrs *Jewkes*. Where, ſaid he, does Mr. *Andrews* lie to-night? You'll take care of him: He's a very good Man; and will bring a Bleſſing upon every Houſe he ſets his Foot in.

My dear Father wept for Joy; and I could not refrain keeping him Company. And my Maſter, ſaluting me, bid us Good-night, and retir'd. And I waited

I waited upon my dear Father, and was ſo full of Prattle, of my Maſter's Goodneſs, and my future Proſpects, that I believed afterwards I was turned all into Tongue. But he indulged me, and was tranſported with Joy; and went to-bed, and dreamt of nothing but *Jacob*'s Ladder, and Angels aſcending and deſcending, to bleſs him, and his Daughter.

SATURDAY.

I Aroſe early in the Morning; but found my Father was up before me, and was gone to walk in the Garden. I went to him: And with what Delight, with what Thankfulneſs, did we go over every Scene of it, that had before been ſo dreadful to me! The Fiſh-pond, the Back-door, and every Place: O what Reaſon had we for Thankfulneſs and Gratitude!

About Seven o' Clock, my good Maſter join'd us, in his Morning-gown and Slippers; and looking a little heavy, I ſaid, Sir, I fear you had not good Reſt laſt Night. That is your Fault, *Pamela*, ſaid he: After I went from you, I muſt needs look into your Papers, and could not leave them till I had read them thro'; and ſo 'twas Three o'Clock before I went to ſleep. I wiſh, Sir, ſaid I, you had had better Entertainment. The worſt Part of it, ſaid he, was what I had brought upon myſelf; and you have not ſpar'd me. Sir, ſaid I— He, interrupting me, ſaid, Well, I forgive you. You had too much Reaſon for it. But I find, plainly enough, that if you had got away, you would ſoon have been *Williams*'s Wife: And I can't ſee how it could well have been otherwiſe. Indeed, Sir, ſaid I, I had no notion of it, or of being any body's. I believe ſo, ſaid he; but it muſt have come on as a Thing of Courſe; and I ſee your Father was for it. Sir, ſaid he, I little thought

thought of the Honour your Goodneſs would confer upon her; and I thought that would be a Match above what we could do for her, a great deal. But when I found ſhe was not for it, I reſolved not to urge her; but leave all to her own Prudence.

I ſee, ſaid he, all was ſincere, honeſt, and open; and I ſpeak of it, if it had been done, as a Thing that could hardly well be avoided; and I am quite ſatisfied. But ſaid he, I muſt obſerve, as I have an hundred Times, with Admiration, what a prodigious Memory, and eaſy and happy Manner of Narration this excellent Girl has! And tho' ſhe is full of her pretty Tricks and Artifices, to eſcape Snares I had laid for her, yet all is innocent, lovely, and uniformly beautiful. You are exceedingly happy in a Daughter; and, I hope, I ſhall be ſo in a Wife.— Or, ſaid my Father, may ſhe not have that Honour! I fear it not, ſaid he; and hope I ſhall deſerve it of her.

But, *Pamela*, ſaid my Maſter, I am ſorry to find, in ſome Parts of your Journal, that Mrs. *Jewkes* carried her Orders a little too far. And I the more take notice of it, becauſe you have not complain'd to me of her Behaviour, as ſhe might have expected for ſome Parts of it. Tho' a good deal was occaſioned by my ſtrict Orders.— But ſhe had the Inſolence to ſtrike my Girl! I find. Sir, ſaid I, I was a little provoking, I believe; but as we forgave one another, I was the leſs intitled to complain of her.

Well, ſaid he, you are very good; but if you have any particular Reſentment, I will indulge it ſo far, as that ſhe ſhall hereafter have nothing to do where you are. Sir, ſaid I, you are ſo kind, that I ought to forgive every body; and when I ſee that my Happineſs is brought about by the very Means that I thought then my great Grievance; I ought

to

to bleſs thoſe Means, and forgive all that was diſagreeable to me at the Time, for the great Good that had iſſued from it.— That ſaid he, and kiſſed me, is ſweetly conſider'd! and it ſhall be my Part to make you amends for what you have ſuffer'd, that you may ſtill think lighter of the one, and have Cauſe to rejoice in the other.

My dear Father's Heart was full; and he ſaid, with his Hands folded and lifted up, Pray, Sir, let me go,— let me go,— to my dear Wife! and tell her all theſe bleſſed Things, while my Heart holds! for it is ready to burſt with Joy! Good Man, ſaid my Maſter,— I love to hear this honeſt Heart of yours ſpeaking at your Lips. I injoin you, *Pamela*, to continue your Relation, as you have Opportunity; and tho' your Father be here, write to your Mother, that this wondrous Story be perfect, and we, your Friends, may read and admire you more and more. Ay, pray, pray do, my Child, ſaid my Father, and this is the Reaſon that I write on, my dear Mother, when I thought not to do it, becauſe my Father could tell you all that paſſed while he was here.

My Maſter took notice of my Pſalm, and was pleaſed to commend it; and ſaid, That I had very charitably turn'd the laſt Verſes, which, in the Original, were full of heavy Curſes, to a Wiſh that ſhew'd I was not of an implacable Diſpoſition; tho' my then Uſage might have excuſed it, if I had. But, ſaid he, I think you ſhall ſing it to me to-morrow.

After we have breakfaſted, added he, if you have no Objection, *Pamela*, we'll take an Airing together; and it ſhall be in the Coach, becauſe we'll have your Father's Company. He would have excus'd himſelf; but my Maſter would have it ſo. But he was much aſhamed, becauſe of the Meanneſs of his Appearance.

My

My Maſter would make us both breakfaſt with him on Chocolate, and he ſaid, I would have you, *Pamela*, begin to dreſs as you uſed to do; for now, at leaſt, you may call your *two other Bundles* your own; and if you want any thing againſt the approaching Occaſion, private as I deſign it, I'll ſend to *Lincoln* for it, by a ſpecial Meſſenger. I ſaid, My good Lady's Bounty, and his own, had ſet me much above my Degree, and I had very good things of all Sorts; and I did not deſire any other, becauſe I would not excite the Cenſure of the Ladies. That would be a different thing, he was pleaſed to ſay, when he publickly own'd his Nuptials, after we came to the other Houſe. But at preſent, if I was ſatisfied, he would not make Words with me.

I hope, Mr. *Andrews*, ſaid he to my Father, you'll not leave us till you ſee the Affair over, and then you'll be *ſure* I mean honourably; and beſides, *Pamela* will be induced to ſet the Day ſooner. O Sir, ſaid he, I bleſs God, I have no Reaſon to doubt your meaning honourably; and I hope you'll excuſe me, if I ſet out on *Monday* Morning, very early, to my dear Wife, and make her as happy as I am.

Why, *Pamela*, ſays my good Maſter, may it not be performed on *Tueſday*, and then your Father, may-be, will ſtay? — I ſhould have been glad to have had it to-morrow, added he; but I have ſent Monſieur *Colbrand* for a Licence, that you may have no Scruple unanſwer'd; and he can't very well be back before to-morrow Night, or *Monday* Morning.

This was moſt agreeable News. I ſaid, Sir, I know my dear Father will want to be at home. And as you was ſo good to give me a Fortnight from laſt *Thurſday*, I ſhould be glad you would be pleaſed to indulge me ſtill to ſome Day in the ſecond Seven.

Well,

Well, ſaid he, I will not be too urgent; but the ſooner you fix, the better. Mr. *Andrews*, we muſt leave ſomething to theſe *Jephtha*'s Daughters, in theſe Caſes, he was pleaſed to ſay: I ſuppoſe, the little baſhful Folly, which, in the happieſt Circumſtances, may give a kind of Regret to quit the Maiden State, and an Aukwardneſs at the Entrance into a new one, is a Reaſon with *Pamela*; and ſo ſhe ſhall name her Day. Sir, ſaid he, you are all Goodneſs.

I went up ſoon after, and new dreſs'd myſelf, taking Poſſeſſion, in a happy Moment, I hope, of my *two Bundles*, as my good Maſter was pleaſed to call them (alluding to my former Diviſion of thoſe good things my Lady and himſelf beſtow'd upon me) and ſo put on fine Linen, ſilk Shoes, and fine white Cotton Stockens, a fine quilted Coat, a delicate green mantua ſilk Gown and Coat; a *French* Necklace, and a lac'd Cambrick Handkerchief, and clean Gloves; and taking my Fan in my Hand, I, like a little proud Huſſy, look'd in the Glaſs, and thought myſelf a Gentlewoman once more; but I forgot not to return due Thanks, for being able to put on this Dreſs with ſo much Comfort.

Mrs. *Jewkes* would help to dreſs me, and complimented me highly, ſaying, among other things, that now I looked like her Lady indeed! And as, ſhe ſaid, the little Chapel was ready, and Divine Service would be read in it to-morrow, ſhe wiſhed the happy Knot might then be ty'd. Said ſhe, Have you not ſeen the Chapel, Madam, ſince it has been cleaned out? No, ſaid I; but are we to have Service in it to-morrow, do you ſay?—I am glad of that; for I have been a ſad Heathen lately, ſore againſt my Will! —But who is to officiate?— Somebody, reply'd ſhe, Mr. *Peters* will ſend. You tell me very good News, ſaid I, Mrs. *Jewkes*, I hope it will

will never be a Lumber-room again.— Ay, ſaid ſhe, I can tell you more good News; for the two Miſs *Darnfords*, and Lady *Jones*, are to be here at the Opening of it; and will ſtay and dine with you. My Maſter, ſaid I, has not told me that. You muſt alter your Style, Madam, ſaid ſhe. It muſt not be *Maſter* now, ſure!— O, return'd I, that is a Language I ſhall never forget. He ſhall always be my Maſter; and I ſhall think myſelf more and more his Servant.

My poor Father did not know I went up to dreſs myſelf; and he ſaid, his Heart miſgave him, when he ſaw me firſt, for fear I was made a Fool of, and that here was ſome fine Lady that was to be my Maſter's true Wife. And he ſtood in Admiration, and ſaid, O my dear Child, how well will you become your happy Condition! Why you look like a Lady already! I hope, my dear Father, ſaid I, and boldly kiſſed him, I ſhall always be your dutiful Daughter, whatever my Condition be.

My Maſter ſent me word he was ready; and when he ſaw me, ſaid, Dreſs as you will, *Pamela*, you're a charming Girl; and ſo handed me to the Coach, and would make my Father and me ſit both on the Fore-ſide; and ſat backwards, over-againſt me; and bid the Coachman drive to the Meadow; that is, where he once met Mr. *Williams*.

The Converſation was moſt agreeable to me, and to my dear Father, as we went; and he more and more exceeded in Goodneſs and Generoſity; and, while I was gone up to dreſs, he had preſented my Father with twenty Guineas; deſiring him to buy himſelf and my Mother ſuch Apparel, as they ſhould think proper; and lay it all out: But I knew not this till after we came home; my Father having had no Opportunity to tell me of it.

He was pleaſed to tell me of the Chapel being got in tolerable Order; and ſaid it look'd very well; and againſt he came down next, it ſhould be all new white-waſh'd, and painted and lin'd; and a new Pulpit-cloth, Cuſhion, Desk, *&c.* and that it ſhould always be kept in Order for the future. He told me, the two Miſs *Darnfords*, and Lady *Jones*, would dine with him on *Sunday*; And with their Servants and mine, ſaid he, we ſhall make a tolerable Congregation. And, added he, have I not well contriv'd, to ſhew you, that the Chapel is really a little Houſe of God, and has been conſecrated, before we ſolemnize our Nuptials in it?— O, Sir, reply'd I, your Goodneſs to me is inexpreſſible! Mr. *Peters*, ſaid he, offer'd to come and officiate in it; but would not ſtay to dine with me, becauſe he has Company at his own Houſe; and ſo I intend that Divine Service ſhall be performed in it, by one to whom I ſhall make ſome yearly Allowance, as a ſort of Chaplain — You look ſerious, *Pamela*, added he: I know you think of your Friend *Williams*. Indeed, Sir, ſaid I, if you won't be angry, I did. Poor Man! I am ſorry I have been the Cauſe of his diſobliging you.

When we came to the Meadow, where the Gentry have their Walk ſometimes, the Coach ſtopt, and my Maſter alighted, and led me to the Brook-ſide; and it is a very pretty Summer Walk. He ask'd my Father, If he choſe to walk out, or go on in the Coach, to the further End? He, poor Man, choſe to go on in the Coach, for fear, he ſaid, any Gentry ſhould be walking there; and he told me, he was moſt of the Way upon his Knee in the Coach, thanking God for his gracious Mercies and Goodneſs; and begging a Bleſſing upon my good Maſter and me.

I was

I was quite aſtoniſh'd, when we came into the ſhady Walk, to ſee Mr. *Williams* there. See there, ſaid my Maſter, there's poor *Williams*, taking his ſolitary Walk again, with his Book. And it ſeems, it was ſo contriv'd; for Mr. *Peters* had been, as I ſince find, deſir'd to tell him to be in that Walk at ſuch an Hour in the Morning.

So, old Acquaintance, ſaid my Maſter, again have I met you in this Place? What Book are you now reading? He ſaid, it was *Boileau's Lutrin*. Said my Maſter, You ſee I have brought with me my little Fugitive, that would have been: While you are perfecting yourſelf in *French*, I am trying to learn *Engliſh*; and hope ſoon to be Maſter of it.

Mine, Sir, ſaid he, is a very beautiful Piece of *French*: But your *Engliſh* has no Equal.

You are very polite, Mr. *Williams*, ſaid my Maſter. And he that does not think as you do, deſerves no Share in her. Why *Pamela*, added he, very generouſly, why ſo ſtrange, where you have once been ſo familiar? I do aſſure you both, that I mean not, by this Interview, to inſult Mr. *Williams*, or confound you. Then I ſaid, Mr. *Williams*, I am very glad to ſee you well; and tho' the generous Favour of my good Maſter has happily changed the Scene, ſince you and I laſt ſaw one another, I am nevertheleſs very glad of an Opportunity to acknowledge, with Gratitude, your good Intentions, not ſo much to ſerve me, as *me*, but as a Perſon that then had great Reaſon to believe herſelf in Diſtreſs. And, I hope, Sir, added I, to my Maſter, your Goodneſs will permit me to ſay this.

You, *Pamela*, ſaid he, may make what Acknowledgments you pleaſe to Mr. *Williams*'s good Intentions; and I would have you ſpeak as you think; but I do not apprehend myſelf to be quite ſo much oblig'd to thoſe Intentions.

Sir,

Sir, ſaid Mr. *Williams*, I beg leave to ſay, I knew well, that, by Education, you was no Libertine; nor had I Reaſon to think you ſo by Inclination; and when you came to reflect, I hoped you would not be diſpleaſed with me. And this was no ſmall Motive to me, at firſt, to do as I did.

Ay, but, Mr. *Williams*, ſaid my Maſter, could you think, I ſhould have had Reaſon to thank you, if, loving one Perſon above all her Sex, you had robbed me of her, and marry'd her yourſelf?---And then, ſaid he, you are to conſider, that ſhe was an old Acquaintance of mine, and a quite new one to you; that I had ſent her down to my own Houſe, for better ſecuring her; and that you, who had Acceſs to my Houſe, could not effect your Purpoſe, without being guilty, in ſome ſort, of a Breach of the Laws of Hoſpitality and Friendſhip. As to my Deſigns upon her, I own they had not the beſt Appearance; but ſtill I was not anſwerable to Mr. *Williams* for thoſe; much leſs could you be excus'd, to invade a Property ſo very dear to me, and to endeavour to gain an Intereſt in her Affections, when you could not be certain, that Matters would not turn out as they have actually done.

I own, ſaid he, that ſome Parts of my Conduct ſeem exceptionable, as you ſtate it. But, Sir, I am but a young Man. I meant no Harm. I had no Intereſt, I am ſure, to incur your Diſpleaſure; and when you think of every thing, and the inimitable Graces of Perſon, and Perfections of Mind, that adorn this excellent Lady, (ſo he called me) you will, perhaps, find your Generoſity allow ſomething as an Extenuation of a Fault, which your Anger would not permit as an Excuſe.

I have done, ſaid my Maſter; nor did I meet you here to be angry with you. *Pamela* knew not that ſhe ſhould ſee you; and now you are both preſent,

I would ask you, Mr. *Williams*, If, now you know my honourable Deſigns towards this good Girl, you can really be *almoſt*, I will not ſay *quite*, as well pleaſed with the Friendſhip of my Wife, as you could be with the Favour of Mrs. *Andrews*?

Sir, ſaid he, I will anſwer you truly. I think I could have preferr'd, with her, any Condition that could have befallen me, had I conſider'd only *myſelf*. But, Sir, I was very far from having any Encouragement to expect her *Favour*; and I had much more Reaſon to believe, that if ſhe could have hoped for your Goodneſs, her Heart would have been too much pre-engaged, to think of any body elſe. And give me Leave further to ſay, Sir, That tho' I tell you ſincerely my Thoughts, were I only to conſider *myſelf*; yet when I conſider *her Good*, and *her Merit*, I ſhould be highly ungenerous, were it put to my *Choice*, if I could not wiſh her in a Condition ſo much ſuperior to what I could raiſe her to, and ſo very anſwerable to her Merit.

Pamela, ſaid my Maſter, *you* are obliged to Mr. *Williams*, and ought to thank him: He has diſtinguiſhed well. But as for *me*, who had like to have loſt you by his means, I am glad the Matter was not left to his *Choice*. Mr. *Williams*, ſaid he, I give you *Pamela*'s Hand, becauſe I know it will be pleaſing to her, in Token of her Friendſhip and Eſteem for you; and I give you mine, that I will not be your Enemy. But yet I muſt ſay, that I think I owe this proper Manner of your Thinking more to your Diſappointment, than to the Generoſity you talk of.

Mr. *Williams* kiſſed my Hand, as my Maſter gave it him; and my Maſter ſaid, Sir, you will go home and dine with me, and I'll ſhew you my little Chapel; and do you, *Pamela*, look upon yourſelf at Liberty to number Mr. *Williams* in the Liſt of your Friends.

How

How generous, how noble was this! Mr. *Williams* (and ſo had I) had Tears of Pleaſure in his Eyes. I was ſilent: but Mr. *Williams* ſaid, Sir, I ſhall be taught by your Generoſity, to think myſelf inexcuſably wrong, in every Step I took, that could give you Offence; and my future Life ſhall ſhew my reſpectful Gratitude.

We walked on till we came to the Coach, where was my dear Father. *Pamela*, ſaid my Maſter, tell Mr. *Williams* who that good Man is. O Mr. *Williams!* ſaid I, it is my dear Father; And, my Maſter was pleaſed to ſay, one of the honeſteſt Men in *England*. *Pamela* owes every thing that ſhe is to be, as well as her Being, to him; for, I think, ſhe would not have brought me to this, nor made ſo great Reſiſtance, but for the good Leſſons, and religious Education ſhe had imbibed from him.

Mr. *Williams* ſaid, taking my Father's Hand, You ſee, good Mr. *Andrews*, with inexpreſſible Pleaſure, no doubt, the Fruits of your pious Care; and now are in a way, with your beloved Daughter, to reap the happy Effects of it.—I am overcome, ſaid my dear Father, with his Honour's Goodneſs. But I can only ſay, I bleſs *God*, and bleſs *him*.

Mr. *Williams* and I being nearer the Coach than my Maſter, and he offering to draw back, to give way to him, he kindly ſaid, Pray, Mr. *Williams*, oblige *Pamela* with your Hand; and ſtep in yourſelf. He bow'd, and took my Hand, and my Maſter made him ſtep in, and ſit next me, all that ever he could do, and ſat himſelf over-againſt him, next my Father, who ſat againſt me.

And he ſaid, Mr. *Andrews*, I told you Yeſterday, that the Divine you ſaw, was *not* Mr. *Williams*; I now tell you, this Gentleman *is*: And tho' I have been telling him, I think not *myſelf* obliged to his Intentions; yet I will own, that *Pamela* and *you*

are; and tho' I won't promiſe to love him, I would have you.

Sir, ſaid Mr. *Williams*, you have a way of overcoming, that hardly all my Reading affords an Inſtance of; and it is the more noble, as it is on this Side, as I preſume, the happy Ceremony; which, great as your Fortune is, will lay you under an Obligation to ſo much Virtue and Beauty, when the Lady becomes yours; for you will then have a Treaſure that Princes might envy you.

Said my generous Maſter, (God bleſs him!) Mr. *Williams*, it is impoſſible that you and I ſhould long live at Variance, when our Sentiments agree ſo well together, on Subjects the moſt material.

I was quite confounded; and my Maſter ſeeing it, took my Hand, and ſaid, Look up, my good Girl! and collect yourſelf.——Don't injure Mr. *Williams* and me ſo much, as to think we are capping Compliments, as we uſed to do Verſes at School. I dare anſwer for us both, that we ſay not a Syllable we don't think.

O Sir, ſaid I, how unequal am I to all this Goodneſs! Every Moment that paſſes, adds to the Weight of the Obligations you oppreſs me with.

Think not too much of that, ſaid he, moſt generouſly. Mr. *Williams*'s Compliments to you have great Advantage of mine: For, tho' equally ſincere, I have a great deal to ſay, and to do, to compenſate the Sufferings I have made you undergo; and, at laſt, muſt ſit down diſſatisfied, becauſe thoſe will never be balanc'd by all I can do for you.

He ſaw my dear Father quite unable to ſupport theſe affecting Inſtances of his Goodneſs; and he let go my Hand, and took his; and ſaid, ſeeing his Tears, I wonder not, my dear *Pamela*'s Father, that your honeſt Heart ſprings thus to your Eyes, to ſee all her Trials at an End. I will not pretend to ſay,

that

that I had formerly either Power or Will to act thus. But ſince I began to reſolve on the Change you ſee, I have reap'd ſo much Pleaſure in it, that my own *Intereſt* will keep me ſteady. For, till within theſe few Days, I knew not what it was to be happy.

Poor Mr. *Williams*, with Tears of Joy in his Eyes, ſaid; How happily, Sir, have you been touched by the Divine Grace, before you have been hurried into the Commiſſion of Sins, that the deepeſt Penitence could hardly have aton'd for!—God has enabled you to ſtop ſhort of the Evil; and you have nothing to do, but to rejoice in the Good, which now will be doubly ſo, becauſe you can receive it without the leaſt inward Reproach.

You do well, ſaid he, to remind me, that I owe all this to the Grace of God. I bleſs Him for it; and I thank this good Man for his excellent Leſſons. I thank his dear Daughter for following them: And, I hope, from *her* good Example, and *your* Friendſhip, Mr. *Williams*, in time, to be half as good as my Tutoreſs. And that, ſaid he, I believe you'll own, will make me, without Diſparagement to any Gentleman, the beſt Fox-hunter in *England*.—— Mr. *Williams* was going to ſpeak: And he ſaid, You put on ſo grave a Look, Mr. *Williams*, that, I believe, what I have ſaid, with you practical good Folks, is liable to Exception: But I ſee we were become quite grave; and we muſt not be too ſerious neither.

What a happy Creature, my dear Mother, is your *Pamela!*—O may my thankful Heart, and the good Uſe I may be enabled to make of the Bleſſings before me, be a means to continue this delightful Proſpect to a long Date, for the ſake of the dear good Gentleman, who thus becomes the happy Inſtrument, in the Hands of Providence, to

bleſs all he ſmiles upon! To be ſure, I ſhall never enough acknowledge the Value he is pleaſed to expreſs for my Unworthineſs, in that he has prevented my Wiſhes, and, unask'd, ſought the Occaſion of being reconciled to a good Man, who, for my ſake, had incurred his Diſpleaſure; and whoſe Name he could not, a few Days before, permit to paſs thro' my Lips: But ſee the wonderful Ways of Providence! The very Things that I moſt dreaded his ſeeing or knowing, the Contents of my Papers, have, as I hope, ſatisfy'd all my Scruples, and been a Means to promote my Happineſs.

Henceforth let not us poor ſhort-ſighted Mortals pretend to rely on our own Wiſdom; or vainly think, that we are abſolutely to direct for ourſelves. I have abundant Reaſon, I am ſure, to ſay, that when I was moſt diſappointed, I was nearer my Happineſs. For had I made my Eſcape, which was ſo often my chief Point in View, and what I had placed my Heart upon, I had eſcap'd the Bleſſings now before me, and fallen, perhaps headlong, into the Miſeries I would have avoided! And yet, after all, it was neceſſary I ſhould take the Steps I did, to bring on this wonderful Turn! O the unſearchable Wiſdom of God!—And how much ought I to adore the Divine Goodneſs, and humble myſelf, who am made a poor Inſtrument, as I hope, not only to magnify his Graciouſneſs to this fine Gentleman and myſelf; but alſo to diſpenſe Benefits to others? Which God of his Mercy grant!

In the agreeable manner I have mentioned, did we paſs the Time in our ſecond happy Tour; and I thought Mrs. *Jewkes* would have ſunk into the Ground, when ſhe ſaw Mr. *Williams* brought in the Coach with us, and treated ſo kindly. We dined together in a moſt pleaſant, and eaſy, and frank manner;

manner; and I found I needed not, from my Maſter's Generoſity, to be under any Reſtraint, as to my Conduct to this good Clergyman: for he, ſo often as he fanſy'd I was reſerv'd, mov'd me to be free with him, and to him; and ſeveral times called upon me to help my Father and Mr. *Williams*; and ſeem'd to take great Delight in ſeeing me carve and help round, as indeed he does in every thing I do.

After Dinner we went and looked into the Chapel; which is a very pretty one, and very decent; and when finiſh'd, as he deſigns it, againſt his next coming down, will be a very pretty Place.

My Heart, my dear Mother, when I firſt ſet my Foot in it, throbb'd a good deal, with awful Joy, at the Thoughts of the Solemnity, which, I hope, will, in a few Days, be performed here. And when I came up towards the little pretty Altar-piece, while they were looking at a Communion-picture, and ſaying it was prettily done, I gently ſtept into a Corner, out of Sight, and poured out my Soul to God on my Knees, in Supplication and Thankfulneſs, that, after having been ſo long abſent from Divine Service, the firſt time that I enter'd into a Houſe dedicated to his Honour, ſhould be with ſuch bleſſed Proſpects before me; and begging of God to continue me humble, and to make me not unworthy of his Mercies; and that he would be pleaſed to bleſs the *next* Author of my Happineſs, my good Maſter.

I heard my Maſter ſay, Where's *Pamela*? And ſo I broke off ſooner than I would, and went up to him.

He ſaid, Mr. *Williams*, I hope I have not ſo offended you by my Conduct paſt, (for really it is what I ought to be aſhamed of) as that you will refuſe to officiate, and to give us your Inſtructions here To-morrow. Mr. *Peters* was ſo kind, for the firſt time, to offer it; but I know it would be incon-

venient for him; and beſides, I was willing to make this Requeſt to you an Introduction to our Reconciliation.

Sir, ſaid he, moſt willingly, and moſt gratefully will I obey you. Tho' if you expect a Diſcourſe, I am wholly unprepar'd for the Occaſion. I would not have it, reply'd he, pointed to any particular Occaſion; but if you have one upon the Text—*There is more Joy in Heaven over one Sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-nine juſt Perſons that need no Repentance*; and if it makes me not ſuch a ſad Fellow as to be pointed at by mine and the Ladies Servants we ſhall have here, I ſhall be well content. 'Tis a general Subject, added he, makes me ſpeak of that; but any one you pleaſe will do; for you cannot make a bad Choice, I am ſure.

Sir, ſaid he, I have one upon that Text; but I am ready to think, that a Thankſgiving one, which I made on a great Mercy to myſelf, if I may be permitted to make my own Acknowledgments of your Favour the Subject of a Diſcourſe, will be ſuitable to my grateful Sentiments. It is on the Text,—*Now letteſt thou thy Servant depart in Peace; for mine Eyes have ſeen thy Salvation.*

That Text, ſaid I, will be a very ſuitable one for me. Not ſo, *Pamela*, ſaid my Maſter; becauſe I don't let you *depart* in *Peace*; but I hope you will *ſtay here* with *Content*.

O but, Sir, ſaid I, I have ſeen *God's Salvation!*—I am ſure, added I, if any body ever had Reaſon, I have to ſay, with the bleſſed Virgin, *My Soul doth magnify the Lord*; for *he hath regarded the low Eſtate of his Handmaiden,---and exalted one of low Degree.*

Said my good Father, I am ſure, if there were Time for it, the Book of *Ruth* would afford a fine Subject for the Honour done my dear Child.

Why,

Why, good Mr. *Andrews*, ſaid my Maſter, ſhould you ſay ſo?---I know that Story, and Mr. *Williams* will confirm what I ſay, that my good Girl here will confer at leaſt as much Honour as ſhe will receive.

Sir, ſaid I, you are inexpreſſibly generous; but I ſhall never think ſo. Why, my *Pamela*, ſaid he, that's another thing: It will be beſt for me to think you *will*; and it will be kind in you to think you *ſhan't*; and then we ſhall always have an excellent Rule to regulate our Conduct by to one another.

Was not this finely, nobly, wiſely ſaid, my dear Mother?---O what a bleſſed thing it is to be match'd to a Man of Senſe and Generoſity!---How edifying! ---How!---But what ſhall I ſay!---I am at a Loſs for Words.

Mr. *Williams* ſaid, When we came out of the little Chapel, he would go home, and look over his Diſcourſes, for one for the next Day. My Maſter ſaid, I have one thing to ſay, before you go.---When my Jealouſy, on account of this good Girl, put me upon ſuch a vindictive Conduct to you, you know I took a Bond for the Money I had cauſed you to be troubled for: I really am aſhamed of the Matter; becauſe I never intended, when I preſented it to you, to have it again, you may be ſure: But I knew not what might happen between you and her, nor how far Matters might have gone between you; and ſo I was willing to have that in Awe over you. And, I think, it is no extraordinary Preſent, therefore, to give you up your Bond again cancell'd. And ſo he took it from his Pocket, and gave it him. I think, added he, all the Charges attending it, and the Trouble you had, were defray'd by my Attorney: I order'd that they ſhould. They were, Sir, ſaid he; and Ten Thouſand Thanks to you for this Goodneſs, and the kind manner in which you do it!---If you will go, Mr. *Williams*, ſaid he, ſhall

my Chariot carry you home? No, Sir, anſwer'd he, I thank you. My Time will be ſo well employ'd all the Way in thinking of your Favours, that I chuſe to meditate upon them, as I walk home.

My dear Father was a little uneaſy about his Habit, for appearing at Chapel next Day, becauſe of Miſs *Darnfords*, and the Servants, for fear, poor Man, he ſhould diſgrace my Maſter; and he told me when he was mentioning this, of my Maſter's kind Preſent of Twenty Guineas for Cloaths, for you both; which made my Heart truly joyful. But oh! to be ſure, I never can deſerve the hundredth Part of his Goodneſs!---It is almoſt a hard thing to lie under the Weight of ſuch deep Obligations on one ſide; and ſuch a Senſe of one's own Unworthineſs on the other!—O! what a godlike Power is that of doing Good!---I envy the Rich and the Great for nothing elſe!

My Maſter coming to us juſt then, I ſaid, Oh! Sir, will your Bounty know no Limits! My dear Father has told me what you have given him---A Trifle, *Pamela*, ſaid he; a little Earneſt only of my Kindneſs.---Say no more of it. But did I not hear the good Man expreſſing ſome ſort of Concern for ſomewhat? Hide nothing from me, *Pamela*. Only, Sir, ſaid I, he knew not how to abſent himſelf from Divine Service, and yet is afraid of diſgracing you by appearing.

Fie, Mr. *Andrews*, ſaid he, I thought you knew, that the outward Appearance was nothing. I wiſh I had as good a Habit *inwardly*, as you have. But I'll tell you, *Pamela*, your Father is not much thinner than I am, nor much ſhorter; he and I will walk up together to my Wardrobe; tho' it is not ſo well ſtored here, as in *Bedfordſhire*.

And ſo ſaid he, pleaſantly, Don't you pretend to come near us, till I call you; for you muſt not yet ſee how Men dreſs and undreſs themſelves. O Sir, ſaid my Father, I beg to be excuſed. I am ſorry you were told. So am not I, ſaid my Maſter: Pray come along with me.

He carry'd him up-ſtairs, and ſhew'd him ſeveral Suits, and would have had him take his Choice. My poor Father was quite confounded: For my Maſter ſaw not any he thought too good, and my Father none that he thought bad enough. And my good Maſter, at laſt, (he fixing his Eye upon a fine Drab, which he thought looked the plaineſt) would help him to try the Coat and Waiſtcoat on himſelf; and indeed, one would not have thought it, becauſe my Maſter is taller, and rather plumper, as I thought; but, as I ſaw afterwards, they fitted him very well: And being plain, and lined with the ſame Colour, and made for travelling in a Coach, pleaſed my poor Father much. He gave him the whole Suit, and calling up Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſaid, Let theſe Cloaths be well aired againſt to-morrow Morning. Mr. *Andrews* brought only with him his common Apparel, not thinking to ſtay *Sunday* with us. And pray ſee for ſome of myStockens; and whether none of my Shoes will fit him: and ſee alſo for ſome of my Linen; for we have put the good Man quite out of his Courſe, by keeping him *Sunday* over. He was then pleaſed to give him the Silver Buckles out of his own Shoes. So, my good Mother, you muſt expect to ſee my dear Father a great Beau. Wig, ſaid my Maſter, he wants none; for his own venerable white Locks are better than all the Perukes in *England*.---But I am ſure I have Hats enow ſomewhere. I'll take care of every thing, Sir, ſaid Mrs. *Jewkes*.---And my poor Father, when he came to me, could not refrain Tears. I know not how, ſaid he, to comport myſelf under theſe great Favours.

O my Child, it is all owing to the Divine Goodneſs, and your Virtue.

SUNDAY.

THIS bleſſed Day all the Family ſeem'd to take Delight to equip themſelves for the Celebration of the Sabbath, in the little Chapel; and Lady *Jones* and Mr. *Williams* came in her Chariot, and the two Miſs *Darnfords*, in their own; with each a Footman, beſides the Coachman. And we breakfaſted together, in a moſt agreeable manner. My dear Father appear'd quite ſpruce and neat, and was greatly careſſed by the three Ladies. As we were at Breakfaſt, my Maſter told Mr. *Williams*, we muſt let the Pſalms alone, he doubted, for want of a Clerk; but Mr. *Williams* ſaid, No, nothing ſhould be wanting that he could ſupply. My Father ſaid, If it might be permitted him, he would, as well as he was able, perform that Office; for it was always what he had taken Delight in. And as I know he had learnt Pſalmody formerly, in his Youth, and had conſtantly practiſed it in private, at home, on *Sunday* Evenings, (as well as endeavour'd to teach it in the little School he ſo unſucceſsfully ſet up, at the Beginning of his Misfortunes, before he took to hard Labour) I was in no Pain for his undertaking it in this little Congregation. They ſeemed much pleaſed with this; and ſo we went to Chapel, and made a pretty tolerable Appearance; Mrs. *Jewkes*, and all the Servants attending, but the Cook; and I never ſaw Divine Service perform'd with more Solemnity, nor aſſiſted at with greater Devotion and Decency; my Maſter, Lady *Jones*, and the two Miſſes, ſetting a lovely Example.

My

My good Father perform'd his Part with great Applauſe, making the Reſponſes as if he had been a practiſed Pariſh Clerk; and giving the * xxiiid Pſalm, which conſiſting of but three Staves, we had it all; and he read the Line, and began the Tune with a Heart ſo intirely affected with the Duty, that he went thro' it diſtinctly, calmly, and fervently at the ſame time; ſo that Lady *Jones* whiſper'd me,

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* *THE Lord is only my Support,*
And he that doth me feed:
How can I then lack any thing,
Whereof I ſtand in need?
In Paſtures green he feedeth me,
Where I do ſafely lie;
And after leads me to the Streams,
Which run moſt pleaſantly.

And when I find myſelf near loſt,
Then home he doth me take;
Conducting me in his right Path,
E'en for his own Name's ſake.
And tho' I were e'en at Death's Door,
Yet I would fear no Ill:
For both thy Rod, and Shepherd's Crook,
Afford me Comfort ſtill.

Thou haſt my Table richly ſpread
In Preſence of my Foe:
Thou haſt my Head with Balm refreſh'd;
My Cup doth overflow.
And finally, while Breath doth laſt,
Thy Grace ſhall me defend:
And in the Houſe of God will I
My Life for ever ſpend.

That

That good Men were fit for all Companies, and preſent to every laudable Occaſion: And Miſs *Darnford* ſaid, God bleſs the dear good Man!— You muſt think how I rejoiced in my Mind.

I know, my dear Mother, you can ſay moſt of the ſhorter Pſalms by Heart; ſo I need not tranſcribe it, eſpecially as your chief Treaſure is a Bible; and a worthy Treaſure it is. I know nobody makes more or better Uſe of it.

Mr. *Williams* gave us an excellent Diſcourſe on Liberality and Generoſity, and the Bleſſing attending the right Uſe of Riches, from the xi^th^ Chapter of *Proverbs*, ver. 24, 25. *There is that ſcattereth, and yet increaſeth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet; but it tendeth to Poverty. The liberal Soul ſhall be made fat: and he that watereth, ſhall be watered alſo himſelf.* And he treated the Subject in ſo handſome a manner, that my Maſter's Delicacy, who, at firſt, was afraid of ſome perſonal Compliments, was not offended, Mr. *Williams* judiciouſly keeping to Generals; and it was an elegant and ſenſible Diſcourſe, as my Maſter ſaid.

My Father was in the Clerk's Place, juſt under the Desk; and Lady *Jones*, by her Footman, whiſper'd him to favour us with another Pſalm, when the Sermon was ended. He thinking, as he ſaid afterwards, that the former was rather of the longeſt, choſe the ſhorteſt in the Book, which, you know, is the cxvii^th^. *

My

---

* *O All ye Nations of the World,*
Praiſe ye the Lord always:
And all ye People ev'ry-where
Set forth his noble Praiſe.

For

My Maſter thank'd Mr. *Williams* for his excellent Diſcourſe, and ſo did the Ladies: as alſo did I, moſt heartily; and he was pleaſed to take my dear Father by the Hand, as did alſo Mr. *Williams*, and thanked him. The Ladies likewiſe made him their Compliments; and the Servants all look'd upon him with Countenances of Reſpect and Pleaſure.

At Dinner, do what I could, I was forc'd to take the Upper-end of the Table; and my Maſter ſat at the Lower-end, between Mr. *Williams* and my Father. And he ſaid, *Pamela*, you are ſo dextrous, that I think you may help the Ladies yourſelf; and I will help my two good Friends. I ſhould have told you, tho', that I dreſſed myſelf in a flower'd Satten, that was my Lady's, and look'd quite freſh and good, and which was given me at firſt by my Maſter; and the Ladies, who had not ſeen me out of my Homeſpun before, made me abundance of fine Compliments, as ſoon as they ſaw me firſt.

Talking of the Pſalms juſt after Dinner, my Maſter was very naughty, if I may ſo ſay: For he ſaid to my Father, Mr. *Andrews*, I think in the Afternoon, as we ſhall have only Prayers, we may have one longer Pſalm; and what think you of the cxxxviith?— O good Sir! ſaid I, pray, pray, not a Word more!--- Say what you will, *Pamela*, ſaid he, you ſhall ſing it to us, according to your own Verſion, before theſe good Ladies go away. My Father ſmil'd, but was half concerned for me; and ſaid, Will it bear, and pleaſe your Honour?-- O ay, ſaid

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For great his Kindneſs is to us;
His Truth doth not decay:
Wherefore praiſe ye the Lord our God;
Praiſe ye the Lord alway.

he,

he, never fear it; ſo long as Mrs. *Jewkes* is not in the Hearing.

This excited all the Ladies Curioſity; and Lady *Jones* ſaid, She ſhould be loth to deſire to hear any thing that would give me Concern; but ſhould be glad I would give Leave for it. Indeed, Madam, ſaid I, I muſt beg you won't inſiſt upon it. I cannot bear it.--- You ſhall ſee it, indeed, Ladies, ſaid my Maſter; and pray, *Pamela*, not always as you pleaſe, neither --- Then, pray, Sir, ſaid I, not in my hearing, I hope.--- Sure, *Pamela*, return'd he, you would not write what is not fit to be heard!--- But, Sir, ſaid I, there are particular Caſes, Times, and Occaſions, that may make a thing paſſable at one time, that would not be tolerable at another. O, ſaid he, let me judge of that, as well as you *Pamela*. Theſe Ladies know a good Part of your Story; and, let me tell you, what they know is more to your Credit than mine; ſo that if I have no Averſeneſs to reviving the Occaſion, you may very well bear it. Said he, I will put you out of your Pain, *Pamela*: Here it is; and took it out of his Pocket.

I ſtood up and ſaid, Indeed, Sir, I can't bear it! I hope you'll allow me to leave the Room a Minute, if you will read it. Indeed, but I won't, anſwer'd he. Lady *Jones* ſaid, Pray, good Sir, don't let us hear it, if Mrs. *Andrews* be ſo unwilling. Well, *Pamela*, ſaid my Maſter, I will put it to your Choice, whether I ſhall read it now, or you will ſing it by-and-by. That's very hard, Sir, ſaid I. It muſt be one, I aſſure you, ſaid he. Why then, Sir, reply'd I, you muſt do as you pleaſe; for I cannot ſing it.

Well, then, ſaid my Maſter, I find I muſt read it; and yet added he, after all, I had as well let it alone, for it is no great Reputation to my ſelf. O then, ſaid Miſs *Darnford*, pray let us hear it to chuſe.

Why

Why then, proceeded he, the Caſe was this: *Pamela*, I find, when ſhe was in the Time of her Confinement, (that is, added he, when ſhe was taken Priſoner, in order to make me one; for that is the Upſhot of the Matter) in the Journal ſhe kept, which was intended for nobody's Peruſal but her Parents, tells them, That ſhe was importuned, one *Sunday*, by Mrs. *Jewkes*, to ſing a Pſalm; but her Spirits not permitting, ſhe declin'd it: But after Mrs. *Jewkes* was gone down, ſhe ſays, ſhe recollected, that the cxxxviiᵗʰ Pſalm was applicable to her own Caſe; Mrs. *Jewkes* having often, on other Days, in vain, beſought her to ſing a Song. That thereupon ſhe turn'd it more to her own ſuppoſed Caſe; and believing Mrs. *Jewkes* had a Deſign againſt her Honour, and looking upon her as her Gaoler, ſhe thus gives her Verſion of this Pſalm. But pray, Mr. *Williams*, do you read one Verſe of the common Tranſlation, and I will read one of *Pamela's*. Then Mr. *Williams*, pulling out his little Pocket Common-prayer Book, read the firſt two Stanzas.

I.

WHEN we did ſit in Babylon,
The Rivers round about;
Then in Remembrance of Sion,
The Tears for Grief burſt out.

II.

We hang'd our Harps and Inſtruments
The Willow-trees upon:
For in that Place Men, for that Uſe,
Had planted many a one.

My Maſter then read:

I. *WHEN*

I.

WHEN ſad I ſat in B———n-hall,'
All watched round about,
And thought of ev'ry abſent Friend,
The Tears for Grief burſt out.

II.

My Joys and Hopes all overthrown,
My Heart-ſtrings almoſt broke;
Unfit my Mind for Melody,
Much more to bear a Joke.

The Ladies ſaid, It was very pretty; and Miſs *Darnford*, that Somebody elſe had more need to be concerned than the Verſifier.

I knew, ſaid my Maſter, I ſhould get no Credit by ſhewing this. But let us read on, Mr. *Williams*. So Mr. *Williams* read;

III.

Then they, to whom we Pris'ners were,
Said to us tauntingly;
Now let us hear your Hebrew *Songs,*
And pleaſant Melody.

Now this, ſaid my Maſter, is very near: And read;

III.

Then ſhe to whom I Pris'ner was,
Said to me tauntingly;
Now chear your Heart, and ſing a Song,
And tune your Mind to Joy.

Mighty ſweet! ſaid Mr. *Williams*. But let us ſee how the next Verſe is turn'd. It is this:

IV.

IV.

Alas! ſaid we, who can once frame
His heavy Heart to ſing
The Praiſes of our loving God,
Thus under a ſtrange King!

Why, ſaid my Maſter, it is turn'd with beautiful Simplicity, thus:

IV.

Alas! ſaid I, how can I frame
My heavy Heart to ſing,
Or tune my Mind, while thus inthrall'd
By ſuch a wicked Thing!

Very pretty, ſaid Mr. *Williams*. Lady *Jones* ſaid, O dear, Madam, could you wiſh that we ſhould be depriv'd of this new Inſtance of your Genius and Accompliſhments?

O! ſaid my dear Father, you will make my good Child proud. No, ſaid my Maſter, very generouſly, *Pamela* can't be proud. For no one is proud to hear themſelves praiſed, but thoſe who are not uſed to it. —But proceed, Mr. *Williams*. He read;

V.

But yet, if I Jeruſalem
Out of my Heart let ſlide;
Then let my Fingers quite forget
The warbling Harp to guide.

Well, now, ſaid my Maſter, for *Pamela*'s Verſion!

V.

But yet, if from my Innocence
I, ev'n in Thought, ſhould ſlide;
Then let my Fingers quite forget
The ſweet Spinnet to guide.

Mr.

Mr. *Williams* read;

VI.

And let my Tongue, within my Mouth,
Be ty'd for ever faſt;
If I rejoice before I ſee
Thy full Deliv'rance paſt.

This alſo, ſaid my Maſter, is very near.

VI.

And let my Tongue, within my Mouth,
Be lock'd for ever faſt,
If I rejoice before I ſee
My full Deliv'rance paſt.

Now, good Sir, ſaid I, oblige me; don't read any further: Pray don't! O pray, Madam, ſaid Mr. *Williams*, let me beg to have the reſt read; for I long to know whom you make the Sons of *Edom*, and how you turn the Pſalmiſt's Execrations againſt the inſulting *Babylonians*.

Well, Mr. *Williams*, reply'd I, *you* ſhould not have ſaid ſo. O, ſaid my Maſter, that is one of the beſt things of all. Poor Mrs. *Jewkes* ſtands for *Edom*'s Sons; and we muſt not loſe this, becauſe I think it one of my *Pamela*'s Excellencies, that tho' thus oppreſs'd, ſhe prays for no Harm upon the Oppreſſor. Read, Mr. *Williams*, the next Stanza. So he read;

VII.

Therefore, O Lord, remember now
The curſed Noiſe and Cry,
That Edom's *Sons againſt us made,*
When they raz'd our City.

VIII.

Remember, Lord, their cruel Words,
When, with a mighty Sound,

They

They cried, Down, yea down with it,
Unto the very Grouud.

Well, ſaid my Maſter, here ſeems, in what I am going to read, a little bit of a Curſe indeed; but I think it makes no ill Figure in the Compariſon.

VII.

And thou, Almighty, recompenſe
The Evils I endure,
From thoſe who ſeek my ſad Diſgrace,
So cauſeleſs! to procure.

And now, ſaid he, for *Edom*'s Sons! Tho' a little ſevere in the Imputation.

VIII.

Remember, Lord, this Mrs. Jewkes,
When with a mighty Sound,
She cries, Down with her Chaſtity,
Down to the very Ground!

Sure, Sir, ſaid I, this might have been ſpar'd! But the Ladies and Mr. *Williams* ſaid, No, by no means! And I ſee the poor wicked Woman has no Favourers among them.

Now, ſaid my Maſter, read the Pſalmiſt's heavy Curſes: And Mr. *Williams* read;

IX.

Ev'n ſo ſhalt thou, O Babylon!
At length to Duſt be brought:
And happy ſhall that Man be call'd,
That our Revenge hath wrought.

X.

Yea, bleſſed ſhall that Man be call'd,
That takes thy little ones,

And

And daſheth them in Pieces ſmall
Againſt the very Stones.

Thus, ſaid he, very kindly, has *my Pamela* turn'd theſe Lines.

IX.

Ev'n ſo ſhalt thou, O wicked one,
At length to ſhame be brought:
And happy ſhall all thoſe be call'd,
That my Deliv'rance wrought.

X.

Yea, bleſſed ſhall the Man be call'd,
That ſhames thee of thy Evil,
And ſaves me from thy vile Attempts,
And thee, too, from the D——l.

I fanſy this bleſſed Man, ſaid my Maſter, ſmileing, was, at that time, hoped to be you, Mr. *Williams*, if the Truth was known. Sir, ſaid he, whoever it was intended for *then*, it can be nobody but your good Self *now*.

I could hardly hold up my Head for the Praiſes the kind Ladies were pleaſed to heap upon me. I am ſure, by this, they are very partial in my Favour; all becauſe my Maſter is ſo good to me, and loves to hear me praiſed; for I ſee no ſuch Excellence in theſe Lines, as they would make me believe, beſides what is borrowed from the *Pſalmiſt*.

We all, as before, and the Cook-maid too, attended the Prayers of the Church in the Afternoon; and my dear Father concluded with the following Stanzas of the cxlvth Pſalm; ſuitably magnifying the holy Name of God for all his Mercies; but did not obſerve altogether the Method in which they ſtand; which was the leſs neceſſary, he thought, as he gave out the Lines.

THE

THE Lord is juſt in all his ways:
His Works are holy all:
And he is near all thoſe that do
In Truth upon him call.

He the Deſires of all of them
That fear him, will fulfil,
And he will hear them when they cry,
And ſave them all he will.

The Eyes of all do wait on thee;
Thou doſt them all relieve:
And thou to each ſufficient Food,
In Seaſon due, doſt give.

Thou openeſt thy plenteous Hand,
And bounteouſly doſt fill
All things whatever, that do live,
With Gifts of thy Good will.

My thankful Mouth ſhall gladly ſpeak
The Praiſes of the Lord:
All Fleſh, to praiſe his holy Name,
For ever ſhall accord.

We walked in the Garden till Tea was ready; and as we went by the Back-door, my Maſter ſaid to me, *Of all the Flowers in the Garden, the Sun-flower is the faireſt!*--- O, Sir, ſaid I, let that be now forgot! Mr. *Williams* heard him ſay ſo, and ſeem'd a little out of Countenance: Whereupon my Maſter ſaid, I mean not to make you ſerious, Mr. *Williams*; but we ſee how ſtrangely things are brought about. I ſee other Scenes hereabouts, that, in my *Pamela*'s Dangers, give me more Cauſe of Concern, that any thing you ever did, ſhould give you. Sir, ſaid he, you are very generous.

My

My Maſter and Mr. *Williams* afterwards walked together, for a Quarter of an Hour, and talked about general things, and ſome ſcholaſtick Subjects, and joined us, very well pleaſed with one another's Converſation.

Lady *Jones* ſaid, putting herſelf on one ſide of me, as my Maſter was on the other, But pray, Sir, when is the happy Time to be? We want it over, that we may have you with us as long afterwards as you can. Said my Maſter, I would have it To-morrow or next Day, at fartheſt, if *Pamela* will: For I have ſent for a Licence, and the Meſſenger will be here To-night, or early in the Morning, I hope. But, added he, pray, *Pamela*, do not take beyond *Thurſday*. She was pleaſed to ſay, Sure it will not be delay'd by you, Madam, more than needs!---- Well, ſaid he, now *you* are on my Side, I will leave you with her to ſettle it: And I hope, ſhe will not let little baſhful Niceties be important with her; and ſo he joined the two Miſſes.

Lady *Jones* told me, I was to blame, ſhe would take upon her to ſay, if I delay'd it a Moment; becauſe ſhe underſtood Lady *Davers* was very uneaſy at the Proſpect that it would be ſo; and if any thing ſhould happen, it would be a ſad thing!--- Madam, ſaid I, when he was pleaſed to mention it to me firſt, he ſaid it ſhould be in Fourteen Days; and afterwards, ask'd me if I would have it in the firſt or the ſecond Seven. I anſwer'd--- for how could I do otherwiſe? In the ſecond: He deſir'd it might not be the laſt Day of the ſecond Seven. Now, Madam, ſaid I, as he was then pleaſed to ſpeak his Mind, no doubt, I would not for any thing ſeem too forward.

Well, but, ſaid ſhe, as he now urges you in ſo genteel and gentlemanly a manner for a ſhorter Day, I think, if I was in your place, I would agree to it.

She

She ſaw me heſitate and bluſh, and ſaid, Well, you know beſt; but I ſay only what I would do. I ſaid, I would conſider of it; and if I ſaw he was very earneſt, to be ſure I ſhould think I ought to oblige him.

Miſs *Darnfords* were begging to be at the Wedding, and to have a Ball: And they ſaid, Pray Mrs. *Andrews*, ſecond our Requeſts, and we ſhall be greatly obliged to you. Indeed, Ladies, ſaid I, I cannot promiſe that, if I might---Why ſo, ſaid they. ---Becauſe, anſwered I,---I know not what! But, I think, one may, with Pleaſure, celebrate an *Anniverſary* of one's Nuptials; but the *Day itſelf*---Indeed, Ladies, I think it is too ſolemn a Buſineſs, for the *Parties* of our Sex to be very gay upon! It is a quite ſerious and awful Affair: And I am ſure, in your own Caſes, you would be of my Mind. Why then, ſaid Miſs *Darnford*, the more need one has to be as light-hearted and merry as one can.

I told you, ſaid my Maſter, what ſort of an Anſwer you'd have from *Pamela*. The younger Miſs ſaid, She never heard of ſuch grave Folks in her Life, on ſuch an Occaſion! Why, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I hope you'll ſing Pſalms all Day, and Miſs will faſt and pray! Such Sackcloth and Aſhes Doings, for a Wedding, did I never hear of!---She ſpoke a little ſpitefully, I thought; and I return'd no Anſwer. I ſhall have enough to do, I reckon, in a-while, if I am to anſwer every one that will envy me!

We went in to Tea, and all the Ladies could prevail upon my Maſter for, was a Dancing-match before he left this Country; but Miſs *Darnford* ſaid, It ſhould then be at their Houſe; for, truly, if ſhe might not be at the Wedding, ſhe would be affronted, and come no more hither, till we had been there.

When they were gone, my Maſter would have had my Father ſtay till the Affair was over; but he begg'd he might ſet out as ſoon as it was light in the Morning; for, he ſaid, my Mother would be doubly uneaſy at his Stay; and he burned with Impatience, to let her know all the happy things that had befallen her Daughter. When my Maſter found him ſo deſirous to go, he called Mr. *Thomas*, and ordered him to get a particular Bay-horſe ready betimes in the Morning, for my Father, and a Portmanteau, to put his Things in; and to attend him a Day's Journey: And if, ſaid he, Mr. *Andrews* chuſes it, ſee him ſafe to his own Home. And added he, ſince that Horſe will ſerve you, Mr. *Andrews*, to ride backwards and forwards, to ſee us when we go into *Bedfordſhire*, I make you a Preſent of it, with the Accoutrements. And ſeeing my Father going to ſpeak, he added, I won't be ſaid Nay. O how good was this!

He alſo ſaid a great many kind things at Supper-time, and gave him all the Papers he had of mine; but deſir'd, when he and my Mother had read them, that he would return them to him again. And then, he ſaid, So affectionate a Father and a Daughter may, perhaps, be glad to be alone together; therefore remember me to your good Wife, and tell her, it will not be long, I hope, before I ſee you together, on a Viſit to your Daughter, at my other Houſe; and ſo I wiſh you Good-night, and a good Journey, if you go before I ſee you. And then he ſhook Hands, and left my dear Father almoſt unable to ſpeak, thro' the Senſe of his Favours and Goodneſs.

You may believe, my dear Mother, how loth I was to part with my good Father; and he was alſo unwilling to part with me; but he was ſo impatient to ſee you, and tell you the bleſſed Tidings, with which his Heart overflow'd, that I could hardly wiſh to detain him.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Jewkes* brought two Bottles of Cherry-brandy, and two of Cinnamon-water, and ſome Cake; and they were put up in the Portmanteau, with my Father's newly preſented Cloaths; for he ſaid, he would not, for any thing, be ſeen in them in his Neighbourhood, till I was actually known, by every body, to be marry'd; nor would he lay out any Part of the twenty Guineas till then neither, for fear of Reflections; and then he would conſult me as to what he ſhould buy. Well, ſaid I, as you pleaſe, my dear Father; and I hope now we ſhall often have the Pleaſure of hearing from one another, without needing any Art or Contrivances.

He ſaid, he would go to-bed betimes, that he might be up as ſoon as it was light; and ſo he took Leave of me, and ſaid he would not love me, if I got up in the Morning to ſee him go; which would but make us more loth to part, and grieve us both all Day.

Mr. *Thomas* brought him a Pair of Boots, and told him, he would call him up at Peep of Day, and put up every thing over Night; and ſo I received his Bleſſing, and his Prayers, and his kind Promiſes of procuring the ſame from you, my dear Mother, and went up to my Cloſet with a heavy Heart, and yet a half-pleaſed one, if I may ſo ſay; for that, as he muſt go, he was going to the beſt of Wives, and with the beſt of Tidings: But I begg'd he would not work ſo hard as he had done; for I was ſure my Maſter would not have given him twenty Guineas for Cloaths, if he had not deſigned to do ſomething elſe for him; and that he ſhould be the leſs concern'd at receiving Benefits from my good Maſter, becauſe he, who had ſo many Perſons to employ in his large Poſſeſſions, could make him ſerviceable, to a Degree equivalent, without hurting any body elſe.

He promiſed me fair; and, pray, dear Mother, ſee he performs. I hope my Maſter will not ſee this. For I will not ſend it you, at preſent, till I can ſend you the beſt of News; and the rather, as my dear Father can ſupply the greateſt Part of what I have written, *ſince* the Papers he carries you, by his own Obſervation. So Good-night! my dear Mother: And God ſend my Father a ſafe Journey, and a happy Meeting to you both!

MONDAY.

MR. *Colbrand* being return'd, my Maſter came up to me to my Cloſet, and brought me the Licence. O how my Heart flutter'd at the Sight of it! Now, *Pamela*, ſaid he, tell me, If you can oblige me with the Day. Your Word is all that's wanting! I made bold to kiſs his dear Hand; and tho' unable to look up, ſaid,—I know not what to ſay, Sir, to all your Goodneſs! I would not, for any Conſideration, that you ſhould believe me capable of receiving negligently an Honour, that all the Duty of a long Life, were it to be lent me, will not be ſufficient to enable me to be grateful for. I ought to reſign myſelf in every thing I may or can, implicitly to your Will. But---But what? ſaid he, with a kind Impatience!——Why, Sir, ſaid I, when from laſt *Thurſday* you mention'd Fourteen Days, I had Reaſon to think that Term your Choice; and my Heart is ſo wholly yours, that I am afraid of nothing, but that I may be forwarder than you wiſh. Impoſſible, my dear Creature, ſaid he, and folded me in his Arms; impoſſible! If this be all, it ſhall be ſet about this Moment, and this happy Day ſhall make you mine!---I'll ſend away inſtantly, ſaid the dear Gentleman, and was going.

I ſaid, No, pray, Sir, pray, Sir, hear me!---Indeed it cannot be To-day!----Cannot! ſaid he. ---No,

---No, indeed, Sir! ſaid I.---And was ready to ſink to ſee his generous Impatience! Why flatter'd you then, my fond Heart, reply'd he, with the Hope that it might!---Sir, ſaid I, I will tell you what I had thought, if you'll vouchſafe me your Attention. Do then, ſaid he.

I have, Sir, proceeded I, a great Deſire, that whenever the Day is, it may be on a *Thurſday*: On a *Thurſday* my dear Father and Mother were marry'd, and tho' poor, they are a very happy Pair.---
---On a *Thurſday* your poor *Pamela* was born: On a *Thurſday* my dear good Lady took me from my Parents into her Protection: On a *Thurſday*, Sir, you caus'd me to be carry'd away to this Place, to which I now, by God's Goodneſs, and your Favour, owe ſo amazingly all my preſent Proſpects; and on a *Thurſday* it was, you nam'd to me that Fourteen Days from that, you would confirm my Happineſs. Now, Sir, if you pleaſe to indulge my ſuperſtitious Folly, you will greatly oblige me: I was ſorry, Sir, for this Reaſon, when you bid me not defer till the laſt Day of the Fourteen, that *Thurſday* in next Week was that laſt Day.

This, *Pamela*, is a little ſuperſtitious, I muſt needs ſay; and I think you ſhould begin now to make another Day in the Week a happy one; as for Example, On a *Monday*, may you ſay, my Father and Mother concluded to be marry'd on the *Thurſday* following. On a *Monday*, ſo many Years ago, my Mother was preparing all her Matters to be brought to-bed on the *Thurſday* following. On a *Monday*, ſeveral Weeks ago, it was that you had but two Days more to ſtay, till you was carry'd away on *Thurſday*. On a *Monday*, I myſelf, ſaid he, well remember, it was that I wrote you the Letter, that prevail'd on you ſo kindly to return to me; and on the ſame Day, you *did* return to my Houſe here; which I hope, my

Girl, will be as propitious an Æra as any you have nam'd: And now, laſtly, will you ſay, which will crown the Work; And, on a *Monday*, I was marry'd.——Come, come, my Dear, added he, *Thurſday* has reign'd long enough o'Conſcience; let us now ſet *Monday* in its Place, or at leaſt on an Equality with it, ſince you ſee it has a very good Title, and as we now ſtand in the Week before us, claims Priority; and then, I hope, we ſhall make *Tueſday*, *Wedneſday*, *Friday*, *Saturday* and *Sunday*, as happy Days, as *Monday* and *Thurſday*; and ſo, by God's Bleſſing, move round, as the Days move, in a delightful Circle, till we are at a Loſs what Day to prefer to the reſt.

O how charmingly was this ſaid!——And how ſweetly kind!

Indeed, Sir, ſaid I, you rally my Folly very agreeably; but don't let a little Matter ſtand in the way, when you are ſo generouſly obliging in greater: Indeed I like *Thurſday* beſt, if I may chuſe.

Well then, ſaid he, if you can ſay, you have a better Reaſon than this, I will oblige you; elſe I'll ſend away for the Parſon this Moment!

And ſo, I proteſt, he was going!---Dear Sirs, how I trembled! Stay, ſtay, Sir, ſaid I: We have a great deal to ſay firſt; I have a deal of ſilly Prate to trouble you with!---Well, ſay then, in a Minute, reply'd he, the moſt material: for all we have to ſay may be talk'd of while the Parſon is coming!—O but indeed, and indeed, ſaid I, it cannot be To-day!—Well then, ſhall it be To-morrow? ſaid he. ——Why, Sir, if it muſt not be on a *Thurſday*, you have given ſo many pleaſant Diſtinctions for a *Monday*, that let it then be next *Monday!*—What! a Week ſtill? ſaid he. Sir, anſwered I, if you pleaſe; for *that* will be, as you injoin'd, within the ſecond Seven Days. Why, Girl, ſaid he, 'twill be Seven Months

Months till next *Monday*. Let it, ſaid he, if not To-morrow, be on *Wedneſday*; I proteſt I will ſtay no longer.

Then, Sir, return'd I, pleaſe to defer it, however, for *one* Day more, and it will be my beloved *Thurſday!* If I conſent to defer it till then, may I hope, my *Pamela*, ſaid he, that next *Thurſday* ſhall *certainly* be the happy Day?—*Yes, Sir*, ſaid I; and I am ſure I looked very fooliſhly!

And yet, my dear Father and Mother, why ſhould I, with ſuch a fine Gentleman! And whom I ſo dearly love! And ſo much to my Honour too? But there is ſomething greatly awful upon my Mind, in the ſolemn Circumſtance, and a Change of Condition never to be recall'd, tho' all the Proſpects are ſo deſirable. And I can but wonder at the thoughtleſs Precipitancy with which moſt young Folks run into this important Change of Life!

So now, my dear Parents, have I been brought to fix ſo near a Day as next *Thurſday:* and this is *Monday*. O dear, it makes one out of Breath almoſt to think of it. This, though, was a great Cut-off; a whole Week out of ten Days. I hope I am not too forward! I'm ſure, if it obliges my dear Maſter, I am juſtify'd; for he deſerves of me all things in my poor Power.

After this, he rode out on Horſe-back, attended by *Abraham*, and did not return till Night. How, by degrees, Things ſteal upon one! I thought even this ſmall Abſence tedious, and the more, as we expected him home to Dinner.—I wiſh I may not be too fond, and make him indifferent: But yet, my dear Father and Mother, you were always fond of one another, and never indifferent, let the World run as it would.

When he returned, he ſaid, he had a pleaſant Ride, and was led out to a greater Diſtance than he

intended. At Supper he told me, that he had a great mind Mr. *Williams* ſhould marry us; becauſe, he ſaid, it would ſhew a thorough Reconciliation on his Part: But, ſaid he, moſt generouſly, I am apprehenſive, from what paſſed between you, that the poor Man will take it hardly, and as a ſort of Inſult, which I am not capable of. What ſays my Girl?—Do you think he would? I hope not, Sir, ſaid I: As to what he *may* think, I can't anſwer; but as to any Reaſon for his Thoughts, I can. For indeed, Sir, ſaid I, you have been already ſo generous, that he cannot, I think, miſtake your Goodneſs.

He then ſpoke with ſome Reſentment of Lady *Davers*'s Behaviour, and I ask'd, if any thing new had occurr'd? Yes, ſaid he; I have had a Letter deliver'd me from her impertinent Husband, profeſſedly at her Inſtigation, that amounted to little leſs than a Piece of inſolent Bravery, on ſuppoſing I was about to marry you. I was ſo provok'd, added he, that after I had read it, I tore it into a hundred Pieces, and ſcatter'd them in the Air, and bid the Man who brought it let his Maſter know what I had done with his Letter; and ſo would not permit him to ſpeak to me, as he would fain have done—I think the Fellow talk'd ſomewhat of his Lady coming hither; but ſhe ſhall not ſet her Foot within my Doors; and I ſuppoſe this Treatment will hinder her.

I was much concern'd at this: And he ſaid, Had I an hundred Siſters, *Pamela*, their Oppoſition ſhould have no Weight with me; and I did not intend you ſhould know it; but you can't but expect a little Difficulty from the Pride of my Siſter, who have ſuffer'd ſo much from that of her Brother; and we are too nearly ally'd in Mind as well as Blood, I find.—But this is not *her* Buſineſs. And if ſhe would have made it ſo, ſhe ſhould have done it with more *Decency*. Little Occaſion had *ſhe* to boaſt of her Birth,

Birth, that knows not what belongs to good Manners.

I ſaid, I am very ſorry, Sir, to be the unhappy Occaſion of a Miſunderſtanding between ſo good a Brother, and ſo worthy a Siſter. Don't ſay ſo, *Pamela*, becauſe this is an unavoidable Conſequence of the happy Proſpect before us. Only bear it well yourſelf, becauſe ſhe is my Siſter, and leave it to me to make her ſenſible of her own Raſhneſs.

If, Sir, ſaid I, the moſt lowly Behaviour, and humble Deportment, and in every thing ſhewing a dutiful Regard to good Lady *Davers*, will have any Weight with her Ladyſhip, aſſure yourſelf of all in my Power to mollify her. No, *Pamela*, return'd he, don't imagine when you are my Wife, I will ſuffer you to do any thing unworthy of that Character. I know the Duty of a Husband, and will protect your Gentleneſs to the utmoſt, as much as if you were a Princeſs by Deſcent.

You are inexpreſſibly good, Sir, ſaid I; but I am far from taking a gentle Diſpoſition, to ſhew a Meanneſs of Spirit: And this is a Trial I ought to expect; and well I may bear it, that have ſo many Benefits to ſet againſt it, which all ſpring from the ſame Cauſe.

Well, ſaid he, all the Matter ſhall be this: We will talk of our Marriage as a thing to be done next Week. I find I have Spies upon me where-ever I go, and whatever I do. But now, I am on *ſo* laudable a Purſuit, that I value them not, nor thoſe who employ them. I have already order'd my Servants to have no Conference with any body for ten or twelve Days to come. And Mrs. *Jewkes* tells me, every one names *Thurſday* come Sev'nnight for our Nuptials. So I will get Mr. *Peters*, who wants to ſee my little Chapel, to aſſiſt Mr. *Williams*, under the No-

tion of breakfaſting with me next *Thurſday* Morning, ſince you won't have it ſooner; and there will nobody elſe be wanting; and I will beg of Mr. *Peters* to keep it private, even from his own Family, for a few Days. Has my Girl any Objection?

O Sir, anſwered I, you are ſo generous in all your ways, I *can* have no Objections!—But I hope Lady *Davers* and you will not proceed to irreconcileable Lengths; and when her Ladyſhip comes to ſee you, and to tarry with you, two or three Weeks, as ſhe uſed to do, I will keep cloſe up, ſo as not to diſguſt her with the Sight of me.

Well, *Pamela*, ſaid he, we will talk of that afterwards. You muſt do then as I ſhall think fit: And I ſhall be able to judge what both you and I ought to do. But what ſtill aggravates the Matter is, that ſhe ſhould inſtigate the titled Ape her Husband to write to me, after ſhe had ſo little ſucceeded herſelf. I wiſh I had kept his Letter, that I might have ſhewn you how a Man, that generally *acts* like a Fool, can take upon him to *write* like a Lord. But I ſuppoſe it is of my Siſter's Penning, and he, poor Man, is the humble Copier.

TUESDAY.

MR. *Thomas* is return'd from you, my dear Father, with the good News of your Health, and your proceeding in your Journey to my dear Mother, where I hope to hear ſoon you are arriv'd. My Maſter has juſt now been making me play upon the Spinnet, and ſinging to it; and was pleaſed to commend me for both. But he does ſo for every thing I do, ſo partial does his Goodneſs make him to me.

One o' Clock.

WE are juſt return'd from an Airing in the Chariot; and I have been delighted with his Converſation upon *Engliſh* Authors, Poets particularly. He entertain'd me alſo with a Deſcription of ſome of the Curioſities he had ſeen in *Italy* and *France*, when he made what the polite World call the grand Tour. He ſaid he wanted to be at his other Seat; for he knew not well how to employ himſelf here, having not purpos'd to ſtay half the Time: And when I get there, *Pamela*, ſaid he, you will hardly be troubled with ſo much of my Company, after we are ſettled; for I have a great many things to adjuſt; and I muſt go to *London:* For I have Accounts that have run on longer than ordinary with my Banker there. And I don't know, added he, but the enſuing Winter, I may give you a little Taſte of the Diverſions of the Town for a Month or ſo. I ſaid, his Will and Pleaſure ſhould determine mine; and I never would, as near as I could, have a Deſire after thoſe, or any other Entertainments that were not in his own Choice.

He was pleaſed to ſay, I make no doubt but that I ſhall be very happy in you; and hope you will be ſo in me: For, ſaid he, I have no very enormous Vices to gratify; tho' I pretend not to the greateſt Purity neither, my Girl. Sir, ſaid I, if you can account to your own Mind, I ſhall always be eaſy in whatever you do. But our greateſt Happineſs here, Sir, continued I, is of very ſhort Duration; and this Life, at the longeſt, is a poor tranſitory one; and I hope we ſhall be ſo happy as to be enabled to look forward, with Comfort, to another, where our Pleaſures will be everlaſting.

You ſay well, *Pamela*, and I ſhall, by degrees, be more habituated to this way of thinking, as I more and more converſe with you; but at preſent, you muſt not be over-ſerious with me, all at once. Tho' I charge you never forbear to mingle your ſweet Divinity in our Converſation, whenever it can be brought in *à-propos*, and with ſuch a Chearfulneſs of Temper, as ſhall not throw a gloomy Cloud over our innocent Enjoyments.

I was abaſh'd at this, and ſilent, fearing I had offended; but he ſaid, if you attend righly to what I ſaid, I need not tell you again, *Pamela*, not to be diſcourag'd from ſuggeſting to me, on every proper Occaſion, the pious Impulſes of your own amiable Mind. Sir, ſaid I, you will be always indulgent, I make no doubt, to my Imperfections, ſo long as I mean well.

My Maſter made me dine with him, and would eat nothing but what I help'd him to; and my Heart is, every Hour, more and more inlarg'd with his Goodneſs and Condeſcenſion. But ſtill, what ails me, I wonder! a ſtrange ſort of Weight hangs upon my Mind, as *Thurſday* draws on, which makes me often ſigh involuntarily, and damps, at times, the Pleaſures of my delightful Proſpects!—I hope this is not ominous; but only the fooliſh Weakneſs of an over-thoughtful Mind, on an Occaſion the moſt ſolemn and important of one's Life, next to the laſt Scene, which ſhuts up all.

I could be very ſerious! But I will commit all my Ways to that bleſſed Providence, which hitherto has ſo wonderfully conducted me, thro' real Evils, to this hopeful Situation.

I only fear, and, ſure, I have great Reaſon, that I ſhall be too unworthy, to hold the Affections of ſo dear a Gentleman!—God teach me Humility, and to know

know my own Demerit! And this will be, next to his Grace, my ſureſt Guard, in the State of Life to which, tho' moſt unworthy, I am going to be exalted. And don't ceaſe your Prayers for me, my dear Parents; for, perhaps, this new Condition may be ſubject to ſtill worſe Hazards than thoſe I have eſcaped; as would be the Caſe, were Conceitedneſs, Vanity, and Pride, to take hold of my frail Heart! and if I was, for my Sins, to be left to my own Conduct, a frail Bark in a tempeſtuous Ocean, without Ballaſt, or other Pilot than my own inconſiderate Will. But my Maſter ſaid, on another Occaſion, that thoſe who doubted moſt, always erred leaſt; and, I hope, I ſhall always doubt my own Strength, my own Worthineſs!

I will not trouble you with twenty ſweet agreeable things that paſs'd in Converſation with my excellent Benefactor; nor with the Civilities of Mr. *Colbrand*, Mrs. *Jewkes*, and all the Servants, who ſeem to be highly pleas'd with me, and with my Conduct to them: And, as my Maſter, hitherto, finds no Fault that I go too low, nor they that I carry it too high, I hope I ſhall continue to have every body's Good-will. But yet, will I not ſeek to gain any one's by little Meanneſſes or Debaſements; but aim at an uniform and regular Conduct, willing to conceal *involuntary* Errors, as I would have my own forgiven, and not too induſtrious to diſcover *real* ones, or to hide ſuch, if any ſuch ſhould appear, as might encourage bad Hearts, or unclean Hands, in material Caſes, where my Maſter ſhould receive Damage, or where the Morals of the Tranſgreſſors ſhould appear wilfully and habitually corrupt. In ſhort, I will endeavour, as much as I can, that good Servants ſhall in me find a kind Encourager; indifferent ones be made better, by inſpiring them with a laudable Emulation; and bad ones, if not

too

too bad in Nature, and quite irreclaimable, reform'd by Kindneſs, Expoſtulation, and even proper Menaces, if neceſſary, but moſt by a good Example. All this, if God pleaſes.

WEDNESDAY.

NOW, my dear Parents, I have but this *one* Day, between me and the moſt ſolemn Rite that can be perform'd. My Heart cannot yet ſhake off this heavy Weight. Sure I am ingrateful to the Divine Goodneſs, and the Favour of the beſt of Benefactors!---Yet I hope I am not!---For at times, my Mind is all Exultation, with the Proſpect of what Good To-morrow's happy Solemnity may poſſibly, by the Leave of my generous Maſter, put it in my Power to do. O how ſhall I find Words to expreſs, as I ought, my Thankfulneſs, for all the Mercies before me!---

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WEDNESDAY Evening.

MY dear Maſter is all Love and Tenderneſs! He ſees my Weakneſs, and generouſly pities and comforts me! I begg'd to be excus'd Supper; but he brought me down himſelf from my Cloſet; and plac'd me by him, bidding *Abraham* not wait. I could not eat, and yet I try'd, for fear he ſhould be angry. He kindly forebore to hint any thing of the dreadful, yet delightful To-morrow! and put, now-and-then, a little Bit on my Plate, and guided it to my Mouth. I was concern'd to receive his Goodneſs with ſo ill a Grace. Well, ſaid he, if you won't eat with me, drink at leaſt, with me: I drank two Glaſſes by his Over-perſuaſions, and ſaid, I am really aſham'd of myſelf. Why, indeed, ſaid he, my dear Girl, I am not a very dreadful Enemy, I hope! I can-

I cannot bear any thing that is the leaſt concerning to you. Oh! Sir, ſaid I, all is owing to the Senſe I have of my own Unworthineſs!--- To be ſure, it cannot be any thing elſe.

He rung for the Things to be taken away! And then reach'd a Chair, and ſat down by me, and put his kind Arms about me, and ſaid the moſt generous and affecting things that ever dropt from the Honey-flowing Mouth of Love: All I have not time to repeat. Some I will; and oh! indulge your fooliſh Daughter, who troubles you with her weak Nonſenſe; becauſe what ſhe has to ſay, is ſo affecting to her; and becauſe, if ſhe went to-bed, inſtead of ſcribbling, ſhe could not ſleep.

This ſweet Confuſion and Thoughtfulneſs in my beloved *Pamela*, ſaid the kind Man, on the near Approach of our happy Union, when I hope all Doubts are clear'd up, and nothing of Diſhonour is apprehended, ſhew me moſt abundantly, what a Wretch I was to attempt ſuch Purity with a worſe Intention!—— No wonder, that one ſo virtuous, ſhould find herſelf deſerted of Life itſelf on a Violence ſo dreadful to her Honour, and ſeek a Refuge in the Shadow of Death.--- But now my deareſt *Pamela*, that you have ſeen a Purity on my Side, as nearly imitating your own, as our Sex can ſhew to yours; and ſince I have, all the Day long, ſuppreſs'd even the leaſt Intimation of the coming Day, that I might not alarm your tender Mind, why all this Concern, why all this affecting, yet ſweet Confuſion? You have a generous Friend, my dear Girl, in me! a Protector now, not a Violator of your Innocence! Why then, once more I ask, this ſtrange Perplexity, this ſweet Confuſion?

O Sir, ſaid I, and hid my Face in his Arms! expect not Reaſon from a fooliſh Creature! You ſhould have ſtill indulg'd me in my Cloſet! I am ready

ready to beat myſelf for this ungrateful Return to your Goodneſs. But I know not what!--- I am, to be ſure, a ſilly Creature. O had you but ſuffer'd me to ſtay by myſelf above, I ſhould have made myſelf aſham'd of ſo culpable a Behaviour!---- But Goodneſs added to Goodneſs every Moment, and the Senſe of my own Unworthineſs, quite overcome my Spirits!

Now, ſaid the generous Man, will I, tho' reluctantly, make a Propoſal to my ſweet Girl.--- If I have been too preſſing for the Day: If another Day will ſtill be more obliging: If you have Fears that will not then be, you ſhall ſay but the Word, and I'll ſubmit. Yes, my *Pamela*; for tho' I have theſe three Days paſt, thought every tedious Hour a Day, till *Thurſday* comes, if you earneſtly deſire it, I will poſtpone it. Say, my dear Girl, *freely* ſay; but accept not my Propoſal, without great Reaſon; which yet I will not ask for.

Sir, ſaid I, I can expect nothing but ſuperlative Goodneſs, I have been ſo long uſed to it from you. This is a moſt generous Inſtance of it, but, I fear---yes, I fear it will be but too much the ſame Thing, ſome Days hence, when the happy, yet, Fool that I am! dreaded Time, ſhall be equally near!--

Kind, lovely Charmer, ſaid he, now do I ſee you are to be truſted with Power, from the generous Uſe you make of it!---- Not one offenſive Word or Look, from me, ſhall wound your niceſt Thoughts; but pray try to ſubdue this Over-ſcrupulouſneſs, and unſeaſonable Timidity. I perſuade myſelf you will if you can!

Indeed, Sir, I will, ſaid I: for I am quite aſham'd of myſelf, with all theſe lovely Views before me!--- The Honours you do me, the Kindneſs you ſhew me! I cannot forgive myſelf! For oh! if I know the leaſt of this idle fooliſh Heart of mine, it

has

has not a miſgiving Thought of your Goodneſs; and I ſhould abhor it, if it were capable of the leaſt Affectation.—But, dear good Sir, leave me a little to myſelf, and I will take myſelf to a ſeverer Task than your Goodneſs will let *you* do! And I will preſent my Heart before you, a worthier Offering to you, than at preſent its wayward Follies will let it ſeem to be.—But one thing is, one has no kind Friend of one's own Sex, to communicate one's fooliſh Thoughts to, and to be ſtrengthen'd by their Comfortings! But I am left to myſelf, and, oh! what a weak ſilly Thing I am!—

He kindly withdrew, to give me Time to recollect myſelf, and in about half an Hour return'd. And then, that he might not begin at once upon the Subject, and ſay at the ſame Time ſomething agreeable to me, ſaid, Your Father and Mother have had a great deal of Talk by this Time about you, *Pamela*. O, Sir, return'd I, your Goodneſs has made them quite happy. But I can't help being concern'd about Lady *Davers*.

He ſaid, I am vex'd I did not hear the Footman out; becauſe it runs in my Head, he talk'd ſomewhat about her coming hither. She will meet with but an indifferent Reception from me, without ſhe comes reſolv'd to behave better than ſhe writes.

Pray, Sir, ſaid I, be pleas'd to bear with my good Lady, for two Reaſons. What are *they*, ſaid he? Why firſt, Sir, anſwered I, Becauſe ſhe is your Siſter, and, to be ſure, may very well think, what all the World will, that you have much under-valued yourſelf in making me happy. And next, Becauſe, if her Ladyſhip finds you out of Temper with her, it will ſtill aggravate her more againſt me; and every Time that any warm Words you may uſe between you, come into her Mind, ſhe will diſdain me more.

Don't

Don't concern yourſelf about it, ſaid he; for we have more proud Ladies than ſhe in our other Neighbourhood, who perhaps, have ſtill leſs Reaſon to be punctilious about their Deſcent, and yet will form themſelves upon her Example, and ſay, Why, his own Siſter will not forgive him, nor viſit him! And ſo, if I can ſubdue her Spirit, which is more than her Husband ever could, or indeed any body elſe, it is a great Point gain'd: And, if ſhe gives me Reaſon, I'll try for it, I aſſure you.

Well, but my dear Girl, continu'd he, ſince the Subject is ſo important, may I not ſay one Word about To-morrow?--- Sir, ſaid I, I hope I ſhall be leſs a Fool: I have talk'd as harſhly to my Heart, as Lady *Davers* can do, and the naughty Thing ſuggeſts to me a better. and more grateful Behaviour.

He ſmil'd, and kiſſing me, ſaid, I took Notice, *Pamela*, of what you obſerv'd, that you have none of your own Sex with you: I think it is a little hard upon you; and I ſhould have lik'd you ſhould have had Miſs *Darnford*; but then her Siſter muſt have been ask'd; and I might as well make a publick Wedding; which, you know, would have requir'd Cloaths, and other Preparations. Beſides, added he, a fooliſh Propoſal was once made me of that ſecond Siſter, who has two or three thouſand Pounds more than the other, left her by a Godmother, and ſhe can't help being a little piqu'd; tho', ſaid he, it was a Propoſal they could not expect ſhould ſucceed; for there is nothing in her Perſon nor Mind; and her Fortune, as that muſt have been the only Inducement, would not do by any means; and ſo I diſcourag'd it at once.

I am thinking, Sir, ſaid I, of another mortifying Thing too; That were you to marry a Lady of Birth and Fortune anſwerable to your own, all the Eve to the

the Day, would be taken up in reading, ſigning and ſealing of Settlements, and Portion, and ſuch-like. But now the poor *Pamela* brings you nothing at all! And the very Cloaths ſhe wears, ſo very low is ſhe, are intirely the Effects of your Bounty, and that of your good Mother! This makes me a little ſad!--- For, alas! Sir, I am ſo much oppreſſed by your Favours, and the Senſe of the Obligations I lie under, that I cannot look up with the Confidence that I otherwiſe ſhould, on this awful Occaſion.

There is, my dear *Pamela*, ſaid he, where the Power is wanting, as much Generoſity in the Will as in the Action. To all that know your Story and your Merit, it will appear, that I cannot recompenſe you for what I have made you ſuffer. You have had too many hard Struggles and Exerciſes; and have nobly overcome; and who ſhall grudge you the Reward of the hard-bought Victory?--- This Affair is ſo much the Act of my own Will, that I glory in being capable of diſtinguiſhing ſo much Excellence; and my Fortune is the more pleaſurable to me, as it gives me Hope, that I may make you ſome Part of Satisfaction for what you have undergone.

This, Sir, ſaid I, is all Goodneſs unmerited on my Side; and makes my Obligations the greater! I can only wiſh for more Worthineſs! --- But how poor is it to offer nothing but Words for ſuch generous Deeds!--- And to ſay, *I wiſh!*--- For what is a Wiſh, but the acknowledg'd want of Power to oblige? And a Demonſtration of one's Poverty, in every thing but *Will.*

And that, my dear Girl, ſaid he, is every thing! 'Tis All I want! 'Tis All that Heaven itſelf requires of us! But no more of theſe little Doubts, tho' they are the natural Impulſes of a generous and grateful Heart: I want not to be employ'd in Settlements.

Thoſe

Thoſe are for ſuch to regard, who made Convenience and Fortune the prime Conſiderations. I have Poſſeſſions ample enough for us both; and you deſerve to ſhare them with me; and you ſhall do it, with as little Reſerve, as if you had brought me what the World reckons an Equivalent: For, as to my own Opinion, you bring me what is infinitely more valuable, an experienc'd Truth, a well-try'd Virtue, and a Wit and Behaviour more than equal to the Station you will be placed in: To ſay nothing of this ſweet Perſon, that itſelf might captivate a Monarch; and of the Meekneſs of Temper, and Sweetneſs of Diſpoſition, which make you ſuperior to all the Women I ever ſaw.§

Thus kind and ſoothing, and honourably affectionate was the dear Gentleman, to the unworthy, doubting, yet aſſured *Pamela*; and thus patiently did he indulge, and generouſly pardon, my impertinent Weakneſs. He offer'd to go himſelf to Lady *Jones*, in the Morning, and reveal the Matter to her, and deſire her Secrecy and Preſence; but I ſaid, That would diſoblige the young Lady *Darnfords*. No, Sir, ſaid I, I will caſt myſelf upou your generous Kindneſs; for why ſhould I fear the kind Protector of my Weakneſs, and the Guide and Director of my future Steps?

You cannot, ſaid he, forgive Mrs. *Jewkes*; for *ſhe* muſt know it; and ſuffer *her* to be with you? Yes, Sir, ſaid I, I can: She is very civil to me now: And her former Wickedneſs I will forgive, for the ſake of the happy Fruits that have attended it; and becauſe *you* mention her.

Well, ſaid he, I will call her in, if you pleaſe!--- As you pleaſe, Sir, ſaid I. And he rung for her; and when ſhe came in, he ſaid, Mrs. *Jewkes*, I am going to intruſt you with a Secret. Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, I will be ſure to keep it as ſuch. Why, ſaid he,

he, we intend To-morrow, privately as poſſible, for our Wedding-day; and Mr. *Peters* and Mr. *Williams* are to be here, as to breakfaſt with me, and to ſhew Mr. *Peters* my little Chapel. As ſoon as the Ceremony is over, we will take a little Airing in the Chariot, as we have done at other Times; and ſo it will not be wonder'd that we are dreſs'd. And the two Parſons have promis'd Secrecy, and will go home. I believe you can't well avoid letting one of the Maids into the Secret; but that I leave to you.

Sir, reply'd ſhe, we all concludeed it would be in a few Days; and I doubt it won't be long a Secret. No, ſaid he, I don't deſire it ſhould; but you know we are not provided for a publick Wedding, and I ſhall declare it when we go to *Bedfordſhire*, which won't be long. But the Men, who lie in the Out-houſes, need not know it; for, by ſome means or other, my Siſter *Davers* knows all that paſſes.

Do you know, Sir, ſaid ſhe, that her Ladyſhip intends to be down here with you, in a few Days? Her Servant told me ſo, who brought you the Letter you was angry at.

I hope, ſaid he, we ſhall be ſet out for t'other Houſe firſt; and ſhall be pleaſed ſhe loſes her Labour. Sir, continued ſhe, her Ladyſhip propoſes to be here time enough to hinder your Nuptials; which ſhe takes, as we did, will be the Latter-end of next Week. Well, ſaid he, let her come; but yet I deſire not to ſee her.

Mrs. *Jewkes* ſaid to me, Give me Leave, Madam, to wiſh you all manner of Happineſs. But I am afraid I have too well obey'd his Honour, to be forgiven by you. Indeed, Mrs. *Jewkes*, return'd I, you will be more your own Enemy than I will be. I will look all forward: And ſhall not preſume, ſo much as by a Whiſper, to ſet my good Maſter againſt any one

he

he pleaſes to approve of. And, as to his old Servants, I ſhall always value them, and never offer to dictate to his Choice, or influence it by my own Caprices.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſaid my Maſter, you find you have no Cauſe to apprehend any thing. My *Pamela* is very placable; and as we have both been Sinners together, we muſt be both included in one Act of Grace.

Such an Example of Condeſcenſion, as I have before me, Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſaid I, may make you very eaſy; for I muſt be highly unworthy, if I did not forego all my little Reſentments, if I had any, for the ſake of ſo much Goodneſs to myſelf.

You are very kind, Madam, ſaid ſhe; and you may depend upon it, I will atone for all my Faults, by my future Duty and Reſpect to you, as well as to my Maſter.

That's well ſaid on both Sides, ſaid he; but, Mrs. *Jewkes*, to aſſure you, that my good Girl here has no Malice, ſhe chuſes you to attend her in the Morning, at the Ceremony, and you muſt keep up her Spirits.--- I ſhall, reply'd ſhe, be very proud of the Honour: But I cannot, Madam, but wonder to ſee you ſo very low-ſpirited, as you have been theſe two or three Days paſt, with ſo much Happineſs before you.

Why, Mrs. *Jewkes*, anſwered I, there can be but one Reaſon given; and that is, that I am a ſad Fool!--- But, indeed, I am not ungrateful neither; nor would I put on a fooliſh Affectation: But my Heart, at times, ſinks within me; I know not why, except at my own Unworthineſs, and becauſe the Honour done me is too high for me to ſupport myſelf under, as I ſhould do. It is an Honour, Mrs. *Jewkes*, added I, I was not born to; and no wonder then, I be-

have ſo aukwardly. She made me a fine Compliment upon it, and withdrew, repeating her Promiſes of Care, Secrecy, *&c.*

He parted from me, with very great Tenderneſs; and I came up, and ſet to writing, to amuſe my Thoughts, and wrote thus far. And Mrs. *Jewkes* being come up, and it being paſt Twelve, I will go to-bed; but not one Wink, I fear, ſhall I get this Night. ---- I could beat myſelf for Anger. Sure there is nothing ominous in this ſtrange Folly! ---- But I ſuppoſe all young Maidens are the ſame, ſo near ſo great a Change of Condition, tho' they carry it off more diſcreetly than I.

THURSDAY, Six o' Clock in the Morning.

I Might as well have not gone to-bed laſt Night, for what Sleep I had. Mrs. *Jewkes* often was talking to me, and ſaid ſeveral Things that would have been well enough from any body elſe of our Sex; but the poor Woman has ſo little Purity of Heart, that it is all *Say* from her, and goes no further than the Ear.

I fanſy my Maſter has not ſlept much neither; for I heard him up, and walking about his Chamber, ever ſince Break of Day. To be ſure, good Gentleman! he muſt have ſome Concern, as well as I; for here he is going to marry a poor fooliſh unworthy Girl, brought up on the Charity, as one may ſay, (at leaſt, Bounty) of his worthy Family! And this fooliſh Girl muſt be, to all Intents and Purpoſes, after Twelve o'Clock this Day, as much his Wife, as if he were to marry a Ducheſs!---- And here he muſt ſtand the Shocks of common Reflection: The great Mr. *B.* has done finely! he has marry'd his poor Servant *Wench!* will ſome ſay. The Ridicule and

and rude Jeſts of his Equals, and Companions too, he muſt ſtand: And the Diſdain of his Relations, and Indignation of Lady *Davers*, his lofty Siſter!--- Dear good Gentleman! he will have enough to do, to be ſure!--- O how ſhall I merit all theſe Things at his Hands! I can only do the beſt I can; and pray to God to reward him, and to reſolve to love him with a pure Heart, and ſerve him with a ſincere Obedience. I hope the dear Gentleman will continue to love me for *this*; for alas! I have nothing elſe to offer! But, as I can hardly expect ſo great a Bleſſing, if I can be ſecure from his Contempt, I ſhall not be unfortunate; and muſt bear his Indifference, if his rich Friends would inſpire him with it, and proceed with doing my Duty with Chearfulneſs.

Half an Hour paſt Eight o'Clock.

MY good dear Maſter, my kind Friend, my generous Benefactor, my worthy Protector, and Oh! all the good Words in one, my affectionate Husband, that is ſo ſoon to be, (be curbed in, my proud Heart, know thyſelf, and be conſcious of my Unworthineſs!---) has juſt left me, with the kindeſt, tendereſt Expreſſions, and gentleſt Behaviour that ever bleſt a happy Maiden. He approached me with a ſort of reined-in Rapture. My *Pamela!* ſaid he, May I juſt ask after your Employment? Don't let me chide my dear Girl, this Day, however. The two Parſons will be here to breakfaſt with us at Nine; and yet you are not a bit dreſs'd! Why this Abſence of Mind, and ſweet Irreſolution!

Why, indeed, Sir, ſaid I! I will ſet about a Reformation this Inſtant! He ſaw the Common-prayer Book lying in the Window. I hope, ſaid he, my lovely Maiden has been conning the Leſſon ſhe is by-and-by to repeat. Have you not, *Pamela*? And claſped his Arms about me, and kiſſed me.

Indeed,

Indeed, Sir, ſaid I, I have been reading over the ſolemn Service ----- And what thinks my Faireſt (for ſo he called me) of it?---O Sir, 'tis very aweful, and makes one ſhudder to reflect upon it! ---- No wonder, ſaid he, it ſhould affect my ſweet *Pamela:* I have been looking into it this Morning, and I can't ſay, but I think it a ſolemn, but very ſuitable Service. But this I tell my dear Love, continued he, and again claſped me to him, There is not a Tittle in it that I cannot joyfully ſubſcribe to: And *that*, my dear *Pamela*, ſhould make you eaſy, and join chearfully in it with me. I kiſſed his dear Hand; O my generous, kind Protector, ſaid I, how gracious is it to confirm thus the doubting Mind of your poor Servant! which apprehends nothing ſo much as her own Unworthineſs of the Honour and Bleſſing that await her! --- He was pleaſed to ſay, I know well, my deareſt Creature, that, according to the Liberties we People of Fortune generally give ourſelves, I have promiſed a great deal, when I ſay ſo. But I would not have ſaid it, if, deliberately, I could not with all my Heart. So, baniſh from your Mind all Doubt and Uneaſineſs; let a generous Confidence in me take place; and let me *ſee* it does, by your Chearfulneſs in this Day's ſolemn Buſineſs; and then I will love you for ever!

May God Almighty, Sir, ſaid I, reward all your Goodneſs to me! --- That is all I can ſay. But, Oh! how kind it is in you, to ſupply the want of the Preſence and Comfortings of a dear Mother, of a loving Siſter, or of the kind Companions of my own Sex, which moſt Maidens have, to ſooth their Anxieties on the ſo near Approach of ſo aweful a Solemnity.--- You, Sir, are all theſe tender Relations in one to me! Your Condeſcenſions and Kindneſs ſhall, if poſſible, embolden me to look up to you without that ſweet Terror, that muſt con-

found poor baſhful Maidens, on ſuch an Occaſion, when they are ſurrender'd up to a *more* doubtful Happineſs, and to half-ſtrange Men, whoſe good Faith, and good Uſage of them, muſt be *leſs* experienced, and is all expos'd in the dark Boſom of Futurity, and only to be proved by the Event.

This, my dear *Pamela*, ſaid he, is moſt kindly ſaid! It ſhews me, that you enter gratefully into my Intention. For I would, by my Conduct, ſupply all theſe dear Relations to you; and I voluntarily promiſe, from my Heart, to you, what I think I could not with ſuch aſſured Reſolutions of Performance, to the higheſt-born Lady in the Kingdom. For, let me tell my ſweet Girl, that, after having been long toſs'd by the boiſterous Winds of a more culpable Paſſion, I have now conquer'd it, and am not ſo much the Victim of your Beauty, all-charming as you are, as of your Virtue; and therefore may more boldly promiſe for myſelf, having ſo ſtable a Foundation for my Affection; which, ſhould this outward Beauty fail, will increaſe with your Virtue, and ſhine forth the brighter, as that is more illuſtriouſly diſplay'd, by the augmented Opportunities which the Condition you are now entering into, will afford you. ---O the dear charming Man! how nobly, how encouragingly kind was all this!

I could not ſuitably expreſs myſelf, and he ſaid, I ſee my Girl is at a Loſs for Words! I doubt not your kind Acceptance of my Declarations. And when I have acted too much the Part of a Libertine formerly, for you to look back without ſome Anxiety, I ought not, being now happily convicted, to ſay leſs.---But why loſes my Girl her Time? I will now only add, that I hope for many happy Years to make good, by my Conduct, what ſo willingly flows from my Lips.

He

He kiſſed me again, and ſaid, But, whatever you do, *Pamela*, be chearful; for elſe, may-be, of the ſmall Company we ſhall have, ſome one, not knowing how to account for your too nice Modeſty, will think there is *ſome other* Perſon in the World, whoſe Addreſſes would be ſtill *more* agreeable to you.

This he ſaid with an Air of Sweetneſs and Pleaſantry; but it alarm'd me exceedingly, and made me reſolve to appear as calm and chearful as poſſible. For this was indeed a moſt affecting Expreſſion, and enough to make me, if any thing can, behave as I ought, and to force my idle Fears to give way to Hopes ſo much better grounded. --- And I began almoſt, on this Occaſion, to wiſh Mr. *Williams* were not to marry me, leſt I ſhould behave like a Fool; and ſo be liable to an Imputation, which I ſhould be moſt unworthy, if I deſerv'd.

So I ſet about dreſſing me inſtantly; and he ſent Mrs. *Jewkes* to aſſiſt me. But I am never long a dreſſing, when I ſet about it; and my Maſter has now given me a Hint, that will, for half an Hour more, at leaſt, keep my Spirits in a brisk Circulation. Yet it concerns me a little too, leſt he ſhould have any the leaſt Shadow of a Doubt, that I am not, Mind and Perſon, intirely his.

And ſo being now ready, and not called to Breakfaſt, I ſat down and writ thus far.

I might have mention'd, that I dreſs'd myſelf in a rich white Satten Night-gown, that had been my good Lady's, and my beſt Head-cloaths, *&c.* I have got ſuch a Knack of Writing, that, when I am by myſelf, I cannot ſit without a Pen in my Hand.--- But I am now called to Breakfaſt. I ſuppoſe the Gentlemen are come!--- Now, Courage, *Pamela*; Remember thou art upon thy good Behaviour: ---- Fie upon it; my Heart begins to flutter again! ----

Fooliſh Heart! lie ſtill! Never, ſure, was any Maiden's perverſe Heart under ſo little Command as mine! --- It gave itſelf away, at firſt, without my Leave; it has been, for Weeks, preſſing me with its Wiſhes; and yet now, when it ſhould be happy itſelf, and make me ſo, it is throb, throb, throb, like a little Fool; and filling me with ſuch unſeaſonable Miſgivings, as abate the riſing Comforts of all my better Proſpects.

THURSDAY, near Three o'Clock.

I Thought I ſhould have found no Time nor Heart to write again this Day. But here are three Gentlemen come, unexpectedly, to dine with my Maſter; and ſo I ſhall not appear. He has done all he could, civilly, to ſend them away; but they will ſtay, tho', I believe, he had rather they would not. And ſo I have nothing to do but to write till I go to Dinner myſelf with Mrs. *Jewkes*: For my Maſter was not prepared for this Company; and it will be a little latiſh To-day. So I will begin with my happy Story where I left off.

When I came down to Breakfaſt, Mr. *Peters* and Mr. *Williams* were both there. And as ſoon as my Maſter heard me coming down, he met me at the Door, and led me in with great Tenderneſs. He had kindly ſpoken to them, as he told me afterwards, to mention no more of the Matter to me, than needs muſt. I paid my Reſpects to them, I believe, a little aukwardly, and was almoſt out of Breath; but ſaid, I had come down a little too faſt.

When *Abraham* came in to wait, my Maſter ſaid, (that the Servants ſhould not miſtruſt) 'Tis well, Gentlemen, you came as you did: For my good Girl and I were going to take an Airing till Dinner-time. I hope you'll ſtay and dine with me. Sir, ſaid

ſaid Mr. *Peters*, we won't hinder your Airing. I only came, having a little Time upon my Hands, to ſee your Chapel; but muſt be at home at Dinner; and Mr. *Williams* will dine with me. Well then, ſaid my Maſter, we will purſue our Intention, and ride out for an Hour or two, as ſoon as I have ſhewed Mr. *Peters* my little Chapel. Will you, *Pamela*, after Breakfaſt, walk with us to it? *If*---*if*, ſaid I, and had like to have ſtammer'd, fooliſh that I was! *if* you pleaſe, Sir. I could look none of them in the Face. *Abraham* looking at me; Why, Child, ſaid my Maſter, you have hardly recovered your Fright yet: How came your Foot to ſlip? 'Tis well you did not hurt yourſelf. Said Mr. *Peters*, improving the Hint, You han't ſprain'd your Ankle, Madam, I hope. No, Sir, ſaid I, I believe not: But 'tis a *little painful* to me. And ſo it was; for I meant my Fooliſhneſs! *Abraham*, ſaid my Maſter, bid *Robin* put the Horſes to the Coach, inſtead of the Chariot; and if theſe Gentlemen *will* go, we can ſet them down. No matter, Sir, ſaid Mr. *Peters:* I had as lieve walk, If Mr. *Williams* chuſes it. Well then, ſaid my Maſter, let it be the Chariot, as I told him.

I could eat nothing, tho' I attempted it; and my Hand ſhook ſo, I ſpilled ſome of my Chocolate, and ſo put it down again; and they were all very good, and looked another Way. My Maſter ſaid, when *Abraham* was out, I have a quite plain Ring here, Mr. *Peters:* And I hope the Ceremony will dignify the Ring; and that I ſhall give my Girl Reaſon to think it, for that Cauſe, the moſt valuable one that can be preſented her. Mr. *Peters* ſaid, he was ſure I ſhould ſet more by it than the richeſt Diamond in the World.

I had bid Mrs. *Jewkes* not to dreſs herſelf, leſt ſhe ſhould give Cauſe of Miſtruſt, and ſhe took my Advice.

When Breakfaſt was over, my Maſter ſaid, before *Abraham*, Well, Gentlemen, we will ſtep into the Chapel; and you muſt give me your Advice, as to the Alterations I deſign. I am in the more Haſte, becauſe the Survey you are going to take of it, for the Alterations, will take up a little Time; and we ſhall have but a ſmall Space between that and Dinner, for the little Tour I deſign to make.--- *Pamela*, you'll give us your Opinion, won't you? Yes, Sir, ſaid I; I'll come after you.

So they went out, and I ſat down in the Chair again, and fanned myſelf: I am ſick at Heart, ſaid I, I think, Mrs. *Jewkes*. Said ſhe, Shall I fetch you a little Cordial?---No, ſaid I, I am a ſad Fool! I want Spirits, that's all. She took her Smelling-bottle, and would have given it me; but I ſaid, Keep it in your Hand; may-be I ſhall want it; but I hope not.

She gave me very good Words, and begg'd me to go: And I got up, but my Knees beat ſo againſt one another, I was forced to ſit down again. But, at laſt, I held by her Arm, and paſſing by *Abraham*, I ſaid, This ugly Slip, coming down Stairs, has made me limp, tho'; ſo I muſt hold by you. Do you know, ſaid I, what Alterations there are to be in the Chapel, that we muſt all give our Opinions of them?

Nan, ſhe told me, was let into the Secret; and ſhe had order'd her to ſtay at the Chapel Door, to ſee that nobody came in. My dear Maſter came to me, at entering the Chapel, and took my Hand, and led me up to the Altar. Remember, my dear Girl, whiſper'd he, and be chearful. I am, I will. Sir, ſaid I; but I hardly knew what I ſaid; and ſo you may believe, when I ſaid to Mrs. *Jewkes*, Don't leave me; pray, Mrs. *Jewkes*, don't leave me; as if I had all Confidence in her, and none where it was moſt

moſt due. So ſhe kept cloſe to me. God forgive me! but I never was ſo abſent in my Life as at firſt; even till Mr. *Williams* had gone on in the Service, ſo far as to the aweful Words about *requiring us, as we ſhould anſwer at the dreadful Day of Judgment*; and then the ſolemn Words, and my Maſter's Whiſpering, Mind this, my Dear, made me ſtart. Said he, ſtill whiſpering, Know *you* any Impediment? I bluſh'd, and ſaid, ſoftly, None, Sir, but my great Unworthineſs.

Then followed the ſweet Words, *Wilt thou have this Woman to thy wedded Wife*, &c. and I began to take Heart a little, when my deareſt Maſter anſwer'd, audibly, to this Queſtion, *I will.* But I could only make a Court'ſy, when they asked me; tho', I am ſure, my *Heart* was readier than my *Speech*, and anſwer'd to every Article of *obey, ſerve, love* and *honour*.

Mr. *Peters* gave me away, and I ſaid after Mr. *Williams*, as well as I could, as my dear Maſter did, with a much better Grace, the Words of Betrothment; and the Ceremony of the Ring paſſing next, I received the dear Favour at his worthy Hands, with a moſt grateful Heart; and he was pleaſed to ſay afterwards in the Chariot, that when he had done ſaying, *With this Ring I thee wed*, &c. I made a Court'ſy, and ſaid, Thank you, Sir. May-be I did; for I am ſure it was a moſt grateful Part of the Service, and my Heart was overwhelm'd with his Goodneſs, and the tender Grace wherewith he perform'd it. I was very glad, that the next Part was the Prayer, and Kneeling; for I trembled ſo, I could hardly ſtand, betwixt Fear and Joy.

The Joining of our Hands afterwards, the Declaration of our being marry'd, to the few Witneſſes preſent; for, reckoning *Nan*, whoſe Curioſity would not let her ſtay at the Door, they were but Mr.

Peters, Mrs. *Jewkes*, and ſhe; the Bleſſing, the Pſalm, and the ſubſequent Prayers, and the concluding Exhortation, were ſo many beautiful, welcome and lovely Parts of this divine Office, that my Heart began to be delighted with them, and my Spirits to be a little freer.

And thus, my deareſt, dear Parents, is your happy, happy, thrice happy *Pamela*, at laſt, marry'd; and to whom? ---- Why, to her beloved, gracious Maſter! the Lord of her Wiſhes! And thus the dear, once naughty Aſſailer of her Innocence, by a bleſſed Turn of Providence, is become the kind, the generous Protector and Rewarder of it. God be evermore bleſſed and praiſed! and make me not wholly unworthy of ſuch a tranſcendent Honour!--- And bleſs and reward the dear, dear, good Gentleman, who has thus exalted his unworthy Servant, and given her a Place, which the greateſt Ladies would think themſelves happy in!

My Maſter ſaluted me moſt ardently, and ſaid, God give you, my dear Love, as much Joy on this Occaſion, as I have. And he preſented me to Mr. *Peters*, who ſaluted me; and ſaid, You may excuſe *me*, dear Madam; for I gave you away, and you are my Daughter. And Mr. *Williams* modeſtly withdrawing a little way; Mr. *Williams*, ſaid my Maſter, pray accept my Thanks, and wiſh your *Siſter* Joy. So he ſaluted me too; and ſaid, Moſt heartily, Madam, I do. And I will ſay, that to ſee ſo much Innocence and Virtue ſo eminently rewarded, is one of the greateſt Pleaſures I have ever known. This my Maſter took very kindly.

Mrs. *Jewkes* would have kiſſed my Hand at the Chapel Door; but I put my Arms about her Neck, for I had got a new Recruit of Spirits juſt then; and kiſſed her, and ſaid, Thank you, Mrs. *Jewkes*, for

for accompanying me. I have behav'd ſadly. No, Madam, ſaid ſhe, pretty well, pretty well!

Mr. *Peters* walked out with me; and Mr. *Williams* and my Maſter came out after us, talking together.

Mr. *Peters*, when we came into the Parlour, ſaid, I once more, Madam, muſt wiſh you Joy on this happy Occaſion. I wiſh every Day may add to your Comforts; and may you very long rejoice in one another! for you are the loveliеſt Couple I ever ſaw join'd. I told him, I was highly oblig'd to his kind Opinion, and good Wiſhes; and hoped my future Conduct would not make me unworthy of them.

My good Benefactor came in with Mr. *Williams*: So, my dear Life, ſaid he, How do you do? A little more compos'd, I hope! ---- Well, you ſee this is not ſo dreadful an Affair as you apprehended.

Sir, ſaid Mr. *Peters*, very kindly, 'tis a very ſolemn Circumſtance, and I love to ſee it ſo reverently and awefully enter'd upon. It is a moſt excellent Sign; for the moſt *thoughtful* Beginnings make the moſt *prudent* Proceedings.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, of her own Accord, came in with a large Silver Tumbler, filled with Sack, and a Toaſt, and Nutmeg, and Sugar; and my Maſter ſaid, That's well thought of, Mrs. *Jewkes*; for we have made but ſorry Breakfaſtings. And he would make me take ſome of the Toaſt; as they all did, and drank pretty heartily: And I drank a little, and it chear'd my Heart, I thought, for an Hour after.

My Maſter took a fine Diamond Ring from his Finger, and preſented it to Mr. *Peters*; who receiv'd it very kindly. And to Mr. *Williams* he ſaid, My old Acquaintance, I have reſerved for you, againſt a Variety of Solicitations, the Living I always de-

ſign'd for you; and I beg you'll prepare to take Poſſeſſion of it; and as the doing it may be attended with ſome Expence, pray accept of this towards it; and ſo he gave him (as he told me afterwards it was) a Bank Note of 50 *l.*

So did this generous good Gentleman bleſs us all, and me in particular; for whoſe ſake he was as bounteous as if he had married one of the nobleſt Fortunes.

So he took his Leave of the Gentlemen, recommending Secrecy again, for a few Days, and they left him; and none of the Servants ſuſpected any thing, as Mrs. *Jewkes* believes. And then I threw myſelf at his Feet, bleſſed God, and bleſſed him for his Goodneſs, and he overwhelm'd me with Kindneſs; calling me his ſweet Bride, and twenty lovely Epithets, that ſwell my grateful Heart beyond the Power of Utterance.

He afterwards led me to the Chariot; and we took a delightful Tour round the neighbouring Villages; and he did all he could, to diſſipate thoſe ſtill perverſe Anxieties that dwell upon my Mind, and, do what I can, ſpread too thoughtful an Air, as he tells me, over my Countenance.

We came home again by half an Hour after One; and he was pleaſing himſelf with thinking, not to be an Hour out of my Company this bleſſed Day, that (as he was ſo good as to ſay) he might inſpire me with a Familiarity that ſhould improve my Confidence in him, when he was told, that a Footman of Sir *Charles Hargrave* had been here, to let him know, that his Maſter, and two other Gentlemen, were on the Road to take a Dinner with him, in their Way to *Nottingham*.

He was heartily vex'd at this, and ſaid to me, He ſhould have been glad of their Companies at any other Time; but that it was a barbarous Intruſion now;

now; and he wiſh'd they had been told he would not be at Home at Dinner: And beſides, ſaid he, they are horrid Drinkers, and I ſhan't be able to get them away To-night, perhaps; for they have nothing to do, but to travel round the Country, and beat up their Friends Quarters all the Way; and 'tis all one to them, whether they ſtay a Night, or a Month, at a Place. But, added he, I'll find ſome way, if I can, to turn them off, after Dinner. --- Confound them, ſaid he, in a violent Pet, that they ſhould come this Day, of all the Days in the Year!

We had hardly alighted, and got in, before they came; three mad Rakes, they ſeemed to be, as I looked out of the Window, ſetting up a Hunting-note, as ſoon as they came to the Gate, that made the Court-yard echo again, and ſmacking their Whips in Concert.

So I went up to my Chamber, and ſaw (what made my Heart throb) Mrs. *Jewkes*'s officious Pains to put the Room in Order for a Gueſt, that however welcome, as now my Duty teaches me to ſay, is yet dreadful to me to think of. So I took Refuge in my Cloſet, and had recourſe to Pen and Ink, for my Amuſement, and to divert my Anxiety of Mind. --- If one's Heart is ſo ſad, and one's Apprehenſions ſo great, where one ſo extremely loves, and is ſo extremely obliged; What muſt be the Caſe of thoſe poor Maidens, who are forced, for ſordid Views, by their tyrannical Parents, or Guardians, to marry the Man they almoſt hate, and, perhaps, to the Loſs of the Man they moſt love? O that is a ſad thing indeed!---And what have not ſuch cruel Parents to anſwer for? and what do not ſuch poor innocent Victims ſuffer? ---- But, bleſſed be God, this Lot is far from being mine!

My good Maſter (for I cannot yet have the Preſumption to call him by a more tender Name) came up to me, and ſaid, Well, I juſt came to ask my dear Bride, (O the charming, charming Word!) how ſhe does? I ſee you are writing, my Dear, ſaid he. Theſe confounded Rakes are half mad, I think, and will make me ſo! However, ſaid he, I have order'd my Chariot to be got ready, as if I was under an Engagement five Miles off, and will ſet them out of the Houſe, if poſſible; and then ride round, and come back, as ſoon as I can get rid of them. I find, ſaid he, Lady *Davers* is full of our Affairs. She has taken great Freedoms with me, before Sir *Charles*; and they have all been at me, without Mercy; and I was forced to be very ſerious with them, or elſe they would have come up to have ſeen you, ſince I would not call you down. ---He kiſſed me, and ſaid, I ſhall quarrel with them, if I can't get them away: for I have loſt two or three precious Hours with my Soul's Delight; and ſo he went down.

Mrs. *Jewkes* ask'd me to walk down to Dinner in the little Parlour. I went down, and ſhe was ſo complaiſant as to offer to wait upon me at Table; and would not be perſuaded, without Difficulty, to ſit down with me. But I inſiſted ſhe ſhould: For, ſaid I, it would be very extraordinary, if one ſhould ſo ſoon go into ſuch Diſtance, Mrs. *Jewkes*.---Whatever my new Station may require of me, added I, I hope I ſhall always conduct myſelf in ſuch a manner, that Pride and Inſolence ſhall bear no Part in my Character.

You are very good, Madam, ſaid ſhe; but I will always know my Duty to my Maſter's Lady.---Why then, reply'd I, if I muſt take State upon me ſo early, Mrs. *Jewkes*, let me exact from you what you call your Duty; and ſit down with me when I deſire you.

This

This prevailed upon her; and I made ſhift to get down a Bit of Apple-pie, and a little Cuſtard; but that was all.

My good Maſter came in again, and ſaid, Well, thank my Stars! theſe Rakes are going now; but I muſt ſet out with them; and I chuſe my Chariot; for if I took Horſe, I ſhould have Difficulty to part with them; for they are like a Snow-ball, and intend to gather Company as they go, to make a merry Tour of it for ſome Days together.

We both got up, when he came in; Fie, *Pamela*, ſaid he! why this Ceremony now? ---Sit ſtill, Mrs. *Jewkes!*---Nay, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I was loth to ſit down, but my Lady would have me! ---- She is very right, Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſaid my Maſter, and tapp'd me on the Cheek; for we are yet but half married; and ſo ſhe is not above half your Lady yet! ---- Don't look ſo down, don't be ſo ſilent, my Deareſt, ſaid he; why, you hardly ſpoke twenty Words to me all the Time we were out together. Something I will allow for your baſhful Sweetneſs; but not too much. ---- Mrs. *Jewkes*, have you no pleaſant Tales to tell my *Pamela*, to make her ſmile, till I return?---Yes, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I could tell twenty pleaſant Stories; but my Lady is too nice to hear them; and yet, I hope, I ſhould not be ſhocking neither. Ah! poor Woman! thought I; thy chaſteſt Stories will make a modeſt Perſon bluſh, if I know thee; and I deſire to hear none of them.

My Maſter ſaid, Tell her one of the ſhorteſt you have, in my Hearing. Why, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I knew a baſhful young Lady, as Madam may be, marry'd to--- Dear Mrs. *Jewkes*, interrupted I, no more of your Story, I beſeech you! I don't like the Beginning of it. Go on, Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſaid my Maſter. No, pray, Sir, don't require it, ſaid I, pray don't. Well, ſaid he, then we'll have it another time, Mrs. *Jewkes*.

Abra-

Abraham coming in to tell him, the Gentlemen were going, and that his Chariot was ready; I am glad of that, ſaid he; and went to them, and ſet out with them.

I took a Turn in the Garden with Mrs. *Jewkes*, after they were gone: And having walked a while, I ſaid, I ſhould be glad of her Company down the Elm-walk, to meet the Chariot: For, Oh! I know not how to look up at him, when he is with me; nor how to bear his Abſence, when I have Reaſon to expect him! What a ſtrange Contradiction there is in this unaccountable Paſſion!

What a different Aſpect every thing in and about this Houſe bears now, to my Thinking, to what it once had! The Garden, the Pond, the Alcove, the Elm-walk. But, O! my Priſon is become my Palace; and no wonder every thing wears another Face!

We ſat down upon the broad Stile, leading towards the Road, and Mrs. *Jewkes* was quite another Perſon to me, to what ſhe was the laſt time I ſat there!

At laſt my beſt Beloved returned, and alighted there; What, my *Pamela!* (and Mrs. *Jewkes* then left me) What (ſaid he, and kiſſed me) brings you this way? I hope, to meet me.---Yes, Sir, ſaid I. That's kind, indeed, ſaid he; but why that averted Eye?--that downcaſt Countenance, as if you was afraid of me? You muſt not think ſo, Sir, ſaid I. Revive my Heart then, ſaid he, with a more chearful Aſpect; and let that over-anxious Solicitude which appears in the moſt charming Face in the World, be chaſed from it.--Have you, my dear Girl, any Fears that I can diſſipate; any Doubts that I can obviate; any Hopes that I can encourage; any Requeſt that I can gratify!---Speak, my dear *Pamela*; and if I have Power, *but* ſpeak, and to purchaſe one Smile, it ſhall be done!

I cannot, Sir, ſaid I, have any Fears, any Doubts, but that I ſhall never be able to deſerve all your Goodneſs.

Goodneſs. I have no Hopes, but that my future Conduct may be agreeable to you, and my determined Duty well accepted. Nor have I any Requeſt to make, but that you will forgive all my Imperfections; and, among the reſt, this fooliſh Weakneſs, that makes me ſeem to you, after all the generous Things that have paſſed, to want this further Condeſcenſion, and theſe kind Aſſurances. But indeed, Sir, I am oppreſs'd by your Bounty; my Spirits ſink under the Weight of it; and the Oppreſſion is ſtill the greater, as I ſee not how, poſſibly, in my whole future Life, by all I can do, to merit the leaſt of your Favours.

I know your grateful Heart, ſaid he; but remember, my Dear, what the Lawyers tell us, That Marriage is the higheſt Conſideration which the Law knows. And this, my ſweet Bride, has made you mine, and me yours; and you have the beſt Claim in the World to ſhare my Fortune with me. But, ſet that Conſideration aſide, what is the Obligation you have to me? Your Mind is pure as that of an Angel, and as much tranſcends mine. Your Wit and your Judgment, to make you no Compliment, are more than equal to mine: You have all the Graces that Education can give a Woman; improv'd by a Genius which makes thoſe Graces natural to you. You have a Sweetneſs of Temper, and a noble Sincerity, beyond all Compariſon; and in the Beauty of your Perſon, you excel all the Ladies I ever ſaw. Where then, my Deareſt, is the Obligation, if not on my Side to you? ---- But to avoid theſe Compariſons, let us talk of nothing henceforth but Equality; altho' if the Riches of your Mind, and your unblemiſhed Virtue, be ſet againſt *my* Fortune, (which is but an accidental Good, as I may call it, and all I have to boaſt of) the Condeſcenſion will be yours; and I ſhall not think I can poſſibly

poſſibly deſerve you, till, after your ſweet Example, my future Life ſhall become nearly as blameleſs as yours.

O Sir, ſaid I, what Comfort do you give me, that inſtead of my being in Danger of being inſnared by the high Condition to which your Goodneſs has exalted me, you make me hope, that I ſhall be confirm'd and approv'd by you; and that we may have a Proſpect of perpetuating each other's Happineſs, till Time ſhall be no more!---But, Sir, I will not, as you once caution'd me, be too ſerious. I will reſolve, with theſe ſweet Encouragements, to be, in every thing, what you would have me be! And I hope I ſhall, more and more, ſhew you that I have no Will but yours. He kiſſed me very tenderly, and thanked me for this kind Aſſurance, as he called it. And ſo we enter'd the Houſe together.

Eight o'Clock at Night.

NOW theſe ſweet Aſſurances, my dear Father and Mother, you will ſay, muſt be very conſolatory to me, and being voluntary on his Side, were all that could be wiſhed for on mine; and I was reſolved, if poſſible, to ſubdue my idle Fears and Apprehenſions.

Ten o'Clock at Night.

AS we ſat at Supper, he was generouſly kind to me, as well in his Actions as Expreſſions. He took notice, in the moſt delicate manner, of my Endeavour to conquer my Foibles; and ſaid, I ſee, with Pleaſure, my dear Girl ſtrives to comport herſelf in a manner ſuitable to my Wiſhes: I ſee even thro' the ſweet tender Struggles of your over-nice Modeſty, how much I owe to your Intentions of obliging

obliging me. As I have once told you, that I am the Conqueſt more of your Virtue than your Beauty; ſo, not one alarming Word or Look ſhall my beloved *Pamela* hear or ſee, to give her Reaſon to ſuſpect the Truth of what I aver. You may the rather believe me, continued he, as you may ſee the Pain I have to behold any thing that concerns you, even tho' your Concern be cauſleſs. And yet I will indulge my dear Girl's baſhful Weakneſs ſo far, as to own that ſo pure a Mind may ſuffer from Apprehenſion, on ſo important a Change as this; and I can therefore be only diſpleaſed with ſuch a Part of your Conduct, as may make your Sufferings greater than my own; when I am reſolved, thro' every Stage of my future Life, in all Events, to ſtudy to make them leſs.

After Supper, of which, with all his ſweet Perſuaſions, I could hardly taſte, he made me drink two Glaſſes of Champaign, and afterwards a Glaſs of Sack; which he kindly forced upon me, by naming your Healths: And as the Time of retiring drew on, he took notice, but in a very delicate manner, how my Colour went and came, and how fooliſhly I trembled. Nobody, ſurely, in ſuch delightful Circumſtances, ever behav'd ſo ſilly!—— And he ſaid, My deareſt Girl, I fear you have had too much of my Company for ſo many Hours together; and would better recollect yourſelf, if you retir'd for half an Hour to your Cloſet.

I wiſhed for this, but durſt not ſay ſo much, leſt he ſhould be angry; for, as the Hours grew on, I found my Apprehenſions increaſe, and my ſilly Heart was the unquieter, every time I could lift up my Eyes to his dear Face; ſo ſweetly terrible did he appear to my Apprehenſions. I ſaid, You are all Goodneſs, dear Sir; and I boldly kiſſed his dear Hand, and preſſed it to my Lips, with both mine. And

ſaluting

ſaluting me very fervently, he gave me his Hand: ſeeing me hardly able to ſtand, and led me to my Chamber-door, and then moſt generouſly withdrew.

I went to my Cloſet; and the firſt thing I did, on my Knees, again thanked God for the Bleſſing of the Day; and beſought his Divine Goodneſs to conduct my future Life in ſuch a manner, as ſhould make me a happy Inſtrument of his Glory. After this, being now left to my own Recollection, I grew a little more aſſured and lightſome; and the Pen and my Paper being before me, I amuſed myſelf with writing thus far.

Eleven o'Clock Thurſday *Night.*

MRS. *Jewkes* being come up with a Meſſage, deſiring to know, whether her Maſter may attend upon me in my *Cloſet*; and hinting to me, that, however, ſhe believed, he did not expect to find me *there*, I have ſent Word, that I beg he would indulge me one Quarter of an Hour.—So, committing myſelf to the Mercies of the Almighty, who has led me thro' ſo many ſtrange Scenes of Terror and Affrightment, to this happy, yet awful Moment, I will wiſh you, my dear Parents, a good Night; and tho' you will not ſee this in Time, yet I know I have your hourly Prayers, and therefore cannot fail of them now. So, Good-night, Good-night! God bleſs you, and God bleſs me. *Amen*, *Amen*, if it be his bleſſed Will, ſubſcribes

Your ever dutiful Daughter!

FRIDAY Evening.

O How this dear excellent Man indulges me in every thing! Every Hour he makes me happier, by his ſweet Condeſcenſion, than the former.

He

He pities my Weakneſs of Mind, allows for all my little Foibles, endeavours to diſſipate my Fears; his Words are ſo pure, his Ideas ſo chaſte, and his whole Behaviour ſo ſweetly decent, that never, ſurely, was ſo happy a Creature as your *Pamela!* I never could have hoped ſuch a Husband could have fallen to my Lot! And much leſs, that a Gentleman, who had allowed himſelf in Attempts, that now I will endeavour to forget for ever, ſhould have behaved with ſo very delicate and unexceptionable a Demeanour. No light, frothy Jeſts drop from his Lips; no alarming Railleries; no offenſive Expreſſions, nor inſulting Airs, reproach or wound the Ears of your happy, thrice happy Daughter. In ſhort, he ſays every thing that may embolden me to look up, with Pleaſure, upon the generous Author of my Happineſs.

At Breakfaſt, when I knew not how to ſee him, he emboldened me by talking of *you*, my dear Parents; a Subject, he generouſly knew, I *could* talk of: And gave me Aſſurances, that he would make you both happy. He ſaid, he would have me ſend you a Letter, to acquaint you with my Nuptials; and, as he could make Buſineſs that way, *Thomas* ſhould carry it purpoſely, as To-morrow. Nor will I, ſaid he, my dear *Pamela*, deſire to ſee your Writings, becauſe I told you I would not; for now I will, in every thing, religiouſly keep my Word with my dear Spouſe (O the dear delightful Word!); and you may ſend all your Papers to them, from thoſe they have, down to this happy Moment; only let me beg they will preſerve them, and let me have them when they have read them, as alſo thoſe I have not ſeen; which, however, I deſire not to ſee till then; but then ſhall take it for a Favour, if you will grant it.

It will be my Pleaſure, as well as my Duty, Sir, ſaid I, to obey you in every thing. And I will write

up

up to the Concluſion of this Day, that they may ſee how happy you have made me.

I know you will both join with me to bleſs God for his wonderful Mercies and Goodneſs to you, as well as to me: For he was pleaſed to ask me particularly after your Circumſtances, and ſaid, he had taken Notice that I had hinted, in ſome of my firſt Letters, that you ow'd Money in the World; and he gave me Fifty Guineas, and bid me ſend them to you in my Pacquet, to pay your Debts, as far as they would go; and that you would quit your preſent Buſineſs, and put yourſelf, and my dear Mother, into a creditable Appearance; and he would find a better Place of Abode for you than that you had, when he returned to *Bedfordſhire*. O how ſhall I bear all theſe exceeding great and generous Favours!——I ſend them, wrapt up, Five Guineas in a Parcel, in double Papers.

To me he gave no leſs than One hundred Guineas more; and ſaid, I would have you, my Dear, give Mrs. *Jewkes*, when you go away from hence, what you think fit, out of theſe, as from yourſelf!---Nay, good dear Sir, ſaid I, let that be what you pleaſe. Give her then, ſaid he, Twenty Guineas, as a Compliment on your Nuptials. Give *Colbrand* Ten Guineas: Give the two Coachmen, Five Guineas each; to the two Maids at this Houſe, Five Guineas each: Give *Abraham* Five Guineas: Give *Thomas* Five Guineas; and give the Gardeners, Grooms and Helpers, Twenty Guineas among them. And when, ſaid he, I return with you to the other Houſe, I will make you a ſuitable Preſent, to buy you ſuch Ornaments as are fit for my beloved Wife to appear in. For now, my *Pamela*, continued he, you are not to mind, as you once propoſed, what other Ladies will ſay; but to appear as my Wife ought to do. Elſe it will look as if what you thought of, as a Means

Means to avoid the Envy of others of your Sex, was a wilful Slight in me, which, I hope, I never ſhall be guilty of; and I will ſhew the World, that I value you as I ought, and as if I had marry'd the firſt Fortune in the Kingdom: And why ſhould it not be ſo? When I know none of the firſt Quality that matches you in Excellence.

He ſaw I was at a Loſs for Words, and ſaid, I ſee, my deareſt Bride! my Spouſe! my Wife! my *Pamela!* your grateful Confuſion. And kiſſing me, as I was going to ſpeak, I will ſtop your dear Mouth, ſaid he: You ſhall not ſo much as thank me; for when I have done ten times more than this, I ſhall but poorly expreſs my Love for ſo much Beauty of Mind, and Lovelineſs of Perſon; which thus, ſaid he, and claſped me to his generous Boſom, I can proudly now call my own!—O how, my dear Parents, can I think of any thing, but redoubled Love, Joy, and Gratitude!

And thus generouſly did he baniſh from my Mind thoſe painful Reflections, and baſhful Apprehenſions, that made me dread to ſee him, for the firſt Time this Day, when I was called to attend him at Breakfaſt, and made me all Eaſe, Compoſure, and Tranquillity.

He then, thinking I ſeem'd ſomewhat thoughtful, propoſed a little Turn in the Chariot till Dinner-time: And this was another ſweet Relief to me; and he diverted me with twenty agreeable Relations, of what Obſervations he had made in his Travels; and gave me the Characters of the Ladies and Gentlemen in his other Neighbourhood; telling me whoſe Acquaintance he would have me moſt cultivate. And when I mention'd Lady *Davers*, with Apprehenſion, he ſaid, To be ſure I love my Siſter dearly, notwithſtanding her violent Spirit; and I know ſhe loves me; and I can allow a little for her Pride,

Pride, becauſe I know what my own ſo lately was; and becauſe ſhe knows not my *Pamela*, and her Excellencies, as I do. But you muſt not, my Dear, forget what belongs to your Character, as my Wife, nor meanly ſtoop to her; tho' I know you will chuſe, by Softneſs, to try to move her to a proper Behaviour. But it ſhall be my Part to ſee, that you do not yield too much.

However, continued he, as I would not publickly declare my Marriage here, I hope ſhe won't come near us till we are in *Bedfordſhire*; and then, when ſhe knows we are marry'd, ſhe will keep away, if ſhe is not willing to be reconcil'd; for ſhe dare not, ſurely, come to quarrel with me, when ſhe knows it is done; for that would have an hateful and wicked Appearance, as if ſhe would try to make Differences between Man and Wife.—But we will have no more of this Subject, nor talk of any thing, added he, that ſhall give Concern to my Deareſt. And ſo he changed the Talk to a more pleaſing Subject, and ſaid the kindeſt and moſt ſoothing things in the World.

When we came home, which was about Dinner-time, he was the ſame obliging, kind Gentleman; and, in ſhort, is ſtudious to ſhew, on every Occaſion, his generous Affection to me. And, after Dinner, he told me, he had already written to his Draper, in Town, to provide him new Liveries: and to his late Mother's Mercer, to ſend him down Patterns of the moſt faſhionable Silks, for my Choice. I told him, I was unable to expreſs my Gratitude for his Favours and Generoſity; and as he knew beſt what befitted his own Rank and Condition, I would wholly remit myſelf to his good Pleaſure: but, by all his repeated Bounties to me, of ſo extraordinary a Nature, I could not but look forward with Awe upon the Condition to which he had exalted me;

and

and now I feared I ſhould hardly be able to act up to it in ſuch a manner as ſhould juſtify the Choice he had condeſcended to make: But that, I hoped, I ſhould have not only his generous Allowance for my Imperfections, which I could only aſſure him ſhould not be wilful ones, but his kind Inſtructions; and that as often as he obſerv'd any Part of my Conduct ſuch as he could not intirely approve, he would let me know it; and I would think his Reproofs of beginning Faults the kindeſt and moſt affectionate things in the World; becauſe they would keep me from committing greater; and be a Means to continue to me the Bleſſing of his good Opinion.

He anſwer'd me in the kindeſt manner; and aſſured me, That nothing ſhould ever lie upon his Mind which he would not reveal, and give me an Opportunity either of convincing him, or being convinced myſelf.

He then asked me, When I ſhould be willing to go to the *Bedfordſhire* Houſe? I ſaid, whenever he pleaſed. Said he, We will come down hither again before the Winter, if you pleaſe, in order to cultivate the Acquaintance you have begun with Lady *Jones*, and Sir *Simon*'s Family; and, if it pleaſe God to ſpare us to one another, in the Winter I will give you, as I promiſed, for two or three Months, my Company in *London*. And, I think, added he, if my Dear pleaſes, we will ſet out next Week, about *Tueſday*, for t'other Houſe. I can have no Objection, Sir, ſaid I, to any thing you propoſe; but how will you avoid Miſs *Darnford*'s Solicitation for an Evening, to dance? Why, ſaid he, we can make *Monday* Evening to do for that Purpoſe, if they won't excuſe us. But, if you pleaſe, ſaid he, I will invite Lady *Jones*, Mr. *Peters* and his Family, and Sir *Simon* and his Family, to my little Chapel, on *Sunday* Morning, and

to

to ſtay Dinner with me; and then I will declare my Marriage to them, becauſe my dear Life ſhall not leave this Country, with the leaſt Reaſon for a Poſſibility of any body's doubting that it is ſo. Oh! how good this was! But, indeed, his Conduct is all of a Piece, noble, kind, and conſiderate! What a happy Creature am I!—And then, may-be, ſaid he, they will excuſe us till we return into this Country again, as to the Ball. Is there any thing, added he, that my beloved *Pamela* has *ſtill* to wiſh? If you have, freely ſpeak.

Hitherto, my deareſt Sir, reply'd I, you have not only prevented my Wiſhes, but my Hopes, and even my Thoughts. And yet I muſt own, ſince your kind Command of ſpeaking my Mind, ſeems to ſhew that you expect from me, I ſhould ſay ſomething, that I have only one or two things to wiſh more, and then I ſhall be too happy. Say, ſaid he, what they are? Sir, proceeded I, I am, indeed aſhamed to ask any thing, leſt it ſhould not be agreeable to you; and leſt it ſhould look as if I was taking Advantage of your kind Condeſcenſions to me, and knew not when to be ſatisfy'd!

I will only tell you, *Pamela*, ſaid he, that you are not to imagine, that theſe things, which I have done, in hopes of obliging you, are the ſudden Impulſes of a *new* Paſſion for you. But, if I can anſwer for my own Mind, they proceed from a regular and uniform Deſire of obliging you; which, I hope, will laſt as long as your Merit laſts; and that, I make no Doubt, will be as long as I live. And I can the rather anſwer for this, becauſe I really find ſo much Delight in myſelf in my preſent way of Thinking and Acting, as infinitely overpays me; and which, for that Reaſon, I am likely to continue for *both* our ſakes. My beloved *Wife*, therefore, ſaid he, for methinks I am grown fond of a Name I once deſpiſed, may

may venture to ſpeak her Mind; and I will promiſe, that, ſo far as it is agreeable to me, and I chearfully can, I will comply; and you will not inſiſt upon it, if that ſhould not be the Caſe.

To be ſure, Sir, ſaid I, I ought not, neither will I. And now you embolden me to become an humble Petitioner, and that, as I ought, upon my Knees, for the reinſtating ſuch of your Servants, as I have been the unhappy Occaſion of their diſobliging you. He raiſed me up, and ſaid, My beloved *Pamela* has too often been in this ſuppliant Poſture to me, to permit it any more. Riſe, my Faireſt, and let me know whom, in particular, you would reinſtate; and he kindly held me in his Arms, and preſſed me to his beloved Boſom. Mrs. *Jervis*, Sir, ſaid I, in the firſt place; for ſhe is a good Woman; and the Misfortunes ſhe has had in the World, make your Diſpleaſure moſt heavy to her.

Well, ſaid he, who next? Mr. *Longman*, Sir, ſaid I; and, I am ſure, kind as they have been to me, yet would I not ask it, if I could not vouch for their Integrity, and if I did not think it was my dear Maſter's Intereſt to have ſuch good Servants.

Have you any thing further? ſaid he.---Sir, ſaid I, your good old Butler, who has ſo long been in your Family, before the Day of your happy Birth, I would, if I might, become an Advocate for!

Well, ſaid he, I have only to ſay, That had not Mr. *Longman*, and Mrs. *Jervis*, and *Jonathan* too, joined in a Body, in a bold Appeal to Lady *Davers*, which has given her the inſolent Handle ſhe has taken to intermeddle in my Affairs, I could eaſily have forgiven all the reſt of their Conduct; though they have given their Tongues no little Licence about me: But I could have forgiven them, becauſe I deſire every body ſhould admire you; and it is with Pride, that I obſerve not only their Opinion and

Love, but that of every body elſe that knows you, juſtify my own.---But yet, I will forgive even this, becauſe my *Pamela* deſires it; and I will ſend a Letter myſelf, to tell *Longman* what he owes to your Interpoſition, if the Eſtate he has made in my Family, does not ſet him above the Acceptance of it. And, as to Mrs. *Jervis*, do you, my Dear, write a Letter to her, and give her your Commands, inſtantly, on the Receipt of it, to go and take Poſſeſſion of her former Charge; for now, my deareſt Girl, ſhe will be more immediately your Servant; and I know you love her ſo well, that you'll go thither with the more Pleaſure to find her there.---But don't think, added he, that all this Compliance is to be for nothing. Ah! Sir, ſaid I, tell me but what I can do, poor as I am in Power, but rich in Will; and I will not heſitate one Moment. Why then, ſaid he, of your own Accord, reward me for my chearful Compliance, with one ſweet Kiſs—I inſtantly ſaid, Thus, then, dear Sir, will I obey; and, Oh! you have the ſweeteſt and moſt generous Way in the World, to make that a Condition, which gives me double Honour, and adds to my Obligations. And ſo I claſped my Arms about his Neck, and was not aſhamed to kiſs him once, and twice, and three times, once for every forgiven Perſon.

Now, my deareſt *Pamela*, ſaid he, what other things have you to ask? Mr. *Williams* is already taken care of; and, I hope, will be happy.---Have you nothing to ſay for *John Arnold*?

Why, dear Sir, ſaid I, you have ſeen the poor Fellow's Penitence in my Letters.---Yes, my Dear, ſo I have; but that is his Penitence for his having ſerv'd me, againſt you; and, I think, when he would have betray'd me afterwards, he deſerves nothing to be ſaid or done for him by either.

But, dear Sir, ſaid I, this is a Day of Jubilee, and the leſs he deſerves, poor Fellow, the more will be your Goodneſs. And let me add one Word, That as he was divided in his Inclinations between his Duty to you, and good Wiſhes to me, and knew not how to diſtinguiſh between the one and the other, when he finds us ſo happily united by your great Goodneſs to me, he will have no more Puzzles in his Duty; for he has not failed in any other Part of it; but, I hope, will ſerve you faithfully for the future.

Well, then, ſuppoſe I put Mrs. *Jewkes* in a good way of Buſineſs, in ſome Inn, and give her *John* for a Husband? And then your Gypſey Story will be made out, that ſhe will have a Husband younger than herſelf.

You are all Goodneſs, Sir, ſaid I. I can freely forgive poor Mrs. *Jewkes*, and wiſh her happy. But permit me, Sir, to ask, Would not this look like a very heavy Puniſhment to poor *John*?---- And as if you could not forgive him, when you are ſo generous to every body elſe?

He ſmiled, and ſaid, O my *Pamela*, this for a forgiving Spirit, is very ſevere upon poor *Jewkes*: But I ſhall never, by the Grace of God, have any more ſuch trying Services, to put him or the reſt upon; and if *you* can forgive him, I think *I* may; and ſo *John* ſhall be at your Diſpoſal. And now let me know, what my *Pamela* has further to wiſh?

O my deareſt Sir, ſaid I, not one ſingle Wiſh more has your grateful *Pamela*. My Heart is overwhelm'd with your Goodneſs! Forgive theſe Tears of Joy, added I! You have left me nothing to pray for, but that God will bleſs you with Life, and Health, and Honour, and continue to me the Bleſſing of your Eſteem; and I ſhall then be the happieſt Creature in the World.

He claſped me in his Arms, and ſaid, You cannot, my dear Life, be ſo happy in me, as I am in you. O how heartily I deſpiſe all my former Purſuits and headſtrong Appetites; what Joys, what true Joys! flow from virtuous Love! Joys which the narrow Soul of the Libertine cannot take in, nor his Thought conceive!---And which I myſelf, whilſt a Libertine, had not the leaſt Notion of!

But, ſaid he, I expected, my dear Spouſe, my *Pamela*, had ſomething to ask for herſelf: But ſince all her own Good is abſorbed in the Delight her generous Heart takes in promoting that of others, it ſhall be my Study to prevent her Wiſhes, and to make her Care for herſelf unneceſſary, by my anticipating Kindneſs.

In this manner, my dear Parents, is your happy Daughter bleſſed in a Husband! O how my exulting Heart leaps at the dear, dear Word!---And I have nothing to do, but to be humble, and to look up with Gratitude to the all-gracious Diſpenſer of theſe Bleſſings!

So, with a thouſand Thanks, I afterwards retired to my Cloſet, to write you thus far. And having completed what I purpoſe for this Pacquet, and put up the kind, obliging Preſent, I have nothing more to ſay, but that I hope ſoon to ſee you both, and receive your Bleſſings on this happy, thrice happy Occaſion. And ſo, hoping for your Prayers, that I may preſerve an humble and upright Mind to my gracious God, a dutiful Gratitude to my dear Maſter and Husband,—that I may long rejoice in the Continuance of theſe Bleſſings and Favours, and that I may preſerve, at the ſame time, an obliging Deportment to every one elſe, I conclude myſelf,

Your ever dutiful and moſt happy Daughter,

PAMELA B—.

O think

O think it not my Pride, my dear Parents, that ſets me on glorying in my Change of Name. Yours will be always dear to me, and what I ſhall never be aſhamed of, I am ſure! But yet--for *ſuch* a Husband!---What ſhall I ſay, ſince Words are too faint to expreſs my Gratitude and my Joy?

I have taken Copies of my Maſter's Letter to Mr. *Longman*, and mine to Mrs. *Jervis*, which I will ſend with the further Occurrences when I go to the other dear Houſe, or give you when I ſee you, as I now hope ſoon to do.

SATURDAY Morning, the Third of my happy Nuptials.

I Muſt ſtill write on, till I come to be ſettled in the Duty of the Station to which I am ſo generouſly exalted, and to let you participate with me the tranſporting Pleaſures that ariſe from my new Condition, and the Favours that are hourly heaped upon me by the beſt of Husbands. When I had got my Packet for you finiſhed, I then ſet about writing, as he had kindly directed me, to Mrs. *Jervis*; and had no Difficulty till I came to ſign my Name; and ſo I brought it down with me, when I was called to Supper, unſigned.

My good Maſter; for I delight, and always ſhall, to call him by that Name; had been writing to Mr. *Longman*; and he ſaid, pleaſantly, See here, my Deareſt, what I have written to your *Somebody*. I read as follows:

'*Mr.* LONGMAN,

'I Have the Pleaſure to acquaint you, that laſt '*Thurſday* I was marry'd to my beloved *Pa-*'*mela*. I have had Reaſon to be diſobliged with

'you, and Mrs. *Jervis* and *Jonathan*, not for your 'Kindneſs to, and Regard for my dear Spouſe, that 'now is, but for the manner in which you appealed 'to my Siſter *Davers*; which has made a very wide 'Breach between her and me. But as it was one 'of her firſt Requeſts, that I would overlook what 'had paſt, and reinſtate you all in your former 'Charges, I think myſelf obliged, without the leaſt 'Heſitation, to comply with it. So, if you pleaſe, 'you may enter again upon an Office which you 'have always executed with unqueſtionable Integrity, 'and to the Satisfaction of

'*Friday Afternoon.* *Yours*, &c.

'I ſhall ſet out next *Tueſday* or *Wedneſday* for '*Bedfordſhire*; and deſire to find *Jonathan*, as 'well as you, in your former Offices; in 'which, I dare ſay, you'll have the more 'Pleaſure, as you have ſuch an early Inſtance 'of the Sentiments of my dear Wife, from 'whoſe Goodneſs you may expect every 'agreeable thing. She writes herſelf to Mrs. '*Jervis*.'

I thanked him moſt gratefully for his Goodneſs, and afterwards took the above Copy of it: And ſhew'd him my Letter to Mrs. *Jervis*, as follows:

'*My dear Mrs.* JERVIS,

'I Have joyful Tidings to communicate to you. 'For Yeſterday I was happily marry'd to the 'beſt of Gentlemen, *yours* and *my* beloved Maſter. 'I have only now to tell you, that I am inexpreſſibly happy: That my generous Benefactor denies 'me nothing, and even anticipates my Wiſhes. You

'may

'may be ſure I could not forget my dear Mrs. *Jer-*
'*vis*; and I made it my Requeſt, and had it granted,
'as ſoon as asked, that you might return to the kind
'Charge, which you executed with ſo much Advan-
'tage to our Maſter's Intereſt, and ſo much Plea-
'ſure to all under your Direction. All the Power
'that is put into my Hands, by the moſt generous
'of Gentlemen, ſhall be exerted to make every
'thing eaſy and agreeable to you; and as I ſhall ſoon
'have the Honour of attending my beloved Spouſe
'to *Bedfordſhire*, it will be a very conſiderable Ad-
'dition to my Delight, and to my unſpeakable Ob-
'ligations to the beſt of Men, to ſee my dear Mrs.
'*Jervis*, and to be received by her with that Plea-
'ſure, which I promiſe myſelf from her Affection.
'For I am, my dear good Friend, and always will
'be,

'*Yours, very affectionately, and gratefully,*

PAMELA —.

He read this Letter, and ſaid, 'Tis Yours, my Dear, and muſt be good: But don't you put your Name to it? Sir, ſaid I, your Goodneſs has given me a Right to a very honourable one: But as this is the firſt Occaſion of the kind, except that to my dear Father and Mother, I think I ought to ſhew it you unſign'd, that I may not ſeem over-forward to take Advantage of the Honour you have done me.

However ſweetly humble and requiſite, ſaid he, this may appear to my dear *Pamela*'s Niceneſs, it befits me to tell you, that I am every Moment more and more pleaſed with the Right you have to my Name: And, my dear Life, added he, I have only to wiſh I may be half as worthy as you are of the happy Knot ſo lately knit. He then took a Pen himſelf, and wrote after *Pamela*, his moſt worthy

Surname; and I under-wrote thus: "O rejoice with "me, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, that I am enabled, by "God's Graciouſneſs, and my dear Maſter's Good-"neſs, thus to write myſelf."

Theſe Letters, and the Pacquet to you, were ſent away by Mr. *Thomas* early this Morning.

My deareſt Maſter is juſt gone to take a Ride out, and intends to call upon the Lady *Jones*, Mr. *Peters*, and Sir *Simon Darnford*, to invite them to Chapel and Dinner To-morrow; and ſays, he chuſes to do it himſelf, becauſe the Time is ſo ſhort, they will, perhaps, deny a Servant.

I forgot to mention, that Mr. *Williams* was here Yeſterday, to ask Leave to go to ſee his new Living, and to provide for taking Poſſeſſion of it, and ſeem'd ſo pleaſed with my Maſter's Kindneſs and Fondneſs for me, as well as his generous Deportment to himſelf, that he left us in ſuch a Diſpoſition, as ſhew'd he was quite happy. I am very glad of it; for it would rejoice me to be an humble Means of making all Mankind ſo: And Oh! what Returns ought I not to make to the Divine Goodneſs! and how ought I to ſtrive to diffuſe the Bleſſings I experience, to all in my Knowledge!—For elſe, what is it for ſuch a Worm as I to be exalted! What is my *ſingle* Happineſs, if I ſuffer it, Niggard-like, to extend no further than to myſelf?—But then, *indeed*, do God Almighty's Creatures act worthy of the Bleſſings they receive, when they make or endeavour to make, the whole Creation, ſo far as is in the Circle of their Power, happy!

Great and good God! as thou haſt enlarged my Opportunities, enlarge alſo my Will, and make me delight in diſpenſing to others, a Portion of that Happineſs which I have myſelf ſo plentifully receiv'd at the Hands of thy gracious Providence! Then

ſhall

ſhall I not be uſeleſs in my Generation!---Then ſhall I not ſtand a *ſingle* Mark of Thy Goodneſs to a poor worthleſs Creature, that in herſelf is of ſo poor Account in the Scale of Beings, a mere Cypher on the wrong Side of a Figure; but ſhall be placed on the right Side; and, tho' nothing worth in myſelf, ſhall give Signification by my *Place*, and multiply the Bleſſings I owe to thy Goodneſs, which has diſtinguiſh'd me by ſo fair a Lot!

This, as I conceive, is the indiſpenſable Duty of a high Condition; and how great muſt be the Condemnation of poor Creatures, at the great Day of Account, when they ſhall be ask'd, What Uſes they have made of the Opportunities put into their Hands? And are able only to ſay, We have lived but to *ourſelves*: We have circumſcribed all the Power thou haſt given us into one *narrow*, *ſelfiſh* Compaſs: We have heaped up Treaſures for thoſe who came after us, tho' we know not whether they will not make a ſtill worſe Uſe of them than we ourſelves did. And how can ſuch poor ſelfiſh Pleaders expect any other Sentence, than the dreadful, *Depart, ye Curſed!*

But ſure, my dear Father and Mother, ſuch Perſons can have no Notion of the exalted Pleaſures that flow from doing Good, were there to be no After-account at all!

There is ſomething ſo ſatisfactory and pleaſing to reflect on the being able to adminiſter Comfort and Relief to thoſe who ſtand in need of it, as infinitely, of itſelf, rewards the beneficent Mind. And how often have I experienced this in my good Lady's time; tho' but the ſecond-hand Diſpenſer of her Benefits to the Poor and Sickly, when ſhe made me her Almoner!—How have I been affected with the Bleſſings which the Miſerable have heaped upon Her for her Goodneſs, and upon me for being but the humble Conveyer of her Bounty to them!—And

how delighted have I been, when the moving Reports I have made of a particular Diſtreſs, has augmented my good Lady's firſt Intentions in Relief of it!

This I recal, with Pleaſure, becauſe it is now, by the Divine Goodneſs, become my Part to do thoſe good things ſhe was wont to do: And Oh! let me watch myſelf, that my proſperous State do not make me forget to look up with due Thankfulneſs, to the Providence which has intruſted me with the *Power*, that ſo I may not incur a terrible Woe by the Abuſe or Neglect of it!

Forgive me theſe Reflections, my dear Parents, and let me have your Prayers, that I may not find my preſent Happineſs a Snare to me; but that I may conſider, that more and more will be expected from me, in proportion to the Power given me; and that I may not ſo unworthily act, as if I believed I ought to ſet up my Reſt in my *mean Self*, and think nothing further to be done, with the Opportunities put into my Hand, by the Divine Favour, and the beſt of Men!

SATURDAY, Seven o'Clock in the Evening.

MY Maſter return'd home to Dinner, in Compliment to me, tho' much preſs'd to dine with Lady *Jones*, as he was alſo by Sir *Simon*, to dine with him. But Mr. *Peters* could not conveniently provide a Preacher for his own Church to-morrow Morning, at ſo ſhort a Notice; Mr. *Williams* being gone, as I ſaid, to his new Living; but believed he could for the Afternoon; and ſo he promiſed to give us his Company to Dinner, and to read Afternoon Service; and this made my Maſter invite all the reſt, as well as him, to Dinner, and not to Church, and made them promiſe to come; and told

told Mr. *Peters*, he would ſend his Coach for him and his Family.

Miſs *Darnford* told him, pleaſantly, ſhe would not come, unleſs he would promiſe to let her be at his Wedding; by which, I find, Mr. *Peters* has kept the Secret, as my Maſter deſired.

He was pleaſed to give me an Airing after Dinner in the Chariot, and renew'd his kind Aſſurances to me, and, if poſſible, is kinder than ever. This is ſweetly comfortable to me, becauſe it ſhews me he does not repent of his Condeſcenſions to me; and it encourages me to look up to him with more Satisfaction of Mind, and leſs Doubtfulneſs.

I begg'd Leave to ſend a Guinea to a poor Body in the Town, that I heard, by Mrs. *Jewkes*, lay very ill, and was very deſtitute. He ſaid, Send two, my Dear, if you pleaſe. Said I, Sir, I will never do any thing of this kind without letting you know what I do. He moſt generouſly anſwer'd, I ſhall then, perhaps, have you do leſs Good than you would otherwiſe do, from a Doubt of me; tho', I hope, your Diſcretion, and my own Temper, which is not avaricious, will make ſuch Doubt cauſeleſs.

Now, my Dear, continued he, I'll tell you how we will order this Point, to avoid even the Shadow of Uneaſineſs on one ſide, or Doubt on the other.

As to your Father and Mother, in the firſt Place, they ſhall be quite out of the Queſtion; for I have already determined in my Mind about them; and it is thus: They ſhall go down, if they and you think well of it, to my little *Kentiſh* Eſtate; which I once mention'd to you in ſuch a manner, as made you reject it with a Nobleneſs of Mind, that gave me Pain then, but Pleaſure ſince. There is a pretty little Farm and Houſe, untenanted, upon that

Eſtate, and tolerably ſtock'd, and I will further ſtock it for them; for ſuch induſtrious Folks won't know how to live without ſome Employment: and it ſhall be theirs for both their Lives, without paying any Rent; and I will allow them 50 *l. per Annum* beſides, that they may keep up the Stock, and be kind to any other of your Relations, without being beholden to you or me, for ſmall Matters; and for greater, where needful, you ſhall always have it in your Power to accommodate them; for I ſhall never queſtion your Prudence. And we will, ſo long as God ſpares our Lives, go down once a Year to ſee them, and they ſhall come up as often as they pleaſe, it cannot be too often, to ſee us; for I mean not this, my Dear, to ſend them from us.—Before I proceed, Does my *Pamela* like this?

O, Sir, ſaid I, the *Engliſh* Tongue affords not Words, or at leaſt I have them not, to expreſs ſufficiently my Gratitude. Teach me, dear Sir, continued I, and preſſed his dear Hand to my Lips, teach me ſome other Language, if there be any, that abounds with more grateful Terms, that I may not thus be choak'd with Meanings, for which I can find no Utterance.

My Charmer! ſays he, your Language is all-wonderful, as your Sentiments; and you moſt abound when you ſeem moſt to want!—All that I wiſh, is to find my Propoſals agreeable to you; and if my *firſt* are not, my *ſecond* ſhall be, if I can but know what you wiſh.

Did I ſay too much, my deareſt Parents, when I ſaid, he was, if *poſſible*, kinder and kinder!—O the bleſſed Man! How my Heart is overwhelm'd with his Goodneſs!

Well, ſaid he, my Deareſt, let me deſire you to mention this to *them*, to ſee if they approve it.

But

But if it be your Choice, and theirs, to have them nearer to you, or even under the ſame Roof with you, I will freely conſent to it.

O no, Sir, ſaid I, (and I fear almoſt ſinn'd in my grateful Flight) I am ſure they would not chuſe that; they could not, perhaps, ſerve God ſo well, if they were to live with you: for, ſo conſtantly ſeeing the Hand that bleſſes them, they would, it may-be, as muſt be my Care to avoid, be tempted to look no further in their Gratitude, than to the dear Diſpenſer of ſuch innumerable Benefits!

Excellent Creature! ſaid he, my Beloved wants no Language, nor Sentiment neither! and her charming Thoughts, ſo ſweetly expreſs'd, would grace any Language; and this is a Bleſſing almoſt peculiar to my Faireſt.—Your ſo kind Acceptance, my *Pamela*, added he, repays the Benefit, with Intereſt, and leaves me under Obligation to your Goodneſs.

But now, my Deareſt, I will tell you what we will do, with regard to Points of your own private Charity; for, far be it from me, to put under that Name the Subject we have been mentioning: Becauſe that, and more than that, is *Duty*, to Perſons ſo worthy, and ſo nearly related to my *Pamela*, and as ſuch, to myſelf.—O how the ſweet Man outdoes me in Thoughts, Words, Power, and every thing!

And this, ſaid he, lies in very ſmall Compaſs; for I will allow you Two hundred Pounds a Year, which *Longman* ſhall conſtantly pay you, at Fifty Pounds a Quarter, for your own Uſe, and of which I expect no Account; to commence from the Day you enter into my other Houſe: I mean, ſaid he, that the firſt Fifty Pounds ſhall then be due; becauſe you ſhall have ſomething to begin with. And, added the dear generous Man, if this be pleaſing to you, let it, ſince you ſay you want Words, be ſignify'd by ſuch a ſweet

a ſweet Kiſs as you gave me Yeſterday. I heſitated not a Moment to comply with theſe obliging Terms, and threw my Arms about his dear Neck, tho' in the Chariot, and bleſſed his Goodneſs to me. But indeed, Sir, ſaid I, I cannot bear this generous Treatment! He was pleaſed to ſay, Don't be uneaſy, my Dear, about theſe Trifles: God has bleſs'd me with a very good Eſtate, and all of it in a proſperous Condition, and generally well tenanted. I lay up Money every Year, and have, beſides, large Sums in Government and other Securities; ſo that you will find, what I have hitherto promiſed, is very ſhort of that Proportion of my Subſtance, which, as my deareſt Wife, you have a Right to.

In this ſweet manner did we paſs our Time till Evening, when the Chariot brought us home; and then our Supper ſucceeded in the ſame agreeable manner. And thus, in a rapturous Circle, the Time moves on; every Hour bringeth with it ſomething more delightful than the paſt!—Sure nobody was ever ſo bleſt as I!

SUNDAY, the Fourth Day of my Happineſs.

NOT going to Chapel this Morning, the Reaſon of which I told you, I beſtowed the Time, from the Hour of my Beloved's Riſing, to Breakfaſt, in Prayer and Thankſgiving, in my Cloſet; and now I begin to be quite eaſy, chearful and free in my Spirits; and the rather, as I find myſelf encouraged by the Tranquillity, and pleaſing Vivacity in the Temper and Behaviour of my beloved Spouſe, who thereby ſhews he does not repent of his Goodneſs to me.

I attended him to Breakfaſt, and drank my Chocolate with great Pleaſure, and eat two Bits of Toaſt; and he ſeemed quite pleaſed with me, and ſaid, Now

Now does my Deareſt begin to look upon me with an Air of Serenity and Satisfaction: It ſhall be always, added he, my Delight to give you Occaſion for this ſweet becoming Aſpect of Confidence and Pleaſure in me.—My Heart, dear Sir, ſaid I, is quite eaſy, and has loſt all its fooliſh Tumults, which combating with my Gratitude, might give an unacceptable Appearance to my Behaviour: But now your Goodneſs, Sir, has enabled it to get the better of its uneaſy Apprehenſions, and my Heart is all of *one* Piece, and devoted to you, and grateful Tranquillity. And could I be ſo happy as to ſee you and my good Lady *Davers* reconciled, I have nothing in this World to wiſh for more, but the Continuance of your Favour. He ſaid, I wiſh this Reconciliation, my Deareſt, as well as you; and I do aſſure you, more for your ſake than my own: And if ſhe would behave tolerably, I would make the Terms eaſier to her for that Reaſon.

He ſaid, I will lay down one Rule for you, my *Pamela*, to obſerve in your Dreſs, and I will tell you every thing I like or diſlike, as it occurs to me; and I would have you do the ſame, on your Part, that nothing may lie upon either of our Minds that may occaſion the leaſt Reſervedneſs.

I have often obſerved in marry'd Folks, that, in a little while, the Lady grows careleſs in her Dreſs; which to me, looks as if ſhe would take no Pains to ſecure the Affection ſhe had gained, and ſhews a Slight to her Husband, that ſhe had not to her Lover: Now, you muſt know, this has always given me great Offence; and I ſhould not forgive it, even in my *Pamela*; tho' ſhe would have *this* Excuſe for herſelf, that Thouſands could not make, That ſhe looks lovely in every thing. So, my Dear, I ſhall expect of you always, to be dreſs'd by Dinner-time, except

except ſomething extraordinary happens; and this, whether you are to go abroad, or ſtay at home. For this, my Love, will continue to you that ſweet Eaſe in your Dreſs and Behaviour, which you are ſo happy a Miſtreſs of; and whoever I bring home with me to my Table, you will be in a Readineſs to receive them; and will not want to make thoſe fooliſh Apologies, to unexpected Viſitors, that carry with them a Reflection on the Conduct of thoſe who make them; and beſides, will convince me, that you think yourſelf obliged to appear as graceful to your Husband, as you would to Perſons leſs familiar to your Sight.

This, dear Sir, ſaid I, is a moſt obliging Injunction; and I moſt heartily thank you for it, and will always take care to obey it.—Why, my Dear, ſaid he, you may better do this than half your Sex: Becauſe they too generally act in ſuch a manner, as if they ſeem'd to think it the Privilege of Birth and Fortune, to turn Day into Night, and Night into Day, and are ſeldom ſtirring till 'tis time to ſit down to Dinner; and ſo all the good old Family-Rules are revers'd: for they breakfaſt, when they ſhould dine; dine, when they ſhould ſup; and ſup, when they ſhould go to-bed; and, by the Help of dear Quadrille, ſometimes go to-bed when they ſhould riſe.—In all things but theſe, my Dear, continued he, I expect you to be a Lady. And my good Mother was one of this old-faſhion'd Cut, tho' in all other reſpects, as worthy a Lady as any in the Kingdom. And ſo you have not been uſed to the new Way, and may the eaſier practiſe the other.

Dear Sir, ſaid I, pray give me more of your ſweet Injunctions. Why then, continued he, I ſhall, in the uſual Courſe, and generally, if not hinder'd by Company, like to go to-bed with my Deareſt, by Eleven;

Eleven; and if I don't, ſhan't hinder you. I ordinarily now riſe by Six, in Summer. I will allow you to lie half an Hour after me, or ſo.

Then you'll have ſome time you may call your own, till you give me your Company to Breakfaſt; which may be always ſo, as that we may have done at a little after Nine.

Then will you have ſeveral Hours, again, at your Diſpoſal, till Two o'Clock, when I ſhall like to ſit down at Table.

You will then have ſeveral uſeful Hours more to employ yourſelf in, as you ſhall beſt like; and I would generally go to Supper by Eight; and when we are reſolved to ſtick to theſe old-faſhion'd Rules, as near as we can, we ſhall make our Viſitors conform to them too, and expect them from us, and ſuit themſelves according: For I have always obſerv'd, that it is in every one's Power to preſcribe Rules to himſelf. It is only ſtanding a few ridiculous Jeſts at firſt, and that too from ſuch, generally, as are not the moſt worthy to be minded; and, after a while, they will ſay, It ſignifies nothing to ask him: He will have his own Way. There is no putting him out of his Byaſs. He is a regular Piece of Clockwork, will they joke, and all that: And why, my Dear, ſhould we not be ſo? For Man is as frail a Piece of Machinery, as any Clockwork whatever; and, by Irregularity, is as ſubject to be diſorder'd.

Then, my Dear, continued the charming Man, when they ſee they are received, at my *own* Times, with an open Countenance and chearful Heart; when they ſee Plenty and Variety at my Board, and meet a kind and hearty Welcome from us both, they will not offer to break in upon my Conditions, nor grudge me my regular Hours: And as moſt of theſe People have nothing to do, except to riſe in a Morning, they may as well come to Breakfaſt with us,

at

at half an Hour after Eight, in Summer, as at Ten or Eleven; to Dinner at Two, as at Four, Five, or Six; and to Supper at Eight, as at Ten or Eleven. And then our Servants too will know, generally, the Times of their Buſineſs, and the Hours of their Leiſure or Receſs; and we, as well as they, ſhall reap the Benefit of this Regularity. And who knows, my Dear, but we may revive the good old Faſhion in our Neighbourhood, by this means?—At leaſt, it will be doing our own Parts towards it; and anſwering the good Leſſon I learned at School, *Every one mend one.* And the worſt that will happen will be, that when ſome of my Brother Rakes, ſuch as thoſe who broke in upon us, ſo unwelcomely, laſt *Thurſday*, are got out of the Way, if that can ever be, and begin to conſider whom they ſhall go to dine with in their Rambles, they will only ſay, We muſt not go to him, for his Dinner-time is over; and ſo they'll reſerve me for another time, when they happen to ſuit it better; or, perhaps, they will take a Supper and a Bed with me inſtead of it.

Now, my Deareſt, continued the kind Man, you ſee here are more of my Injunctions, as you call them; and tho' I will not be ſo ſet, as to quarrel if they are not always exactly comply'd with; yet, as I know you won't think them unreaſonable, I ſhall be glad they may, as often as they can; and you will give your Orders accordingly, to *your* Mrs. *Jervis*, who is a good Woman, and will take Pleaſure in obeying you.

O deareſt, dear Sir, ſaid I, have you no more of your ſweet Injunctions to honour me with? They oblige and improve me at the ſame time!—What a happy Lot is mine!

Why, let me ſee, my Deareſt, ſaid he—But I think of no more at preſent. For it would be needleſs to ſay, how much I value you for your natural Sweetneſs

neſs of Temper and that open Chearfulneſs of Countenance which adorns you, when nothing has given my Faireſt Apprehenſions for her Virtue: A Sweetneſs, and a Chearfulneſs that prepoſſeſſes in your favour, at firſt Sight, the Mind of every one that beholds you. — I need not, I hope, ſay, that I would have you diligently preſerve this ſweet Appearance: Let no thwarting Accident, no croſs Fortune, (for we muſt not expect to be exempt from ſuch, happy as we now are in each other!) deprive this ſweet Face of this its *principal* Grace: And when any thing unpleaſing happens, in a quarter of an Hour, at fartheſt, begin to miſtruſt yourſelf, and apply to your Glaſs; and if you ſee a Gloom ariſing, or ariſen, baniſh it inſtantly, ſmooth your dear Countenance, reſume your former Compoſure; and then, my Deareſt, whoſe Heart muſt always be ſeen in her Face, and cannot be a Hypocrite, will find this a means to ſmooth her Paſſions alſo: and if the Occaſion be too ſtrong for ſo ſudden a Conqueſt, ſhe will know how to do it more effectually, by repairing to her Cloſet, and begging that gracious Aſſiſtance, which has never yet failed her: And ſo ſhall I, my Dear, who, as you once, but too juſtly, obſerv'd, have been too much indulged by my good Mother, have an Example from you, as well as a Pleaſure in you, which will never be pall'd.

One thing, continued he, I have frequently obſerved, at the Houſe of many a Gentleman, That when we have unexpectedly viſited, or broke in upon the Family Order, laid down by the Lady; and eſpecially if any of us have lain under the Suſpicion of having occaſionally ſeduced our marry'd Companion into bad Hours, or given indifferent Examples, the poor *Gentleman* has been oddly affected at our coming; tho' the good Breeding of the *Lady* has made her juſt keep up Appearances. *He* has looked

ſo

ſo conſcious; has been ſo afraid, as it were, to diſoblige, has made ſo many Excuſes for ſome of us, before we have been accuſed, as have always ſhewn me how unwelcome we have been; and how much he is obliged to compound with his Lady for a tolerable Reception of us; and perhaps *ſhe* too, in proportion to the honeſt Man's Concern to court her Smiles, has been more reſerv'd, ſtiff and formal; and has behaved with an Indifference, and Slight, that has often made me wiſh myſelf out of *her* Houſe; for too plainly have I ſeen, that it was not *his*.

This, my Dear, you will judge by my Deſcription, has afforded me Subject for Animadverſion upon the marry'd Life; for a Man may not (tho', in the main, he is willing to flatter himſelf, that he is Maſter of his Houſe, and will aſſert his Prerogative upon great Occaſions, when it is ſtrongly invaded) be always willing to contend; and ſuch Women as thoſe I have deſcribed, are always ready to take the Field, and are worſe Enemies than the old *Parthians*, who annoy moſt, when they ſeem to retreat; and never fail to return to the Charge again, and carry on the offenſive War, till they have tired out Reſiſtance, and made the Husband willing, like a vanquiſh'd Enemy, to compound for ſmall Matters, in order to preſerve ſomething. At leaſt, the poor Man does not care to let his Friends ſee his Caſe, and ſo will not provoke a Fire to break out, that he ſees, (and ſo do his Friends too) the *meek* Lady has much ado to ſmother; and which, very poſſibly, burns with a moſt comfortable Ardour, after we are gone.

You ſmile, my *Pamela*, ſaid he, at this whimſical Picture; and I am ſure, I never ſhall have Reaſon to include you in theſe diſagreeable Out-lines; but yet will I ſay, that I expect from you, whoever comes to my Houſe, that you accuſtom yourſelf to one

one even, uniform Complaiſance: That no Frown take place on your Brow: That however ill or well provided we may be for their Reception, you ſhew no Flutter or Diſcompoſure: That whoever you may have in your Company at the Time, you ſignify not, by the leaſt reſerved Look, that the Stranger is come upon you unſeaſonably, or at a Time you wiſhed he had not. But be facetious, kind, obliging to all; and if to any one more than another, to ſuch as have the leaſt Reaſon to expect it from you, or who are moſt inferior at the Table: for thus will you, my *Pamela*, chear the doubting Mind, quiet the uneaſy Heart, and diffuſe Eaſe, Pleaſure, and Tranquillity around my Board.

And be ſure, my Dear, continued he, let no little Accidents ruffle your Temper. I ſhall never forget once, that I was at Lady *Arthur*'s; and a Footman happen'd to ſtumble, and let fall a fine China Diſh, and broke it all to pieces: It was grievous to ſee the Uneaſineſs it gave the poor Lady. And ſhe was ſo ſincere in it, that ſhe ſuffer'd it to ſpread all over the Company; and it was a pretty large one too; and not a Perſon in it, but turned either her Conſoler, or fell into Stories of the like Misfortunes; and ſo we all became, for the reſt of the Evening, nothing but blundering Footmen, and careleſs Servants, or were turned into broken Jars, Plates, Glaſſes, Tea-cups, and ſuch-like brittle Subſtances. And it affected me ſo much, that when I came home, I went to-bed, and dreamt, that *Robin*, with the Handle of his Whip, broke the Fore-glaſs of my Chariot; and I was ſo ſolicitous, methought, to keep the good Lady in Countenance for *her* Anger, that I broke his Head in Revenge, and ſtabb'd one of my Coach-horſes. And all the Comfort I had when it was done, methought, was, that I had not expoſed myſelf before Company; and there were

no

no Sufferers but guilty *Robin*, and one innocent Coach-horſe; for when my Hand was in, I might as reaſonably have killed the other three.

I was exceedingly diverted with theſe facetious Hints, and the pleaſant Manner in which he gave them; and I promis'd to improve by the excellent Leſſons contain'd in them.

I then went up and dreſſed myſelf, as like a Bride as I could, in my beſt Cloaths; and, on Inquiry, hearing my deareſt Maſter was gone to walk in the Garden, I went to find him out. He was reading in the little Alcove; and I ſaid, Sir, am I licens'd to intrude upon you?— No, my Dear, ſaid he, becauſe you cannot *intrude*. I am ſo wholly yours, that where-ever I am, you have not only a Right to join me; but you do me a very acceptable Favour at the ſame time.

I have, Sir, ſaid I, obey'd your firſt kind Injunction, as to dreſſing myſelf before Dinner; but, may-be, you are buſy, Sir? He put up the Paper he was reading, and ſaid, I can have no Buſineſs or Pleaſure of equal Value to your Company, my Dear. What was you going to ſay?— Only, Sir, to know if you have any more kind Injunctions to give me?— I could hear you talk a whole Day together.— You are very obliging, *Pamela*, ſaid he; but you are ſo perfectly what I wiſh, that I might have ſpar'd thoſe I gave you; but I was willing you ſhould have a Taſte of my Freedom with you, to put you upon the like with me. For I am confident there can be no Friendſhip laſting without Freedom, and without communicating to one another even the little Caprices, if my *Pamela* can have any ſuch, which may occaſion Uneaſineſs to either.

Now, my Dear, ſaid he, be ſo kind as to find ſome Fault with me, and tell me what you would wiſh me to do, to appear more agreeable to you. O, Sir,

Sir, ſaid I, and I could have kiſſed him, but for Shame, (To be ſure I ſhall grow a ſad fond Huſſy!) I have not one ſingle thing to wiſh for; no, not one! — He ſaluted me very kindly, and ſaid, he ſhould be ſorry if I had, and forbore to ſpeak it. Do you think, my dear Sir, ſaid I, that your *Pamela* has no Conſcience? Do you think, that becauſe you ſo kindly oblige her, and delight in obliging her, that ſhe muſt rack her Invention for Trials of your Goodneſs, and knows not when ſhe's happy! — O my deareſt Sir, added I, leſs than one half of the Favours you have ſo generouſly conferred upon me, would have exceeded my utmoſt Wiſhes!

My dear Angel, ſaid he, and kiſſed me again, I ſhall be troubleſome to you with my Kiſſes, if you continue thus ſweetly obliging, in your Actions and Expreſſions. O Sir, ſaid I, I have been thinking, as I was dreſſing myſelf, what an excellent Example you have given me of the Leſſons you teach me. For here, Sir, you are moſt charmingly dreſs'd yourſelf, as you have commanded me, before Dinner.

Then, Sir, when you commanded me, at your Table, to chear the doubting Mind, and comfort the uneaſy Heart, and to behave moſt kindly to thoſe who have leaſt Reaſon to expect it, and are moſt inferior; how ſweetly, in every Inſtance that could poſſibly occur, have you done this yourſelf, by your poor, unworthy *Pamela*, till you have diffuſed, in your own dear Words, Eaſe, Pleaſure, and Tranquillity around my glad Heart?

Then again, Sir, when you bid me not be diſturbed by little Accidents, or by Strangers coming in upon me unexpectedly, how noble an Inſtance did you give me of this, when, on our dear Wedding-day, the coming of Sir *Charles Hargrave*, and the other two Gentlemen, (for which you was quite unpro-

unprovided, and which hinder'd our Happineſs of dining together on that choſen Day) did not ſo diſturb you, but that you entertained the Gentlemen pleaſantly, and parted with them civilly and kindly! What charming Inſtances are theſe, I have been recollecting with Pleaſure, of your purſuing the Doctrine your deliver!

My Dear, ſaid he, theſe Obſervations are very kind in you, and much to my Advantage: But if I do not always, (for I fear theſe were too much Accidents) ſo well purſue the Doctrines I lay down, my *Pamela* muſt not expect that my Imperfections will be a Plea for her Non-obſervance of my Leſſons, as you call them; for, I doubt, I ſhall never be half ſo perfect as you; and ſo I cannot permit you to recede in your Goodneſs, tho' I may find myſelf unable to advance, as I ought, in my Duty.

I hope, Sir, ſaid I, by God's Grace, I never ſhall. I believe it, ſaid he; but I only mention this, knowing my own Defects, leſt my future Leſſons ſhould not be ſo well warranted by my Practice, as in the Inſtances you have kindly recollected.

He was pleaſed to take Notice of my Dreſs, and ſpanning my Waiſt with his Hands, ſaid, What a ſweet Shape is here! It would make one regret to loſe it; and yet, my beloved *Pamela*, I ſhall think nothing but that Loſs wanting, to complete my Happineſs. --- I put my bold Hand before his Mouth, and ſaid, Huſh, huſh! O fie, Sir!---The freeſt thing you have ever yet ſaid, ſince I have been yours!--- He kiſſed my Hand, and ſaid, Such an innocent Wiſh, my Deareſt, may be permitted me, becauſe it is the End of the Inſtitution.---- But ſay, Would ſuch a Caſe be unwelcome to my *Pamela*?--- I will ſay, Sir, ſaid I, and hid my bluſhing Face on his Boſom, that your Wiſhes, in every thing, ſhall be mine; but pray, Sir, ſay no more!--- He kindly ſaluted

luted me, and thanked me, and changed the Subject.----I was not too free, I hope!

Thus we talked, till we heard the Coaches; and then he ſaid, Stay here, in the Garden, my Dear, and I'll bring the Company to you. And when he was gone, I paſſed by the Back-door, kneel'd down againſt it, and bleſſed God for not permitting my then ſo much deſired Eſcape. I went to the Pond, and kneel'd down on the moſſy Bank, and again bleſſed God there, for his Mercy in my Eſcape from myſelf, my then worſt Enemy, tho' I thought I had none but Enemies, and no Friend near me. And ſo I ought to do in almoſt every Step of this Garden, and every Room in this Houſe!----And I was bending my Steps to the dear little Chapel to make my Acknowledgment there; but I ſaw the Company coming towards me.

Miſs *Darnford* ſaid, So, Miſs, How do you do now? O, you look ſo eaſy, ſo ſweetly, ſo pleaſed, that I know you'll let me dance at your Wedding; for I ſhall long to be there. Lady *Jones* was pleaſed to ſay, I look'd like an Angel. And Mrs. *Peters* ſaid, I improved upon them every time they ſaw me. Lady *Darnford* was alſo pleaſed to make me a fine Compliment, and ſaid, I looked freer and eaſier every time ſhe ſaw me. Dear-heart! I wiſh, thought I, you would ſpare theſe Compliments; for I ſhall have ſome Joke, I doubt, paſſed upon me by-and-by, that will make me ſuffer for all theſe fine things.

Mr. *Peters* ſaid, ſoftly, God bleſs you, dear *Daughter!*---But not ſo much as my Wife knows it.---Sir *Simon* came in laſt, and took me by the Hand, and ſaid, Mr. *B.* by your Leave. And kiſſed my Hand five or ſix times, as if he was mad; and held it with both his, and made a very free Jeſt, by way of Compliment, in his Way. Well, I think, a *young Rake* is hardly tolerable; but an *old Rake*, and an *old Beau*, are

two very ſad Things!----And all this before Daughters Women-grown!----I whiſper'd my Deareſt, a little after, and ſaid, I fear I ſhall ſuffer much from Sir *Simon*'s rude Jokes, by-and-by, when you reveal the Matter!----'Tis his way, my Dear, ſaid he; you muſt now grow above theſe things.----Miſs *Nanny Darnford* ſaid to me, with a ſort of half-grave, ironical Air,----Well, Miſs, if I may judge by your eaſy Deportment now, to what it was when I laſt ſaw you, I hope you will let my Siſter, if you won't me, ſee the happy Knot ty'd! For ſhe is quite wild about it.----I court'ſy'd, and only ſaid, You are all very good to me, Ladies.----Mr. *Peters*'s Niece ſaid, Well, Miſs, I hope, before we part, we ſhall be told the happy Day. My good Maſter heard her, and ſaid, you ſhall, you ſhall, Madam!----That's pure! ſaid Miſs *Darnford*.

He took me aſide, and ſaid, ſoftly, Shall I lead them to the Alcove, and tell them there, or ſtay till we go in to Dinner?----Neither, Sir, I think, ſaid I; I fear I ſhan't ſtand it.----Nay, ſaid he, they muſt know it; I would not have invited them elſe.---Why then, Sir, ſaid I, let it alone till they are going away.---Then, reply'd he, you muſt pull off your Ring. No, no, Sir, ſaid I, that I muſt not.---Well, ſaid he, do you tell Miſs *Darnford* of it yourſelf.----Indeed, Sir, anſwer'd I, I cannot.

Mrs. *Jewkes* came officiouſly to ask my Maſter, juſt then, if ſhe ſhould bring a Glaſs of Rheniſh and Sugar before Dinner for the Gentlemen and Ladies; and he ſaid, That's well thought of; bring it, Mrs. *Jewkes*.

And ſhe came with *Nan* attending her, with two Bottles and Glaſſes, and a Salver; and muſt needs, making a low Court'ſy, offer firſt to me, ſaying, Will your Ladyſhip begin? I colour'd like Scarlet, and ſaid, No,---my Maſter, to be ſure!

But

But they all took the Hint; and Miſs *Darnford* ſaid, I'll be hang'd if they have not ſtole a Wedding. Said Mrs. *Peters*, It muſt certainly be ſo! Ah! Mr. *Peters*.

I'll aſſure you, ſaid he, I have not marry'd them. Where were you, ſaid ſhe, and Mr. *Williams*, laſt *Thurſday* Morning? Said Sir *Simon*, Let me alone, let me alone; if any thing has been ſtolen, I'll find it out; I'm a Juſtice of the Peace, you know. And ſo he took me by the Hand, and ſaid, Come, Madam, anſwer me, by the Oath you have taken: Are you marry'd or not?

My Maſter ſmiled to ſee me look ſo like a Fool; and I ſaid, Pray, Sir *Simon!* ----Ay, ay, ſaid he, I thought you did not look ſo ſmirking upon us for nothing.----Well then, *Pamela*, ſaid my Maſter, ſince your Bluſhes diſcover you, don't be aſhamed, but confeſs the Truth!

Now, ſaid Miſs *Darnford*, I am quite angry. And, ſaid Lady *Darnford*, I am quite pleas'd; let me give you Joy, dear Madam, if it be ſo. And ſo they all ſaid, and ſaluted me round.----I was vexed it was before Mrs. *Jewkes*; for ſhe ſhook her fat Sides, and ſeem'd highly pleas'd to be a Means of diſcovering it.

Nobody, ſaid my Maſter, wiſhes me Joy. No, ſaid Lady *Jones*, very obligingly, nobody need; for with ſuch a peerleſs Spouſe, you want no good Wiſhes!---And he ſaluted them; and when he came laſt to me, ſaid before them all, Now, my ſweet Bride, my *Pamela*, let me conclude with you; for here I began to love, and here I deſire to end loving, but not till my Life ends.

This was ſweetly ſaid, and taken great Notice of, and it was doing Credit to his own generous Choice, and vaſtly more than I merited.

But I was forced to ſtand a many more Jokes afterwards. For Sir *Simon* ſaid, ſeveral times, Come, come, Madam, now you are become one of us, I ſhall be a little leſs ſcrupulous than I have been, I'll aſſure you.

When we came in to Dinner, I made no Difficulty of what all offer'd me, the Upper-end of the Table; and perform'd the Honours of it with pretty tolerable Preſence of Mind, conſidering. And, with much ado, my good Benefactor promiſing to be down again before Winter, we got off the Ball; but appointed *Tueſday* Evening, at Lady *Darnford's*, to take Leave of all this good Company, who promiſed to be there, my Maſter deſigning to ſet out on *Wedneſday* Morning for *Bedfordſhire*.

We had Prayers in the little Chapel, in the Afternoon; but they all wiſhed for the good Clerk again, with great Encomiums upon you, my dear Father; and the Company ſtaid Supper alſo, and departed exceedingly well ſatisfied, and with Abundance of Wiſhes for the Continuance of our mutual Happineſs; and my Maſter deſired Mr. *Peters* to anſwer for him to the Ringers, at the Town, if they ſhould hear of it, till our Return into this Country, and that then he would be bountiful to them, becauſe he would not publickly declare it till he had firſt done ſo in *Bedfordſhire*.

MONDAY, the fifth Day.

I Have had very little of my dear Friend's Company this Day; for he only ſtaid Breakfaſt with me, and rid out to ſee a ſick Gentleman about eighteen Miles off, who begg'd (by a Man and Horſe on purpoſe) to ſpeak with him, believing he ſhould not recover, and upon Part of whoſe Eſtate my Maſter has a Mortgage. He ſaid, My Deareſt, I ſhall be very

very uneaſy, if I am oblig'd to tarry all Night from you; but, leſt you ſhould be alarm'd, if I don't come home by Ten, don't expect me: For poor Mr. *Carlton* and I have pretty large Concerns together, and if he ſhould be very ill, and would be comforted by my Preſence, (as I know he loves me, and his Family will be more in my Power if he dies, than I wiſh for) Charity will not let me refuſe.

It is now Ten o'Clock at Night, and I fear he will not return. I *fear* for the ſake of his poor ſick Friend, who I doubt is worſe. Tho' I know not the Gentleman, I am ſorry for his own ſake, for his Family's ſake, and for my dear Maſter's ſake, who by his kind Expreſſions, I find, loves him: And methinks I ſhould be ſorry any Grief ſhould touch his generous Heart; tho' yet there is no living in this World, without too many Occaſions for Concern, even in the moſt proſperous State. And it is fit it ſhould be ſo; or elſe, poor Wretches as we are! we ſhould look no further, but be like ſenſual Travellers on a Journey homeward, who, meeting with good Entertainment at ſome Inn on the Way, put up their Reſt there, and never think of purſuing their Journey to their proper Home.---This, I remember, was often a Reflection of my good Lady's, to whom I owe it.

Eleven o'Clock.

MRS. *Jewkes* has been with me, and ask'd, If I will have her for a Bedfellow in want of a better? I ſaid, I thank'd her; but I would ſee how it was to lie by myſelf one Night.

I might have mention'd, that I made Mrs. *Jewkes* dine and ſup with me, and ſhe was much pleaſed with it, and my Behaviour to her. And I could ſee by her Manner, that ſhe was a little ſtruck inwardly

at ſome of her former Conduct to me. But, poor Wretch, it is much, I fear, becauſe I am what I am; for ſhe has otherwiſe very little Remorſe, I doubt.--- Her Talk and Actions are intirely different from what they us'd to be, quite circumſpect, and decent; and I ſhould have thought her virtuous, and even pious, had I never known her in another Light.

By this we may ſee, my dear Father and Mother, of what Force Example is; and what is in the Power of the Heads of Families to do: And this ſhews, that evil Examples, in Superiors, are doubly pernicious, and doubly culpable, becauſe ſuch Perſons are bad *themſelves*, and not only do no Good, but much *Harm*, to *others*; and the Condemnation of ſuch muſt, to be ſure, be ſo much the greater!----And how much the greater ſtill muſt my Condemnation be, who have had ſuch a religious Education under you, and been ſo well nurtur'd by my good Lady, if I ſhould forget, with all theſe Mercies heap'd upon me, what belongs to the Station I am preferr'd to!--- Oh how I long to be doing ſome Good! For all that is paſt yet, is my dear, dear Maſter's; God bleſs him! and return him ſafe to my Wiſhes; for methinks already, 'tis a Week ſince I ſaw him! if my Love would not be troubleſome and impertinent, I ſhould be nothing elſe; for I have a true grateful Spirit, and I had need to have ſuch an one, for I am poor in every thing but Will.

TUESDAY Morning, Eleven o'Clock

MY dear, dear---Maſter (I'm ſure I ſhould ſtill ſay; but I will learn to riſe to a ſofter Epithet, now-and-then) is not yet come. I hope he is ſafe and well!---So Mrs. *Jewkes* and I went to Breakfaſt. But I can do nothing but talk and think of him, and all his Kindneſs to me, and to you, which

which is ſtill *me*, more intimately!---I have juſt receiv'd a Letter from him, which he wrote Overnight, as I find by it, and ſent early this Morning. This is a Copy of it.

To Mrs. ANDREWS.

My deareſt PAMELA, *Monday Night.*

'I Hope my not coming home this Night will not 'frighten you. You may believe I can't help 'it. My poor Friend is ſo very ill, that I doubt 'he can't recover. His Deſires to have me ſtay 'with him are ſo ſtrong, that I ſhall ſit up all Night 'with him, as it is now near One o'Clock in the 'Morning; for he can't bear me out of his Sight: 'And I have made him and his diſtreſſed Wife and 'Children ſo eaſy, in the kindeſt Aſſurances I could 'give him of my Conſideration for him and them, 'that I am look'd upon (as the poor diſconſolate 'Widow, as ſhe, I doubt, will ſoon be, tells me) 'as their good Angel. I could have wiſh'd we had 'not engag'd to the good Neighbourhood at Sir '*Simon*'s for to-morrow Night; but I am ſo deſi-'rous to ſet out on *Wedneſday* for the other Houſe, 'that, as well as in Return for the Civilities of ſo 'many good Friends, who will be there on purpoſe, 'I would not put it off. What I beg of you, there-'fore, my Dear, is, that you would go in the Cha-'riot to Sir *Simon*'s, the ſooner in the Day, the bet-'ter, becauſe you will be diverted with the Com-'pany, who all ſo much admire you; and I hope 'to join you there by your Tea-time in the After-'noon, which will be better than going home, and 'returning with you, as it will be ſix Miles Difference 'to me; and I know the good Company will excuſe 'my Dreſs, on the Occaſion. I count every Hour of

'this little Abſence for a Day; for I am with the 'utmoſt Sincerity,

'*My deareſt Love*,

'*For ever Yours*, &c.

'If you could go to dine with them, it will be 'a Freedom that would be very pleaſing to 'them, and the more, as they don't expect it.'

I began to have a little Concern, leſt his Fatigue ſhould be too great, and for the poor ſick Gentleman and Family; but told Mrs. *Jewkes*, that the leaſt Intimation of his Choice ſhould be a Command to me, and ſo I would go to Dinner there; and order'd the Chariot to be got ready to carry me: when a Meſſenger came up, juſt as I was dreſs'd, to tell her, ſhe muſt come down immediately. I ſee at the Window, that Viſitors are come; for there is a Chariot and ſix Horſes, the Company gone out of it, and three Footmen on Horſeback; and I think the Chariot has Coronets. Who can it be, I wonder?---But here I will ſtop, for I ſuppoſe I ſhall ſoon know.

Good-ſirs! how unlucky this is! What ſhall I do! ---Here is Lady *Davers* come; her ownſelf! And my kind Protector, a great, great many Miles off. ---Mrs. *Jewkes*, out of Breath, comes and tells me this, and ſays ſhe is enquiring for my Maſter and me. She ask'd her, it ſeem'd, naughty Lady as ſhe is, if I was *whor'd* yet! There's a Word for a Lady's Mouth! Mrs. *Jewkes* ſays, ſhe knew not what to anſwer. And my Lady ſaid, She is not marry'd, I hope! And, ſaid ſhe, I ſaid, No; becauſe you have not own'd it yet publickly. My Lady ſaid, That was well enough. Said I, I will run away, Mr. *Jewkes*; and let

let the Chariot go to the Bottom of the Elm-walk, and I will ſteal out of the Door unperceiv'd.---But ſhe is inquiring for you, Madam, reply'd ſhe, and I ſaid you was within, but going out; and ſhe ſaid, ſhe would ſee you preſently, as ſoon as ſhe could have Patience. What did ſhe call me? ſaid I. *The Creature*, Madam: *I will ſee the Creature*, ſaid ſhe, *as ſoon as I can have Patience.* Ay, but, ſaid I, *the Creature* won't let her, if ſhe can help it.

Pray, Mrs. *Jewkes*, favour my Eſcape for this once, for I am ſadly frighted.---Said ſhe, I'll bid the Chariot go down as you order, and wait till you come; and I'll ſtep down, and ſhut the Hall-door, that you may paſs unobſerv'd; for ſhe ſits cooling herſelf in the Parlour over-againſt the Stair-caſe. That's a good Mrs. *Jewkes!* ſaid I: But who has ſhe with her? Her Woman, anſwer'd ſhe, and her Nephew; but he is on Horſeback, and is gone into the Stables; and they have three Footmen.---And I wiſh, ſaid I, they were all three hundred Miles off! ---What ſhall I do!---- So I wrote thus far, and wait impatiently to hear the Coaſt is clear.

Mrs. *Jewkes* tells me, I muſt come down, or ſhe will come up. What does ſhe call me now? ſaid I. *Wench*, Madam. *Bid the Wench come down to me.* And her Nephew and her Woman are with her.

Said I, I can't go, and that's enough!---You might contrive it that I might get out, if you would.--- Indeed, Madam, ſaid ſhe, I cannot; for I went to ſhut the Door, and ſhe bid me let it ſtand open; and there ſhe ſits over-againſt the Stair-caſe. Then, ſaid I, I'll get out of the Window, I think!—an fann'd myſelf) for I am ſadly frighted. Laud, Madam, ſaid ſhe, I wonder you ſo much diſturb yourſelf!----You're on the right Side the Hedge, I'm

ſure; and I would not be ſo diſcompos'd for any body. Ay, ſaid I, but who can help Conſtitution? I dare ſay you would no more be ſo diſcompos'd, than I can help it.---Said ſhe, indeed, Madam, if it was to me, I would put on an Air as Miſtreſs of the Houſe, as you *are*, and go and ſalute her Ladyſhip, and bid her welcome. Ay, ay, reply'd I, fine Talking!---But how unlucky this is, your good Maſter is not at home!

What Anſwer ſhall I give her, ſaid ſhe, to her deſiring to ſee you?---Tell her, ſaid I, I am ſick a-bed; I'm dying, and muſt not be diſturb'd: I'm gone out,---or any thing?

But her Woman came up to me, juſt as I had utter'd this, and ſaid, How do you do, Mrs. *Pamela*? My Lady deſires to ſpeak with you. So I muſt go.---Sure ſhe won't beat me!---Oh that my dear Protector was at home!

Well, now will I tell you all that happen'd in this frightful Interview.---And very bad it was.

I went down, dreſs'd as I was, and my Gloves on, and my Fan in my Hand, to be juſt ready to get into the Chariot, when I could get away; and I thought all my trembling Fits had been over now; but I was miſtaken; for I trembled ſadly. Yet reſolv'd to put on as good an Air as I could.

So I went to the Parlour, and ſaid, making a very low Court'ſy, Your Servant, my good Lady! And your Servant again, ſaid ſhe, *my Lady*; for I think you are dreſs'd out like one.

A charming Girl tho'! ſaid her rakiſh Nephew, and ſwore a great Oath; Dear Aunt, forgive me, but I muſt kiſs her; and was coming to me. And I ſaid, Forbear, uncivil Gentleman! I won't be us'd freely. *Jackey*, ſaid my Lady, ſit down, and don't touch the Crea-

Creature!---She's proud enough already. There's a great Difference in her Air, I'll aſſure you, ſince I ſaw her laſt.

Well, Child, ſaid ſhe, ſneeringly, how doſt find thyſelf?---Thou'rt mightily come on of late!---I hear ſtrange Reports about thee!---Thou'rt almoſt got into Fool's Paradiſe, I doubt!---And wilt find thyſelf terribly miſtaken in a little while, if thou thinkeſt my Brother will diſgrace his Family to humour thy Baby-Face!

I ſee, ſaid I, ſadly vex'd, (her Woman and Nephew ſmiling by) your Ladyſhip has no very important Commands for me, and I beg Leave to withdraw. *Beck*, ſaid ſhe, to her Woman, ſhut the Door; my young Lady and I muſt not have done ſo ſoon.

Where's your well-manner'd Deceiver gone, Child? ſays ſhe.---Said I, when your Ladyſhip is pleas'd to ſpeak intelligibly, I ſhall know how to anſwer.

Well, but my dear Child, ſaid ſhe in Drollery, don't be too *pert* neither, I beſeech thee. Thou wilt not find thy Maſter's Siſter half ſo ready to take thy Freedoms, as thy mannerly Maſter is!---So, a little of that Modeſty and Humility that my Mother's Waiting-maid uſed to ſhew, will become thee better than the Airs thou giveſt thyſelf, ſince my Mother's Son has taught thee to forget thyſelf.

I would beg, ſaid I, one Favour of your Ladyſhip, that if you would have me keep my Diſtance, you will not forget your own Degree.---Why, ſuppoſe, *Miſs Pert*, I ſhould forget my Degree, wouldſt thou not keep thy Diſtance then?

If you, Madam, ſaid I, leſſen the Diſtance yourſelf, you will deſcend to my Level, and make an Equality, which I don't preſume to think of; for I

can't deſcend lower than I am,—at leaſt in your Ladyſhip's Eſteem!

Did I not tell you, *Jackey*, ſaid ſhe, that I ſhould have a Wit to talk to?—He, who ſwears like a fine Gentleman, at every Word, rapt out an Oath, and ſaid, drolling, I think, Mrs. *Pamela*, if I may be ſo bold as to ſay ſo, you ſhould know you are ſpeaking to Lady *Davers!*---Sir, ſaid I, I hope there was no need of your Information, and ſo I can't thank you for it; and am ſorry you ſeem to think it wants an Oath to convince me of the Truth of it.

He look'd more fooliſh than I at this, if poſſible, not expecting ſuch a Reprimand.---And ſaid at laſt, Why, Mrs. *Pamela*, you put me half out of Countenance with your witty Reproof!----Sir, ſaid I, you ſeem quite a fine Gentleman, and it will not be eaſily done, I dare ſay.

How now, Pert-one, ſaid my Lady, do you know whom you talk to?---I think I do not, Madam, reply'd I: And, for fear I ſhould forget myſelf more, I'll withdraw. Your Ladyſhip's Servant, ſaid I, and was going: But ſhe roſe, and gave me a Puſh, and pull'd a Chair, and ſetting the Back againſt the Door, ſat down in it.

Well, ſaid I, I can bear any thing at your Ladyſhip's Hands; but I was ready to cry tho'. And I went, and ſat down, and fann'd myſelf at the other End of the Room.

Her Woman, who ſtood all the Time, ſaid ſoftly, Mrs. *Pamela*, you ſhould not ſit in my Lady's Preſence: And my Lady, tho' ſhe did not hear *her*, ſaid, You ſhall ſit down, Child, in the Room where I am, when I give you Leave.

So I ſtood up, and ſaid, When your Ladyſhip will hardly permit me to ſtand, one might be indulg'd to ſit down. But I ask'd you, ſaid ſhe, Whither your Maſter

Maſter is gone? To one Mr. *Carlton*, Madam, about eighteen Miles off, who is very ſick. And when does he come home?—This Evening, Madam. And where are you going? To a Gentleman's Houſe in the Town, Madam. And how was you to go?—In the Chariot, Madam.---Why, you muſt be a Lady in time, to be ſure!---I believe you'd become a Chariot mighty well, Child!—Was you ever out in it, with your Maſter?

Pray your Ladyſhip, ſaid I, be pleaſed to ask half a Dozen ſuch Queſtions together; becauſe one Anſwer may do for all!---Why, Boldface, ſaid ſhe, you'll forget your Diſtance, and bring me to your Level before my Time.

So I could no longer refrain Tears, but ſaid, Pray your Ladyſhip, let me ask what I have done to be thus ſeverely treated? I never did your Ladyſhip any Harm. And if you think I am deceived, as you was pleaſed to hint, I ſhould be more intitled to your Pity than your Anger.

She aroſe, and took me by the Hand, and led me to her Chair, and then ſat down, and ſtill holding my Hand, ſaid, Why, *Pamela*, I did indeed pity you while I thought you innocent; and when my Brother ſeiz'd you, and brought you down hither, without your Conſent, I was concern'd for you; and I was ſtill more concern'd for you, and lov'd you, when I heard of your Virtue and Reſiſtance, and your virtuous Efforts to get away from him. But when, as I fear, you have ſuffer'd yourſelf to be prevail'd upon, and have loſt your Innocence, and added another to the Number of the Fools he has ruin'd, (*This ſhock'd me a little*) I cannot help ſhewing my Diſpleaſure to you.

Madam, reply'd I, I muſt beg no haſty Judgment; I have *not* loſt my Innocence!----Take care, take care, *Pamela*! ſaid ſhe: Don't loſe your Veracity,

as

as well as your Honour!—Why are you here, when you are at full Liberty to go whither you pleaſe?—I will make one Propoſal to you, and if you are innocent, I am ſure you'll accept it. Will you go and live with me?—I will inſtantly ſet out with you in my Chariot, and not ſtay half an Hour longer in this Houſe, if you'll go with me—Now, if you're innocent, and willing to keep ſo, deny me, if you can.

I am innocent, Madam, reply'd I, and willing to *keep* ſo; and yet I cannot conſent to this. Then, ſaid ſhe, very mannerly, Thou lyeſt, Child, that's all; and I give thee up!

And ſo ſhe aroſe, and walked about the Room in great Wrath. Her Nephew and her Woman ſaid, Your Ladyſhip's very good; 'tis a plain Caſe; a very plain Caſe!

I would have removed the Chair, to have gone out, but her Nephew came and ſat in it. This provok'd me; for I thought I ſhould be unworthy of the Honour I was raiſed to, tho' I was afraid to own it, if I did not ſhew ſome Spirit; and I ſaid, What, Sir, is *your* Pretence in this Houſe, to keep me a Priſoner here? Becauſe, ſaid he,—I like it.—Do you ſo, Sir? reply'd I: If that is the Anſwer of a Gentleman to ſuch an one as I, it would not, I dare ſay, be the Anſwer of a Gentleman to a Gentleman.—My Lady! My Lady! ſaid he, a Challenge, a Challenge, by Gad! No, Sir, ſaid I, I am of a Sex that gives no Challenges; and you think ſo too, or you would not give this Occaſion for the Word.

Said my Lady, Don't be ſurpris'd, Nephew; the Wench could not talk thus, if ſhe had not been her Maſter's Bedfellow.—*Pamela*, *Pamela*, ſaid ſhe, and tapp'd me upon the Shoulder, two or three times, in Anger, thou haſt loſt thy Innocence, Girl; and thou haſt got ſome of thy bold Maſter's Aſſu-

rance,

rance, and art fit to go any whither.—Then, and pleaſe your Ladyſhip, ſaid I, I am unworthy of your Preſence, and deſire I may quit it.

No, reply'd ſhe, I will know firſt what Reaſon you can give for not accepting my Propoſal, if you are innocent? I can give, ſaid I, a very good one: but I beg to be excuſed. I will hear it, ſaid ſhe. Why then, anſwered I, I ſhould perhaps have leſs Reaſon to like this Gentleman, than where I am.

Well then, ſaid ſhe, I'll put you to another Trial. I'll ſet out this Moment with you to your Father and Mother, and give you up ſafe to them. What do you ſay to that?—Ay, Mrs. *Pamela*, ſaid her Nephew, now what does your Innocence ſay to that?—'Fore Gad, Madam, you have puzzled her now.

Be pleaſed, Madam, ſaid I, to call off this fine Gentleman. Your Kindneſs in theſe Propoſals makes me think you would not have me baited. I'll be d—ſaid he, if ſhe does not make me a Bull-dog! Why ſhe'll toſs us all by-and-by! Sir, ſaid I, you indeed behave as if you were in a Bear-garden.

Jackey, be quiet, ſaid my Lady. You only give her a Pretence to evade my Queſtions. Come, anſwer me, *Pamela*. I will, Madam, ſaid I, and it is thus: I have no Occaſion to be beholden to your Ladyſhip for this Honour; for I am to ſet out to-morrow Morning on the Way to my Parents.—Now again, thou lyeſt, Wench.—I am not of Quality, ſaid I, to anſwer to ſuch Language.—Once again, ſaid ſhe, provoke me not, by theſe Reflections, and this Pertneſs; if thou doſt, I ſhall do ſomething by thee, unworthy of myſelf. That, thought I, you have done already; but I ventur'd not to ſay ſo. But who is to carry you, ſaid ſhe, to your Father and Mother? Who my Maſter pleaſes, Madam, ſaid I. Ay, ſaid ſhe, I doubt not, thou wilt do every thing he pleaſes, if thou haſt not already. Why now

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tell me, *Pamela*, from thy Heart, haſt thou not been in Bed with thy Maſter? Ha, Wench!---I was quite ſhock'd at this, and ſaid, I wonder how your Ladyſhip can uſe me thus!---I am ſure you can expect no Anſwer; and my Sex, and my tender Years, might exempt me from ſuch Treatment, from a Perſon of your Ladyſhip's Birth and Quality, and who, be the Diſtance ever ſo great, is of the ſame Sex with me.

Thou art a confident Wench, ſaid ſhe, I ſee!--- Pray, Madam, ſaid I, let me beg you to permit me to go. I am waited for in the Town to Dinner. No, reply'd ſhe, I can't ſpare you, and whomever you are to go to, will excuſe you, when they are told 'tis *I* that command you not to go;---and *you* may excuſe it too, young Lady *Wou'd-be*, if you conſider that it is the unexpected Coming of your late Lady's Daughter, and your Maſter's Siſter, that *commands* your Stay.

But a Pre-engagement, your Ladyſhip will conſider, is ſomething!—Ay, ſo it is; but I know not what Reaſon Waiting-maids have to aſſume theſe Airs of *Pre-engagements!* Oh *Pamela*, *Pamela*, I am ſorry for thy thus aping thy Betters, and giving thyſelf ſuch Airs; I ſee thou'rt quite ſpoil'd! Of a modeſt, innocent Girl, that thou waſt, and humble too, thou now art fit for nothing in the World, but what I fear thou art.

Why, pleaſe your Ladyſhip, ſaid her Kinſman, what ſignifies all you ſay? The Matter's over with her, no doubt; and ſhe likes it; and ſhe is in a Fairy-dream, and 'tis pity to awaken her before her Dream's out.—Bad as you take me to be, Madam, ſaid I, I am not uſed to ſuch Language or Reflections as this Gentleman beſtows upon me; and I won't bear it.

Well,

Well, *Jackey*, ſaid ſhe, be ſilent; and ſhaking her Head, Poor Girl! ſaid ſhe—What a ſweet Innocence is here deſtroy'd!---A thouſand Pities! ---I could cry over her, if that would do her good! But ſhe is quite loſt, quite undone; and then has aſſum'd a Carriage upon it, that all thoſe Creatures are diſtinguiſh'd by!—

I cry'd ſadly for Vexation; and ſaid, Say what you pleaſe, Madam: If I can help it, I will not anſwer another Word.—

Mrs. *Jewkes* came in, and ask'd, If her Ladyſhip was ready for Dinner? She ſaid, Yes. I would have gone out with her; but my Lady ſaid, taking my Hand, ſhe could not ſpare me. And, Miſs, ſaid ſhe, you may pull off your Gloves, and lay your Fan by, for you *ſhan't* go; and if you behave well, you ſhall wait upon me at Dinner, and then I ſhall have a little further Talk with you.

Mrs. *Jewkes* ſaid to me, Madam, may I ſpeak one Word with you?---I can't tell, Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſaid I; for my Lady holds my Hand, and you ſee I am a kind of Priſoner.

What you have to ſay, Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſaid ſhe, you may ſpeak before me. But ſhe went out, and ſeem'd vex'd for me; and ſhe ſays, I look'd like the very Scarlet.

The Cloth was laid in another Parlour, and for *three* Perſons, and ſhe led me in: Come, my little Dear, ſaid ſhe, with a Sneer, I'll hand you in, and I would have you think it as well as if it was my Brother.

What a ſad Caſe, thought I, ſhould I be in, if I were as naughty as ſhe thinks me! It was bad enough as it was.

Jackey, ſaid my Lady, come, let us go to Dinner. She ſaid to her Woman, Do you, *Beck*, help *Pamela* to 'tend us; we will have no Men-fellows.

---Come

---Come, my young Lady, ſhall I help you off with your white Gloves? I have not, Madam, ſaid I, deſerved this at your Ladyſhip's Hands.

Mrs. *Jewkes* coming in with the firſt Diſh, ſhe ſaid, Do you expect any body elſe, Mrs. *Jewkes*, that you lay the Cloth for *three*? Said ſhe, I hoped your Ladyſhip and Madam would have been ſo well reconcil'd, that ſhe would have ſat down too.---What means the clowniſh Woman? ſaid my Lady, in great Diſdain: Could you think the Creature ſhould ſit down with me? She does, Madam, and pleaſe your Ladyſhip, with my Maſter.---I doubt it not, good Woman, ſaid ſhe, and lies with him too, does ſhe not? Anſwer me, Fat-face!---How theſe Ladies are privileg'd!

If ſhe does, Madam, ſaid ſhe, there may be a *Reaſon* for it, perhaps! And went out.---So! ſaid ſhe, has the Wench got thee over too! Come, my little Dear, pull off thy Gloves, I ſay; and off ſhe pull'd my Left Glove herſelf, and ſpy'd my Ring. O my dear God! ſaid ſhe, if the Wench has not got a Ring!---Well, this is a pretty Piece of Foolery, indeed! Doſt know, my Friend, that thou art miſerably trick'd!---And ſo, poor Innocent, thou haſt made a fine Exchange, haſt thou not? Thy Honeſty for this Bauble? And I'll warrant, my little Dear has topp'd her Part, and paraded it like any real Wife; and ſo mimicks ſtill the Condition!---Why, ſaid ſhe, and turn'd me round, thou art as mincing as any Bride! No wonder thou art thus trick'd out, and talkeſt of thy *Pre-engagements!* Pr'ythee, Child, walk before me to that Glaſs; ſurvey thyſelf, and come back to me, that I may ſee how finely thou canſt act the Theatrical Part given thee!

I was then reſolved to try to be ſilent; although moſt ſadly vex'd.---So I went and ſat me down in the Window, and ſhe took her Place at the upper End of

of the Table; and her ſaucy *Jackey*, ſleering at me moſt provokingly, ſat down by her.—Said he, Shall not the Bride ſit down by us, Madam? Ay, well thought of! ſaid my Lady: Pray, Mrs. Bride, your Pardon for ſitting down in your Place?---I ſaid nothing.

Said ſhe, with a poor Pun, Thou haſt ſome Modeſty, however, Child! For thou canſt not *ſtand it*, ſo muſt *ſit down*, tho' in my Preſence!---I ſtill kept my Seat, and ſaid nothing.---Thought I, this is a ſad Thing, and I am hinder'd too from ſhewing my Duty where it is moſt due, and ſhall have Anger there too, may-be, if my dear Maſter ſhould be there before me!---So ſhe eat ſome Soup, as did her Kinſman; and then as ſhe was cutting up a Fowl, ſaid, If thou *long'ſt*, my little Dear, I will help thee to a Pinion, or Breaſt, or any thing. But, may-be, Child, ſaid he, thou likeſt the Rump, ſhall I bring it thee? And then laughed like an Idiot, for all he is a Lord's Son, and may be a Lord himſelf.—For he is the Son of the Lord——; and his Mother, who was Lord *Davers*'s Siſter, being dead, he has receiv'd what Education he has, from Lord *Davers*'s Direction. Poor Wretch! for all his Greatneſs! he'll ne'er die for a Plot,---at leaſt of his own hatching. If I could then have gone up, I would have given you his Picture. But for one of 25 or 26 Years of Age, much about the Age of my dear Maſter, he is a moſt odd Mortal.

Pamela, ſaid my Lady, help me to a Glaſs of Wine. No, *Beck*, ſaid ſhe, *you* ſhan't; for ſhe was offering to do it. I will have my Lady Bride confer that Honour upon me; and then I ſhall ſee if ſhe can *ſtand up*. I was ſilent, and never ſtirr'd.

Doſt hear, *Chaſtity*? ſaid ſhe. Help me to a Glaſs of Wine, when I bid thee.---What! not ſtir! Then

I'll

I'll come and help *thee* to one. Still I ſtirr'd not, and fanning myſelf, continu'd ſilent. Said ſhe, When I have ask'd thee, Meek-one, half a Dozen Queſtions together, I ſuppoſe thou wilt anſwer them all at once! Pretty Creature, is not that it?

I was ſo vex'd, I bit a Piece of my Fan out, not knowing what I did; but ſtill I ſaid nothing, and did nothing but flutter it, and fan myſelf.

I believe, ſaid ſhe, my next Queſtion will make up half a Dozen; and then, Modeſt-one, I ſhall be intitled to an Anſwer.

He aroſe, and brought the Bottle and Glaſs: Come, ſaid he, Mrs. Bride, be pleas'd to help my Lady, and I will be your Deputy. Sir, reply'd I, it is in a good Hand; help my Lady yourſelf.—Why, Creature, ſaid ſhe, doſt thou think thyſelf above it?---And then flew into a Paſſion; Inſolence! continued ſhe, this Moment, when I bid you, know your Duty, and give me a Glaſs of Wine; or---

So I took a little Spirit then---thinks I, I can but be beat.---If, ſaid I, to attend your Ladyſhip at Table, or even kneel at your Feet, was requir'd of me, I would moſt gladly do it, were I only the Perſon you think me; but, if it be to triumph over one who has received Honours, that ſhe thinks require her to act another Part, not to be utterly unworthy of them, I muſt ſay, I *cannot* do it.

She ſeem'd quite ſurpriz'd, and look'd now upon her Kinſman, and then upon her Woman.---I'm aſtoniſh'd! Quite aſtoniſh'd.---Well then, I ſuppoſe you would have me conclude you my Brother's Wife; wou'd ye not?

Your Ladyſhip, ſaid I, *compels* me to ſay this!---Well, return'd ſhe, but doſt thou *thyſelf* think thou art ſo?---Silence, ſaid her Kinſman, gives Conſent. 'Tis plain enough ſhe does. Shall I riſe, Madam, and pay my Duty to my new Aunt?

Tell

Tell me, ſaid my Lady, what, in the Name of Impudence, poſſeſſes thee, to *dare* to look upon thyſelf as *my* Siſter?---Madam, reply'd I, that is a Queſtion will better become your moſt worthy Brother to anſwer, than me.

She was riſing in great Wrath; but her Woman ſaid, Good your Ladyſhip, you'll do yourſelf more Harm than her, and if the poor Girl has been deluded ſo, as you have heard, with the Sham-marriage, ſhe'll be more deſerving of your Ladyſhip's Pity than Anger. True, *Beck*, very true, ſaid my Lady; but there's no bearing the Impudence of the Creature in the mean-time.

I would have gone out at the Door, but her Kinſman ran and ſet his Back againſt it. I expected bad Treatment from her Pride, and violent Temper; but this was worſe than I could have thought of. And I ſaid to him, Sir, when my Maſter comes to know your rude Behaviour, you will, may-be, have Cauſe to repent it. And went and ſat down in the Window again.

Another Challenge, by Gad! ſaid he; but I am glad ſhe ſays her *Maſter!*---You ſee, Madam, ſhe herſelf does not believe ſhe is marry'd, and ſo has not been *ſo much* deluded as you think for. And coming to me with a moſt barbarous Air of Inſult, he ſaid, kneeling on one Knee before me; My new Aunt, your *Bleſſing*, or your *Curſe*, I care not which; but quickly give me one or other, that I may not loſe my Dinner!

I gave him a moſt contemptuous Look: Tinſell'd Toy, ſaid I, (for he was lac'd all over) Twenty or Thirty Years hence, when you are *at Age*, I ſhall know how to anſwer you better; mean-time, ſport with your Footmen, and not me! And ſo I remov'd to another Window nearer the Door, and he look'd like a ſad Fooliſh, as he is,

Beck,

Beck, *Beck*, ſaid my Lady, this is not to be borne! Was ever the like heard! Is my Kinſman and Lord *Davers*'s to be thus uſed by ſuch a Slut? And was coming to me: And indeed I began to be afraid; for I have but a poor Heart, after all. But Mrs. *Jewkes*, hearing high Words, came in again, with the ſecond Courſe, and ſaid, Pray your Ladyſhip, don't ſo diſcompoſe yourſelf. I am afraid this Day's Buſineſs will make Matters wider than ever between your good Ladyſhip and your Brother: For my Maſter doats upon Madam.

Woman, ſaid ſhe, do thou be ſilent! Sure, I, that was born in this Houſe, may have ſome Privilege in it, without being talk'd to by the ſaucy Servants in it!

I beg Pardon, Madam, reply'd Mrs. *Jewkes*; and turning to me, ſaid, Madam, my Maſter will take it very ill, if you make him wait for you thus. So I roſe to go out; but my Lady ſaid, If it was only for *that* Reaſon, ſhe ſhan't go.----And went to the Door, and ſhut it, and ſaid to Mrs. *Jewkes*, Woman, don't come again till I call you; and coming to me, took my Hand, and ſaid, Find your Legs, Miſs, if you pleaſe.

I ſtood up, and ſhe tapp'd my Cheek! Oh! ſays ſhe, that ſcarlet Glow ſhews what a rancorous little Heart thou haſt, if thou durſt ſhew it; but come this way. And ſo led me to her Chair: Stand there, ſaid ſhe, and anſwer me a few Queſtions while I dine, and I'll diſmiſs thee, till I call thy impudent Maſter to Account; and then I'll have you Face to Face, and all this Myſtery of Iniquity ſhall be unravell'd; for, between you, I will come to the Bottom of it.

When ſhe had ſat down, I moved to the Window on the other Side the Parlour, looking into the private Garden; and her Woman ſaid, Mrs. *Pamela*,

Pamela, don't make my Lady angry. Stand by her Ladyſhip, as ſhe bids you. Said I, Pray, good now, let it ſuffice *you* to attend your *Lady's* Commands, and don't lay *yours* upon *me*.---Your Pardon, ſweet Mrs. *Pamela*, ſaid ſhe. Times are much alter'd with you, I'll aſſure you! Said I, Her Ladyſhip has a very good Plea to be free in the Houſe that ſhe was *born* in: But you may as well confine your Freedoms to the Houſe in which you had your *Breeding*. Why, how now, Mrs. *Pamela!* ſaid ſhe: Since you provoke me to it, I'll tell you a Piece of my Mind. Huſh, huſh, *good Woman*, ſaid I, alluding to my Lady's Language to Mrs. *Jewkes*, my Lady wants not your Aſſiſtance!---Beſides, I can't ſcold!

The Woman was ready to ſtutter with Vexation; and Lord *Jacky* laugh'd as if he would burſt his Sides; G--d--me, *Beck*, ſaid he, you'd better let her alone to my Lady here; for ſhe'll be too many for twenty ſuch as you and I.—And then he laugh'd again, and repeated---I *can't ſcold*, quoth-a! but by Gad, Miſs, you can ſpeak d---d ſpightful Words, I can tell you that!—Poor *Beck!* poor *Beck!*—'Fore Gad, ſhe's quite dumb-founder'd!

Well, but, *Pamela*, ſaid my Lady, come hither, and tell me truly: Doſt thou think thyſelf really marry'd?---Said I, and approach'd her Chair, My good Lady, I'll anſwer *all* your Commands, if you'll have Patience with me, and not be ſo angry as you are; but I can't bear to be uſed thus by this Gentleman, and your Ladyſhip's Woman. Child, ſaid ſhe, thou art very impertinent to my Kinſman; thou can'ſt not be civil to me; and my Ladyſhip's Woman is much thy Betters. But that's not the Thing!—Doſt thou think thou art really marry'd?

I ſee, Madam, ſaid I, you are reſolv'd not to be pleas'd with *any* Anſwer I ſhall return: If I ſhould ſay,

ſay, I am not, then your Ladyſhip will call me hard Names, and perhaps I ſhould tell a Fib. If I ſhould ſay, I am, your Ladyſhip will ask how I have the Impudence to be ſo?---and will call it a Sham-marriage. I will, ſaid ſhe, be anſwer'd more directly. Why, what, and pleaſe your Ladyſhip, does it ſignify what I think? Your Ladyſhip will believe as you pleaſe.

But canſt thou have the Vanity, the Pride, the Folly, ſaid ſhe, to think thyſelf actually marry'd to *my* Brother? He is no Fool, Child; and Libertine enough of Conſcience; and thou art not the firſt in the Liſt of his credulous Harlots.---Well, well, ſaid I, (and was in a ſad Flutter) as I am eaſy and pleas'd with my Lot, pray your Ladyſhip, let me continue ſo, as long as I can. It will be time enough for me to know the worſt, when the worſt comes. And if it ſhould be ſo bad, your Ladyſhip ſhould pity me, rather than thus torment me before my Time.

Well, ſaid ſhe, but doſt not think I am concern'd, that a young Wench, whom my poor dear Mother lov'd ſo well, ſhould thus caſt herſelf away, and ſuffer herſelf to be deluded and undone, after ſuch a noble Stand as thou mad'ſt for ſo long a Time?

I think myſelf far from being deluded and undone, and pleaſe your Ladyſhip; and am as innocent and virtuous as ever I was in my Life. Thou lyeſt, Child, ſaid ſhe.

So your Ladyſhip told me *twice* before!

She gave me a Slap on the Hand for this; and I made a low Court'ſey, and ſaid, I humbly thank your Ladyſhip! but I could not refrain Tears. And added, Your dear Brother, Madam, however, won't thank your Ladyſhip for this Uſage of me, tho' I do. Come a little nearer me, my Dear, ſaid ſhe, and thou ſhalt have a little more than *that* to tell him of, if thou think'ſt thou haſt not made Miſchief

enough already between a Siſter and Brother. But, Child, if he was here, I would ſerve thee worſe, and him too. I wiſh he was, ſaid I.—Doſt thou threaten me, Miſchief-maker, and inſolent as thou art?

Now, pray your Ladyſhip, ſaid I, (but got to a little Diſtance) be pleaſed to reflect upon all that you have ſaid to me, ſince I have had the *Honour*, or rather *Misfortune*, to come into your Preſence; whether you have ſaid *one* Thing befitting your Ladyſhip's Degree to me, even ſuppoſing I was the Wench, and the Creature you ſuppoſe me to be? —Come hither, my pert Dear, reply'd ſhe, come but within my Reach for *one* Moment, and I'll anſwer thee, as thou deſerveſt.

To be ſure ſhe meant to box my Ears. But I ſhould be unworthy of my happy Lot, if I could not ſhew ſome Spirit.

When the Cloth was taken away, I ſaid, I ſuppoſe I may now depart your Preſence, Madam. I ſuppoſe not, ſaid ſhe. Why, I'll lay thee a Wager, Child, thy Stomach's too full to eat, and ſo thou may'ſt faſt till thy mannerly Maſter comes home.

Pray your Ladyſhip, ſaid her Woman, let the poor Girl ſit down at Table with Mrs. *Jewkes* and *me*.—Said I, you are very kind, Mrs. *Worden*; but Times, as you ſaid, are much alter'd with me; and I have been of late ſo much honour'd by better Company, that I can't ſtoop to yours.

Was ever ſuch Confidence, ſaid my Lady!—Poor *Beck*, poor *Beck*, ſaid her Kinſman; why, ſhe beats you quite out of the Pit!—Will your Ladyſhip, ſaid I, be ſo good as to tell me how long I am to tarry? For you'll pleaſe to ſee by that Letter, that I am oblig'd to attend my Maſter's Commands. And ſo I gave her the dear Gentleman's Letter from Mr. *Carlton*'s, which I thought would make her uſe me

better, as ſhe might judge by it of the Honour done me by him. Ay, ſaid ſhe, this is my worthy Brother's Hand. It is directed to Mrs. *Andrews*. That's to you, I ſuppoſe, Child? And ſo ſhe read on, making Remarks, as ſhe went along, in this manner:

MY deareſt PAMELA,—" Mighty well!"—I *hope my not coming home this Night, will not frighten you!*—" Vaſtly tender, indeed!"—And did " it frighten you, Child!"—*You may believe I can't help it.* " No, to be ſure!—A Perſon in thy Way " of Life, is more tenderly uſed than an honeſt " Wife. But mark the End of it!"—*I could have wiſh'd,* " Pr'ythee, *Jackey*, mind this," *we* " mind " the ſignificant *We*," *had not engaged to the good Neighbourhood, at Sir* Simon's, *for to-morrow Night.* "—Why, does the good Neighbourhood, and does " Sir *Simon*, permit thy Viſits, Child? They ſhall " have none of mine then, I'll aſſure them!" *But I am ſo deſirous to ſet out on* Wedneſday *for the other Houſe.* —" So, *Jackey*, we but juſt nick'd it, I " find."—*that, as well as in Return for the Civilities of ſo many good Friends, who will be there on purpoſe, I would not put it off.*—" Now mind, *Jackey*." —*What I beg of you,*—" Mind the Wretch, that " could uſe me and your Uncle, as he has done; " he is turn'd Beggar to this Creature!" *I beg of you therefore, my Dear,* " My *Dear!* there's for " you!—I wiſh I may not be quite ſick before I " get thro'."—*What I beg of you, therefore, my Dear,* [and then ſhe look'd me full in the Face] *is, that you will go in the Chariot to Sir* Simon's, *the ſooner in the Day, the better*;—" Dear Heart! and why " ſo, when WE were not expected till Night? Why, " pray obſerve the Reaſon—Hem!" [ſaid ſhe] *Becauſe you will be diverted with the Company*; " Mighty kind indeed!"——*who all,* " *Jackey,*

" *Jackey*, mind this,"—*who all ſo much admire you.* " Now he'd ha' been hang'd before he would have " ſaid ſo complaiſant a thing, had he been marry'd, I'm " ſure!"—Very true, Aunt, ſaid he: A plain Caſe that!"—[Thinks I, that's hard upon poor Matrimony, tho' I hope my Lady don't think it ſo. But I durſt not ſpeak out.] *Who all ſo much admire you*, [ſaid ſhe] " I muſt repeat that—Pretty Miſs——I wiſh thou " waſt as *admirable* for thy Virtue, as for that Baby-" face of thine!—*And I hope to join you there* " *by your Tea-time, in the Afternoon!*—" So, you're " in very good time, Child, an Hour or two hence, " to anſwer all your important Pre-engagements!" —*which will be better than going home, and returning with you; as it will be ſix Miles Difference to me; and I know the good Company will excuſe my Dreſs on the Occaſion.* " Very true, any Dreſs is " good enough, I'm ſure, for ſuch Company as *ad-*" *mire* thee, Child, for a Companion in thy ruin'd " State!—*Jackey, Jackey*, mind, mind again! " more fine things ſtill." *I count every Hour of this little Abſence for a Day!*—" There's for you! Let " me repeat it," *I count every Hour of this little Abſence for a Day!*—" Mind too the Wit of the " good Man! One may ſee Love is a new thing to " him. Here is a very tedious time gone ſince he " ſaw his Deary; no leſs than, according to *his* amo-" rous Calculation, a Dozen Days and Nights, at " leaſt! and yet, TEDIOUS as it is, it is but a LITTLE " ABSENCE. Well ſaid, my good accurate and " conſiſtent Brother.—But wiſe Men in Love, are " always the greateſt Simpletons!—But now comes " the Reaſon *why* this LITTLE Abſence, which, " at the ſame time, is ſo GREAT an ABSENCE, is " ſo *tedious*:" FOR *I am*, " Ay, now for it!"—*with the* UTMOST *Sincerity, My Deareſt Love*, " Out upon DEAREST LOVE! I ſhall never love the

" Word again! Pray bid your Uncle never call me " Deareſt Love, *Jackey!*" — *For ever Yours!*— " But, Brother, thou lyeſt!—Thou knoweſt thou " doſt.—And ſo, my good Lady *Andrews*, or what " ſhall I call you? Your *deareſt Love* will be *for* " *ever Yours!* And haſt thou the Vanity to believe " this!—But ſtay, here is a Poſtſcript. The poor " Man knew not when to have done to his *deareſt* " *Love*.—He's ſadly in for't, truly! Why, *his deareſt* " *Love*, you are mighty happy in ſuch a Lover!" —*If you could go to dine with them*,—" Cry your " Mercy, my *deareſt Love*, now comes the Pre- " engagement!" *it will be a Freedom that will be very pleaſing to them, and the more, as they don't expect it.*

Well, ſo much for this kind Letter! But you ſee you cannot honour this admiring Company with this little-expected, and, but in Complaiſance to his Folly, I dare ſay, little-deſir'd Freedom. And I cannot forbear *admiring* you ſo much myſelf, my *deareſt Love*, that I will not ſpare you at all, this whole Evening. For 'tis a little hard, if thy Maſter's Siſter may not be bleſt a little bit with thy charming Company.

So I found I had ſhewed her my Letter to very little Purpoſe, and repented it ſeveral times, as ſhe read on.—Well then, ſaid I, I hope your Ladyſhip will give me Leave to ſend my Excuſes to your good Brother, and ſay, that your Ladyſhip is come, and is ſo fond of me, that you will not let me leave you. —Pretty Creature! ſaid ſhe; and wanteſt thou thy good Maſter to come, and quarrel with his Siſter on thy Account?—But thou ſhalt not ſtir from my Preſence; and I would now ask thee, What it is thou meaneſt by ſhewing me this Letter?—Why, Madam, ſaid I, to ſhew your Ladyſhip how I was engaged

engaged for this Day and Evening.——And for nothing elſe? ſaid ſhe. Why, I can't tell, Madam, ſaid I: But if you can collect from it any other Circumſtances, I might hope I ſhould be not the *worſe* treated.

I ſaw her Eyes began to ſparkle with Paſſion; and ſhe took my Hand, and ſaid, graſping it very hard, I know, confident Creature, that you ſhewed it me to inſult me!—You ſhew'd it me, to let me ſee, that he could be civiller to a Beggar-born, than to me, or to my good Lord *Davers!*—You ſhew'd it me, as if you'd have me be as credulous a Fool as yourſelf, to believe your Marriage true, when I know the whole Trick of it, and have Reaſon to believe *you* do too; and you ſhew'd it me, to upbraid me with his ſtooping to ſuch painted Dirt, to the Diſgrace of a Family, ancient and untainted beyond moſt in the Kingdom. And now will I give thee One hundred Guineas for one bold Word, that I may fell thee at my Foot.

Was not this very dreadful! To be ſure, I had better have kept the Letter from her. I was quite frighten'd!—And this fearful Menace, and her fiery Eyes, and rageful Countenance, made me loſe all my Courage!—So I ſaid, weeping, Good your Ladyſhip, pity me!---Indeed I am honeſt; indeed I am virtuous; indeed I would not do a bad thing for the World.

Tho' I know, ſaid ſhe, the whole Trick of thy pretended Marriage, and thy fooliſh Ring here, and all the reſt of the wicked Nonſenſe; yet I ſhould not have Patience with thee, if thou ſhouldſt but offer to let me know thy Vanity prompts thee to *believe* thou art marry'd to *my* Brother!----I could not bear the Thought!----So take care, *Pamela*; take care, beggarly Brat; take care.

Good your Ladyſhip, ſaid I, ſpare my dear Parents. They are honeſt and induſtrious: They were once in a very creditable Way, and never were Beggars. Misfortunes may attend any body: And I can bear the cruelleſt Imputations on myſelf, becauſe I know my Innocence; but upon ſuch honeſt, induſtrious Parents, who went thro' the greateſt Trials, without being beholden to any thing but God's Bleſſing, and their own hard Labour; I cannot bear Reflection.

What! art thou ſetting up for a Family, Creature as thou art! God give me Patience with thee! I ſuppoſe my Brother's Folly, and his Wickedneſs together, will, in a little while, occaſion a Search at the Herald's-Office, to ſet out thy wretched Obſcurity. Provoke me, I deſire thou wilt. One hundred Guineas will I give thee, to ſay but thou *thinkeſt* thou art married to my Brother.

Your Ladyſhip, I hope, won't kill me. And ſince nothing I can ſay will pleaſe you; but your Ladyſhip is reſolved to quarrel with me; ſince I muſt not ſay what I think, on one hand nor another, whatever your Ladyſhip deſigns by me, be pleaſed to do, and let me depart your Preſence!

She gave me a Slap on the Hand, and reached to box my Ear; but Mrs. *Jewkes* hearkening without, and her Woman too, they both came in at that Inſtant; and Mrs. *Jewkes* ſaid, puſhing herſelf in between us, Your Ladyſhip knows not what you do: Indeed you don't. My Maſter would never forgive me, if I ſuffer'd, in his Houſe, one he ſo dearly loves, to be ſo uſed; and it muſt *not* be, though you are Lady *Davers*. Her Woman too interpoſed, and told her, I was not worth her Ladyſhip's Anger. But ſhe was like a Perſon beſide herſelf.

I offer'd to go out, and Mrs. *Jewkes* took my Hand, to lead me out: But her Kinſman ſet his Back againſt the Door, and put his Hand to his Sword,

Sword, and ſaid, I ſhould not go, till his Aunt permitted it. He drew it half-way, and I was ſo terrified, that I cry'd out, Oh the Sword! the Sword! and, not knowing what I did, I ran to my Lady herſelf, and claſp'd my Arms about her, forgetting, juſt then, how much ſhe was my Enemy, and ſaid, ſinking on my Knees, Defend me, good your Ladyſhip! The Sword! the Sword!----Mrs. *Jewkes* ſaid, Oh! my Lady will fall into Fits; but Lady *Davers* was herſelf, ſo ſtartled at the matter being carry'd ſo far, that ſhe did not mind her Words, and ſaid, *Jackey*, don't draw your Sword!—You ſee, as great as her Spirit is, ſhe can't bear that.

Come, ſaid ſhe, be comforted; he ſhan't fright you!—I'll try to overcome my Anger, and will pity you. So, Wench, riſe up, and don't be fooliſh. Mrs. *Jewkes* held her Salts to my Noſe, and I did not faint. And my Lady ſaid, Mrs. *Jewkes*, if *you* would be forgiven, leave *Pamela* and me by ourſelves; and, *Jackey*, do you withdraw, only you, *Beck*, ſtay.

So I ſat down in the Window, all in a ſad Fluſter; for, to be ſure, I was ſadly frighted.———Said her Woman, You ſhould not ſit in my Lady's Preſence, Mrs. *Pamela*. Yes, let her ſit till ſhe is a little recover'd of her Fright, ſaid my Lady, and do you ſet my Chair by her. And ſo ſhe ſat over-againſt me, and ſaid, To be ſure, *Pamela*, you have been very provoking with your Tongue, to be ſure you have, as well upon my Nephew, (who is a Man of Quality too) as me. And, palliating her cruel Uſage and beginning, I ſuppoſe, to think herſelf, ſhe had carried it further than ſhe could anſwer it to her Brother, ſhe wanted to lay the Fault upon me: Own, ſaid ſhe, you have been very ſaucy, and beg my Pardon, and beg *Jackey*'s Pardon; and I will try to

pity you: For you are a ſweet Girl, after all; if you had but held out, and been honeſt.

'Tis injurious to me, Madam, ſaid I, to imagine I am not honeſt!----Said ſhe, Have you not been a-bed with my Brother? tell me that.---Your Ladyſhip, reply'd I, asks your Queſtions in a ſtrange Way, and in ſtrange Words.

Oh! your Delicacy is wounded, I ſuppoſe, by my plain Queſtion!---This Niceneſs will ſoon leave you, Wench: It will indeed. But anſwer me directly. Then your Ladyſhip's next Queſtion, ſaid I, will be, Am I marry'd? And you won't bear my Anſwer to that---and will beat me again.

I han't beat you yet; have I, *Beck*? ſaid ſhe. So you want to make out a Story, do you?---But, indeed, I can't bear thou ſhouldſt ſo much as *think* thou art *my* Siſter. I know the whole Trick of it; and ſo, 'tis my Opinion, doſt thou. It is only thy little Cunning, that it may look like a Cloak to thy Yielding, and get better Terms from him. Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, Wench, thou ſeeſt I know the World a little;---almoſt as much at Thirty-two, as thou doſt at Sixteen.---Remember that!

I roſe from the Window, and walking to the other End of the Room, Beat me again, if you pleaſe, ſaid I; but I muſt tell your Ladyſhip, I ſcorn your Words, and am as much marry'd as your Ladyſhip!

At that ſhe ran to me, but her Woman interpoſed again; Let the vain wicked Creature go from your Preſence, Madam, ſaid ſhe. She is not worthy to be in it. She will but vex your Ladyſhip. Stand away, *Beck*, ſaid ſhe. That's an Aſſertion that I would not take from my Brother. I can't bear it. As much marry'd as I!----Is that to be borne? But if the Creature believes ſhe is, Madam, ſaid her Woman, ſhe is to be as much pity'd for her Credulity, as deſpiſed for her Vanity.

I was

I was in hopes to have ſlipt out of the Door; but ſhe caught hold of my Gown, and pulled me back. Pray your Ladyſhip, ſaid I, don't kill me!---- I have done no Harm.----But ſhe locked the Door, and put the Key in her Pocket. So ſeeing Mrs. *Jewkes* before the Window, I lifted up the Saſh, and ſaid, Mrs. *Jewkes*, I believe it would be beſt for the Chariot to go to your Maſter, and let him know, that Lady *Davers* is here; and I cannot leave her Ladyſhip.

She was reſolved to be diſpleaſed, let me ſay what I would. Said ſhe, No, no; he'll then think that I make the Creature my Companion, and know not how to part with her. I thought your Ladyſhip, replied I, could not have taken Exceptions at this Meſſage. Thou knoweſt nothing, Wench, ſaid ſhe, of what belongs to People of Condition: How ſhould'ſt thou? Nor, thought I, do I deſire it, at this Rate.

What ſhall I ſay, Madam? ſaid I. Nothing at all, replied ſhe; let him expect his *Deareſt Love*, and be diſappointed; it is but adding a few more *Hours*, and he will make every one *a Day*, in his amorous Account.----Mrs. *Jewkes* coming nearer me, and my Lady walking about the Room, being then at the End, I whiſper'd, Let *Robert* ſtay at the Elms; I'll have a Struggle for't by-and-by.

As much married as I! repeated ſhe.---The Inſolence of the Creature!----And ſo ſhe walked about the Room, talking to herſelf, to her Woman, and now-and-then to me; but ſeeing I could not pleaſe her, I thought I had better be ſilent. And then it was, Am I not worthy an Anſwer? If I ſpeak, ſaid I, your Ladyſhip is angry at me, tho' ever ſo reſpectfully; if I do not, I cannot pleaſe: Would your Ladyſhip tell me but how I ſhall oblige you, and I would do it with all my Heart?

Confeſs the Truth, ſaid ſhe, that thou'rt an undone Creature; haſt been in Bed with thy Maſter; and art ſorry for it, and for the Miſchief thou haſt occaſioned between him and me; and then I'll pity thee, and perſuade him to pack thee off, with a hundred or two of Guineas, and ſome honeſt Farmer may take pity of thee, and patch up thy Shame, for the ſake of the Money: and if nobody will have thee, thou muſt vow Penitence, and be as humble as I once thought thee.

I was quite ſick at Heart, at all this paſſionate Extravagance, and to be hindered from being where was the Deſire of my Soul, and afraid too of incurring my dear Maſter's Diſpleaſure; and, as I ſat, I ſaw it was no hard matter to get out of the Window, into the Front-yard, the Parlour being even with the Yard, and ſo have a fair Run for it; and after I had ſeen my Lady at the other End of the Room again, in her Walks, having not pulled down the Saſh, when I ſpoke to Mrs. *Jewkes*, I got upon the Seat, and whipp'd out in a Minute, and ran away as hard as I could drive, my Lady calling after me to return, and her Woman at the other Window: But two of her Servants appearing at her crying out, and ſhe bidding them ſtop me, I ſaid, Touch me at your Peril, Fellows; but their Lady's Commands would have prevailed on them, had not Mr. *Colbrand*, who, it ſeems, had been kindly order'd, by Mrs. *Jewkes*, to be within Call, when ſhe ſaw how I was treated, come up, and put on one of his deadly fierce Looks, the only time, I thought, it ever became him, and ſaid, He would *chine* the Man, that was his Word, who offer'd to touch his Lady; and ſo he ran alongſide of me; and I heard my Lady ſay, The Creature flies like a Bird! And, indeed, Mr. *Colbrand*, with his huge Strides, could hardly keep pace with me; and I never ſtopp'd, till I got to the Chariot, and

Robert

Robert had got down, ſeeing me running at a diſtance, and held the Door in his Hand, with the Step ready down; and in I jump'd, without touching the Step, ſaying, Drive me, drive me, as faſt as you can, out of my Lady's Reach! And he mounted, and *Colbrand* ſaid, Don't be frighten'd Madam; nobody ſhall hurt you.—And ſhut the Door, and away *Robert* drove; but was quite out of breath, and did not recover it, and my Fright, all the way.

Mr. *Colbrand* was ſo kind, but I did not know it till the Chariot ſtopp'd at Sir *Simon's*, to ſtep up behind the Coach, leſt, as he ſaid, my Lady ſhould ſend after me; and he told Mrs. *Jewkes*, when he got home, that he never ſaw ſuch a Runner as me, in his Life.

When the Chariot ſtopp'd, which was not till Six o'Clock, ſo long did this cruel Lady keep me, Miſs *Darnford* ran out to me; O, Madam, ſaid ſhe, ten times welcome! but you'll be beat, I can tell you! for here has been Mr. *B*— come theſe two Hours, and is very angry at you.

That's hard indeed, ſaid I!—Indeed I can't afford it!—for I hardly knew what I ſaid, having not recover'd my Fright. Let me ſit down, Miſs, anywhere, ſaid I; for I have been ſadly off. So I ſat down, and was quite ſick with the Hurry of my Spirits, and lean'd upon her Arm.

Said ſhe, Your Lord and Maſter came in very moody; and when he had ſtaid an Hour, and you not come, he began to fret, and ſaid, He did not expect ſo little Complaiſance from you. And he is now ſat down, with great Perſuaſions, to a Game at Loo.—Come, you muſt make your Appearance, Lady fair; for he's too ſullen to attend you, I doubt.

You have no Strangers, have you, Miſs, ſaid I?—Only two Women Relations from *Stamford*, reply'd ſhe,

ſhe, and an humble Servant of one of them— Only all the World, Miſs! ſaid I.— What ſhall I do, if he be angry? I can't bear that.

Juſt as I had ſaid ſo, came in Lady *Darnford* and Lady *Jones*, to chide me, as they ſaid, for not coming ſooner. And before I could ſpeak, came in my dear Maſter. I ran to him. How d'ye, *Pamela*, ſaid he, and ſaluted me, with a little more Formality than I could well bear.— I expected half a Word from me, when I was ſo complaiſant to your Choice, would have determin'd you, and that you'd have been here to Dinner;— and the rather, as I made my Requeſt a reaſonable one, and what, I thought, would be agreeable to you. O dear Sir, ſaid I, pray, pray hear me, and you'll pity me, and not be diſpleaſed: Mrs. *Jewkes* will tell you, that as ſoon as I had your kind Commands, I ſaid, I would obey you, and come to Dinner with theſe good Ladies; and ſo prepared myſelf inſtantly, with all the Pleaſure in the World. Lady *Darnford* and Miſs ſaid, I was their Dear!— Look you, ſaid Miſs, did I not tell you, Stately-one, that ſomething muſt have happen'd? But O theſe Tyrants! theſe Men!

Why, what hinder'd it, my Dear? ſaid he: Give yourſelf Time; you ſeem out of Breath!— O Sir, ſaid I, Out of Breath! well I may!— For juſt as I was ready to come away, who ſhould drive into the Court-yard, but Lady *Davers!* — Lady *Davers!* Nay, then, my ſweet Dear, ſaid he, and kiſſed me more tenderly, haſt thou had a worſe Trial than I wiſh thee, from one of the haughtieſt Women in *England*, tho' my Siſter!— For ſhe, too, my *Pamela*, was ſpoiled by my good Mother!— But have you ſeen her?

Yes, Sir, ſaid I, and *more* than ſeen her!— Why, ſure, ſaid he, ſhe has not had the Inſolence to ſtrike my Girl!— Sir, ſaid I, but tell me you forgive me;

for

for indeed I could not come ſooner; and theſe good Ladies but excuſe me; and I'll tell you all another time: for to take up the good Company's Attention now, will ſpoil their Pleaſantry, and be to them, tho' more important to me, like the Lady's broken China, you caution'd me about.

That's a dear Girl! ſaid he; I ſee my Hints are not thrown away upon you; and I beg Pardon for being angry at you; and, for the future, will ſtay till I hear your Defence, before I judge you. Said Miſs *Darnford*, This is a little better! To own a Fault, is ſome Reparation; and what every lordly Husband will not do. He ſaid, But tell me, my Dear, Did Lady *Davers* offer you any Incivility? O Sir, reply'd I, ſhe is your Siſter, and I muſt not tell you all; but ſhe has uſed me very ſeverely. Did you tell her, ſaid he, you were marry'd?—Yes, Sir, I did at laſt: But ſhe will have it, 'tis a Sham-marriage, and that I am a vile Creature: And ſhe was ready to beat me, when I ſaid ſo; for ſhe could not have Patience, that I ſhould be deem'd her Siſter, as ſhe ſaid.

How unlucky it was, reply'd he, I was not at home?—Why did you not ſend to me here? Send, Sir! I was kept Priſoner by Force. They would not let me ſtir, or do you think I would have been hinder'd from obeying you? Nay, I told them that I had a Pre-engagement; but ſhe ridiculed me, and ſaid, Waiting-maids talk of Pre-engagements! and then I ſhew'd her your kind Letter; and ſhe made a thouſand Remarks upon it, and made me wiſh I had not. In ſhort, whatever I could do or ſay, there was no pleaſing her; and I was a *Creature*, and *Wench*, and all that was naught. But you muſt not be angry with her on my Account.

Well, but, ſaid he, I ſuppoſe ſhe hardly asked you to dine with her; for ſhe came before Dinner, I preſume,

preſume, if it was ſoon after you had received my Letter? No, Sir, dine with my *Lady!* no indeed! Why, ſhe would make me wait at Table upon her, with her Woman, becauſe ſhe would not expoſe herſelf and me before the Men-ſervants; which, you know, Sir, was very good of her Ladyſhip.

Well, ſaid he, but *did* you wait at Table upon her? Would you have had me, Sir? ſaid I.— Only *Pamela*, reply'd he, if you did, and knew not what belong'd to your Character, as my Wife, I ſhall be very angry with you. Sir, ſaid I, I did not; but refuſed it, out of Conſideration of the Dignity you have raiſed me to; elſe, Sir, I could have waited on my Knees upon your Siſter.

Now, ſaid he, you confirm my Opinion of your Prudence and Judgment. She is an inſolent Woman, and ſhall dearly repent it. But, Sir, ſhe is to be excus'd, becauſe ſhe won't believe I am indeed marry'd; ſo don't be too angry at her Ladyſhip.

He ſaid, Ladies, pray don't let us keep you from the Company; I'll only ask a Queſtion or two more, and attend you. Said Lady *Jones*, I ſo much long to hear this Story of poor Madam's Perſecution, that if it was not improper, I ſhould be glad to ſtay. Miſs *Darnford* would ſtay for the ſame Reaſon; my Maſter ſaying, he had no Secrets to ask, and that it was kind of them to intereſt themſelves in my Grievances.

But Lady *Darnford* went into the Company, and told them the Cauſe of my Detention: for, it ſeems, my dear Maſter loved me too well, to keep to himſelf the Diſappointment my not being here to receive him, was to him; and they had all given the two Miſs *Boroughs's*, and Mr. *Perry*, the *Stamford* Gueſts, ſuch a Character of me, that they ſaid they were impatient to ſee me.

Said

Said my Maſter, But, *Pamela*, you ſaid *They* and *Them:* Who had my Siſter with her, beſides her Woman? Her Nephew, Sir, and three Footmen on Horſeback; and ſhe and her Woman were in her Chariot and Six.

That's a ſad Coxcomb, ſaid he: How did he behave to you?—Not extraordinarily, Sir; but I ſhould not complain; for I was even with him; becauſe I thought I ought not to bear with him as with my Lady.

By Heaven! ſaid he, if I knew he behaved unhandſomely to my Jewel, I'd ſend him home to his Uncle without his Ears. Indeed, Sir, returned I, I was as hard upon him as he was upon me. Said he, 'Tis kind to ſay ſo; but I believe I ſhall make them dearly repent their Viſit, if I find their Behaviour to call for my Reſentment.

But, ſure, my Dear, you might have got away when you went to your own Dinner? Indeed, Sir, ſaid I, her Ladyſhip locked me in, and would not let me ſtir.— So you han't eat any Dinner? No, indeed, Sir, nor had a Stomach to any. My poor Dear! ſaid he. But then, how got you away at laſt? —O, Sir, reply'd I, I jump'd out of the Parlour Window, and ran away to the Chariot, which had waited for me ſeveral Hours, by the Elm-walk, from the Time of my Lady's coming (for I was juſt going, as I ſaid;) and Mr. *Colbrand* ſaw me thro' her Servants, whom ſhe call'd to, to ſtop me; and was ſo kind to ſtep behind the Chariot, unknown to me, and ſaw me ſafe here.

I'm ſure, ſaid he, theſe inſolent Creatures muſt have treated you vilely. But tell me, What Part did Mrs. *Jewkes* act in this Affair? A very kind Part, Sir, ſaid I, in my Behalf; and I ſhall thank her for it. Sweet Creature, ſaid he, thou loveſt to ſpeak well of every body; but I hope ſhe deſerves it; for ſhe knew

knew you were married.— But come, we'll now join the Company, and try to forget all you have ſuffered, for two or three Hours, that we may not tire the Company with our Concerns; and reſume the Subject as we go home. And you ſhall find, I will do you Juſtice as I ought. But you forgive me, Sir, ſaid I, and are not angry? Forgive you, my Dear! return'd he— I hope you forgive me!—I ſhall never make you Satisfaction for what you have ſuffered *from* me and *for* me! And with thoſe Words, he led me in to the Company.

He very kindly preſented me to the two Stranger Ladies, and the Gentleman, and them to me; and Sir *Simon*, who was at Cards, roſe from Table, and ſaluted me: Adad! Madam, ſaid he, I'm glad to ſee you here. What, it ſeems you have been a Priſoner! 'Tis well you was, or your Spouſe and I ſhould have ſat in Judgment upon you, and condemned you to a fearful Puniſhment for your firſt Crime of *Læſæ Majeſtatis* (I had this explained to me afterwards, as a ſort of Treaſon againſt my Liege Lord and Husband). For we Husbands, hereabouts, ſaid he, are reſolved to turn over a new Leaf with our Wives, and *your* Lord and Maſter ſhall ſhew us the Way, I can tell you that. But I ſee by your Eyes, my ſweet Culprit, added he, and your Complexion, you have had ſour Sauce to your ſweet Meat.

Miſs *Darnford* ſaid, I think we are obliged to our ſweet Gueſt, at laſt; for ſhe was forced to jump out at a Window to come to us. Indeed! ſaid Mrs. *Peters*;— and my Maſter's Back being turned, ſays ſhe, Lady *Davers*, when a Maiden, was always vaſtly paſſionate; but a very good Lady when her Paſſion was over. And ſhe'd make nothing of ſlapping her Maids about, and begging their Pardons afterwards, if they took it patiently; otherwiſe ſhe uſed to ſay, The *Creatures* were even with her.

Ay,

Ay, ſaid I, I have been a many *Creatures* and *Wenches*, and I know not what; for theſe were the Names ſhe gave me. And I thought I ought to act up to the Part her dear Brother has given me; and ſo, truly, I have but juſt eſcaped a good Cuffing.

Miſs *Boroughs* ſaid to her Siſter, as I over-heard, but ſhe did not deſign I ſhould, What a ſweet Creature is this! And then ſhe takes ſo little upon her, is ſo free, ſo eaſy, and owns the Honour done her ſo obligingly! Said Mr. *Perry*, ſoftly, The lovelieſt Perſon I ever ſaw! Who could have the Heart to be angry with her one Moment?

Says Miſs *Darnford*, Here, my deareſt Neighbour, theſe Gentry are admiring you ſtrangely; and Mr. *Perry* ſays, you are the lovelieſt Lady he ever ſaw; and ſays it to his own Miſtreſs's Face too, I'll aſſure you!—Or elſe, ſays Miſs *Boroughs*, I ſhould think he much flatter'd me.

O Miſs, returned I, you are exceedingly obliging; but your kind Opinion ought to teach me Humility, and to reverence ſo generous a Worth as can give a Preference againſt yourſelf, where it is ſo little due. Indeed, Madam, ſaid Miſs *Nanny Boroughs*, I love my Siſter well; but it would be a high Compliment to any Lady, to be deem'd worthy of a ſecond or third Place after you.

There is no anſwering ſuch Politeneſs, ſaid I: I am ſure, Lady *Davers* was very cruel to keep me from ſuch Company. 'Twas our Loſs, Madam, ſaid Miſs *Darnford*. I'll allow it, ſaid I, in Degree, Miſs; for you have all been deprived, ſeveral Hours, of an humble Admirer.

Mr. *Perry* ſaid, I never before ſaw ſo young a Lady ſhine forth with ſuch Graces of Mind and Perſon. Alas! Sir, ſaid I, my Maſter coming up, Mine is but a borrow'd Shine, like that of the Moon:

Here

Here is the Sun, to whoſe fervent Glow of Generoſity, I owe all the faint Luſtre that your Goodneſs is pleaſed to look upon with ſo much kind Diſtinction.

Mr. *Perry* was pleaſed to hold up his Hands; and the Ladies look'd upon one another. And my Maſter ſaid, hearing Part of the laſt Sentence, What's the pretty Subject, that my *Pamela* is diſplaying, ſo ſweetly, her Talents upon?

Oh! Sir, ſaid Mr. *Perry*, I will pronounce you the happieſt Gentleman in *England*. And I, ſaid Miſs *Boroughs*; And I, ſaid Miſs *Darnford*; And I, ſaid each of the other.

My Maſter ſaid, moſt generouſly, Thank ye, Thank ye, Thank ye, all round, my dear Friends. I know not your Subject; but if you believe me ſo, for a *ſingle* Inſtance of this dear Girl's Goodneſs, what muſt I think myſelf, when bleſs'd with a *thouſand* Inſtances, and experiencing it in every ſingle Act and Word! I do aſſure you, my *Pamela's Perſon*, all lovely as you ſee it, is far ſhort of her *Mind*; That indeed firſt attracted my Admiration, and made me her *Lover*: But they were the Beauties of her Mind, that made me her *Husband*; and proud, my ſweet Dear, ſaid he, preſſing my Hand, am I of that Title.

Well, ſaid Mr. *Perry*, very kindly and politely, Excellent as your Lady is, I know not the Gentleman that could deſerve her, but that one, who could ſay ſuch juſt and ſuch fine things.

I was all abaſh'd; and took Miſs *Darnford's* Hand, and ſaid, Save me, dear Miſs, by your ſweet Example, from my riſing Pride. But could I deſerve half theſe kind things, what a happy Creature ſhould I be! Said Miſs *Darnford*, You deſerve them all, indeed you do.

The greateſt Part of the Company having ſat down to Loo, my Maſter being preſs'd, ſaid he would take one Game at Whiſt; but had rather be excuſed too, having been up all Night: and I asked how his Friend did? We'll talk of that, ſaid he, another time; which, and his Seriouſneſs, made me fear the poor Gentleman was dead, as it proved.

We caſt in, and Miſs *Boroughs* and my Maſter were together, and Mr. *Perry* and I; and I had all four Honours the firſt time, and we were up at one Deal. Said my Maſter, An honourable Hand, *Pamela*, ſhould go with an honourable Heart; but you'd not have been up if a Knave had not been one. Whiſt, Sir, ſaid Mr. *Perry*, you know, was a Court Game originally, and the Knave, I ſuppoſe, ſignified always the prime Miniſter.

'Tis well, ſaid my Maſter, if now there is but One Knave in a Court, out of Four Perſons, take the Court through.

The King and Queen, Sir, ſaid Mr. *Perry*, *can* do no Wrong, you know. So there are Two that *muſt* be good out of Four; and the Ace ſeems too plain a Card to mean much Hurt.

We compliment the King, ſaid my Maſter, in that manner; and 'tis well to do ſo, becauſe there is ſomething ſacred in the Character. But yet, if Force of Example be conſidered, it is going a great way; for certainly a good Maſter makes a good Servant, generally ſpeaking.

One thing, added he, I will ſay, in regard to the *Ace*; I have always looked upon that plain and honeſt-looking Card, in the Light you do. And have conſidered Whiſt as an *Engliſh* Game in its Original; which has made me fonder of it than of any other. For, by the Ace, I have always thought the Laws of the Land denoted; and, as the Ace is above the King or Queen, and wins them; I think the Law

ſhould

ſhould be thought ſo too; tho', may-be, I ſhall be deemed a *Whig* for my Opinion.

I ſhall never play at Whiſt, ſaid Mr. *Perry*, without thinking of this, and ſhall love the Game the better for the Thought; tho' I am no Party-man. Nor I, ſaid my Maſter, for I think the Diſtinctions of *Whig* and *Tory* odious; and love the one or the other, only as they are honeſt and worthy Men; and have never (nor ever ſhall, I hope) given a Vote, but according to what I thought was for the publick Good, let either *Whig* or *Tory* propoſe it.

I wiſh, Sir, replied Mr. *Perry*, all Gentlemen, in your Station, would act ſo. If there was no undue Influence, ſaid my Maſter, I am willing to think ſo well of all Mankind, that I believe they generally would.

But you ſee, ſaid he, by my *Pamela*'s Hand, when all the Court-cards get together, and are acted by *one Mind*, the Game is uſually turned accordingly. Tho' now-and-then, too, it may be ſo circumſtanced, that *Honours* will do them no Good; and they are forced to depend altogether upon *Tricks*.

I thought this way of Talking prettier than the Game itſelf. But I ſaid, Tho' I have won the Game, I hope, Sirs, I am no *Trickſter*. No, ſaid my Maſter, God forbid but *Court-cards* ſhould *ſometimes* win with *Honour!* But you ſee, for all that, your Game is as much owing to the *Knave* as the *King*; and you, my Fair-one, loſt no Advantage, when it was put into your Power.

Elſe, Sir, ſaid I, I ſhould not have done Juſtice to my Partner: You are certainly right, *Pamela*, reply'd he; tho' you thereby beat your Husband. Sir, ſaid I, You may be my Partner next, and I muſt do Juſtice, you know. Well, ſaid he, always chuſe ſo worthy a Friend, as Chance has given you for a Partner,

ner, and I ſhall never find fault with you, do what you will.

Mr. *Perry* ſaid, You are very good to me, Sir; and Miſs *Boroughs*, I obſerved, ſeemed pleaſed with the Compliment to her humble Servant; by which I ſaw ſhe eſteemed him, as he ſeems to deſerve. Dear Sirs! ſaid I, how much better is this, than to be lock'd in by Lady *Davers*?

The Supper was brought in ſooner on my Account, becauſe I had had no Dinner; and there paſſed very agreeable Compliments on the Occaſion. Lady *Darnford* would help me firſt, becauſe I had ſo long faſted, as ſhe ſaid. Sir *Simon* would have placed himſelf next me: And my Maſter ſaid, he thought it was beſt, where there was an equal Number of Ladies and Gentlemen, that they ſhould ſit intermingled, that the Gentlemen might be employed in helping and ſerving the Ladies. Lady *Darnford* ſaid, She hoped Sir *Simon* would not ſit above any Ladies, at his own Table eſpecially. Well, ſaid he, I ſhall ſit over-againſt her however, and that's as well.

My deareſt Sir could not keep his Eye off me, and ſeemed generouſly to be delighted with all I did, and all I ſaid; and every one was pleaſed to ſee his kind and affectionate Behaviour to me.

Lady *Jones* brought up the Diſcourſe about Lady *Davers* again; and my Maſter ſaid, I fear, *Pamela*, you have been hardly uſed, more than you'll ſay. I know my Siſter's paſſionate Temper too well, to believe ſhe could be over-civil to you, eſpecially as it happen'd ſo unluckily that I was out. If, added he, ſhe had had no Pique to you, my Dear, yet what has paſſed between her and me, has ſo exaſperated her, that I knew ſhe would have quarrell'd with my *Horſe*, if ſhe had thought I valued it, and nobody elſe was in her way. Dear Sir, ſaid I, don't ſay ſo of good Lady *Davers*.

Said

Said he, Why, my Dear, I know ſhe came on purpoſe to quarrel; and had ſhe not found herſelf under a very violent Uneaſineſs, after what had paſſed between us, and my Treatment of her Lord's Letter, ſhe would not have offer'd to come near me. What ſort of Language had ſhe for me, *Pamela*? O, Sir, very good, only her *well-manner'd Brother*, and ſuch as that!

Only, ſaid he, 'tis taking up the Attention of the Company diſagreeably, or I could tell you almoſt every Word ſhe ſaid. Lady *Jones* wiſhed to hear a further Account of my Lady's Conduct, and moſt of the Company joined with her, particularly Mrs. *Peters*; who ſaid, That as they knew the Story, and Lady *Davers*'s Temper, tho' ſhe was very good in the main, they could wiſh to be ſo agreeably entertain'd, if he and I pleas'd; becauſe they imagin'd I ſhould have no Difficulties after this.

Tell me then, *Pamela*, ſaid he, did ſhe lift up her Hand at you? Did ſhe ſtrike you? But I hope not! A little Slap of the Hand, ſaid I, or ſo!— Inſolent Woman! She did not, I hope, offer to ſtrike your Face? Why, ſaid I, I was a little ſaucy once or twice, and ſhe would have given me a Cuff on the Ear, if her Woman and Mrs. *Jewkes* had not interpoſed. Why did you not come out at the Door? Becauſe, ſaid I, her Ladyſhip ſat her Chair againſt it, one while, and another while locked it; elſe I offered ſeveral times to get away.

She knew I expected you here? You ſay, you ſhewed her my Letter to you? Yes, Sir, ſaid I; but I had better not; for ſhe was then more exaſperated, and made ſtrange Comments upon it. I doubt it not, ſaid he; but, did ſhe not ſee, by the kind Epithets in it, that there was no room to think, but that we were marry'd? O, Sir, reply'd I, and made the Company ſmile, ſhe ſaid, For that very Reaſon ſhe was ſure I was not married. That's

That's like my Siſter! ſaid he, exactly like her, and yet ſhe lives very happily herſelf. For her poor Lord never contradicts her. Indeed he *dare* not.

You was a great many *Wenches*, was you not, my Dear? for that's a great Word with her.—Yes, Sir, ſaid I, *Wenches* and *Creatures* out of Number; and worſe than all that. What? tell me, my Dear. Sir, ſaid I, I muſt not have you angry with Lady *Davers*. While you are ſo good to me, 'tis all nothing, only the Trouble I have that I cannot be ſuffer'd to ſhew how much I honour her Ladyſhip, as your Siſter.

Well, ſaid he, you need not be afraid to tell *me:* I muſt love her, after all; tho' I ſhall not be pleas'd with her on this Occaſion. I know it is her Love for me, tho' thus oddly expreſſed, that makes her ſo uneaſy; and, after all, ſhe comes, I am ſure, to be reconciled to me; tho' it muſt be thro' a good hearty Quarrel firſt. For ſhe can ſhew a deal of Sunſhine; but it muſt be always after a Storm. And I'll love her dearly, if ſhe has not been, and will not be, too hard upon my Deareſt.

Mr. *Peters* ſaid, Sir, you are very good, and very kind. I love to ſee this Complaiſance to your Siſter, tho' ſhe be in fault, ſo long as you can ſhew it with ſo much Juſtice to the ſweeteſt Innocence and Merit in the World. By all that's good, Mr. *Peters*, ſaid he, I'd preſent my Siſter with a thouſand Pounds if ſhe would kindly take my dear *Pamela* by the Hand, and wiſh her Joy, and call her Siſter!—And yet I ſhould be unworthy of the dear Creature that ſmiles upon me there, if it was not principally for her ſake, and the Pleaſure it would give her, that I ſay this: For I will never be throughly reconciled to my Siſter, till ſhe does; for I moſt ſincerely think, as to myſelf, that my dear Spouſe, there ſhe ſits, does me more Honour in her new Relation, than ſhe receives from me!

Sir

Sir, ſaid I, I am overwhelm'd with your Goodneſs! —And my Eyes were filled with Tears of Joy and Gratitude. And all the Company, with one Voice, bleſſed him. And Lady *Jones* was pleaſed to ſay, The Behaviour of you two Happy-ones to each other, is the moſt edifying I ever knew. I am always improved when I ſee you. How happy would every good Lady be with ſuch a Gentleman, and every good Gentleman with ſuch a Lady!— In ſhort, you ſeem made for one another.

O, Madam, ſaid I, you are ſo kind, ſo good to me, that I know not how to thank you enough. Said ſhe, You deſerve more than I can expreſs; for, to all who know your Story, you are a matchleſs Perſon. You are an Ornament to our Sex; and your Virtue, tho' your dear Spouſe is ſo excellent and generous as he is, has met with no more than its due Reward. And God long bleſs you together!

You are, ſaid my deareſt Sir, very good to me, Madam, I am ſure. I have taken Liberties in my former Life, that deſerved not ſo much Excellence. I have offended extremely, by Trials glorious to my *Pamela*, but diſgraceful to me, againſt a Virtue that I now conſider as almoſt ſacred; and I ſhall not think I deſerve her, till I can bring my Manners, my Sentiments, and my Actions, to a Conformity with her own. In ſhort, my *Pamela*, continued he, I want you to be nothing but what you are, and have been. You cannot be better; and if you could, it would be but filling me with Deſpair to attain the awful Heights of Virtue, at which you are arrived. Perhaps, added the dear Gentleman, the Scene I have beheld within theſe twelve Hours, has made me more ſerious than otherwiſe I ſhould have been; but I'll aſſure you, before all this good Company, I ſpeak the Sentiments of my Heart, and thoſe not of this Day only.

What

What a happy Daughter is yours, O my dear Father and Mother! I owe it all to God's Grace, and to yours and my good Lady's Inſtructions. And to theſe let me always look back with grateful Acknowledgments, that I may not impute to myſelf, and be proud, my inexpreſſible Happineſs.

The Company were ſo kindly pleas'd with our Concern, and my dear Maſter's Goodneſs, that he, obſerving their Indulgence, and being himſelf curious to know the further Particulars of what had paſs'd between my Lady and me, repeated his Queſtion, What ſhe had called me beſides *Wench* and *Creature*? And I ſaid, My Lady, ſuppoſing I was wicked, lamented over me very kindly, my Depravity and Fall, and ſaid, What a thouſand Pities it was, ſo much Virtue, as ſhe was pleas'd to ſay, was ſo deſtroy'd, and that I had yielded, after ſo noble a Stand, as ſhe ſaid!

Excuſe me, Gentlemen and Ladies, ſaid I; you know my Story, it ſeems; and I am commanded by one, who has a Title to all my Obedience, to proceed.

They gave all of them Bows of Approbation, that they might not interrupt me; and I continued my Story.---

I told her Ladyſhip, proceeded I, that I was ſtill innocent, and would be ſo, and it was injurious to ſuppoſe me otherwiſe! Why, tell me, Wench, ſaid ſhe,—but I think I muſt not tell you what ſhe ſaid. Yes, do, ſaid my Maſter, to clear my Siſter; we ſhall think it very bad elſe.

I held my Hand before my Face, and ſaid, Why, ſhe ſaid, Tell me, Wench, haſt thou not been a-bed with thy Maſter? That ſhe ſaid.----And when I ſaid, ſhe ask'd ſtrange Queſtions, and in ſtrange Words, ſhe ridicul'd my Delicacy, as ſhe call'd it, and ſaid, my Niceneſs would not laſt long. She ſaid, I muſt know I was not really marry'd, that my

Ring was only a Sham, and all was my Cunning to cloak my Yielding, and get better Terms: She ſaid, ſhe knew the World as much at Thirty-two, as I did at Sixteen; and bid me remember that.

I took the Liberty to ſay, (but I got a good way off) That I ſcorn'd her Ladyſhip's Words, and was as much marry'd as her Ladyſhip. And then, good Sirs! I had certainly been cuff'd, if her Woman had not interpoſed, and told her, I was not worth her Anger; and that I was as much to be pitied for my Credulity, as deſpis'd for my Vanity.

My poor *Pamela*, ſaid my Maſter, this was too-too hard upon you! O Sir, ſaid I, how much eaſier it was to me, than if it had been ſo!—That would have broken my Heart quite!—For then I ſhould have deſerved it all, and worſe; and theſe Reproaches, added to my own Guilt, would have made me truly wretched!

Lady *Darnford*, at whoſe Right-hand I ſat, kiſſed me with a kind of Rapture, and called me a ſweet Exemplar for all my Sex. Mr. *Peters* ſaid very handſome Things: So did Mr. *Perry*; and Sir *Simon*, with Tears in his Eyes, ſaid to my Maſter, Why, Neighbour, Neighbour, this is excellent, by my Troth. I believe there is ſomething in Virtue, that we had not well conſider'd. On my Soul, there has been but one Angel come down for theſe thouſand Years, and you have got her.

Well, my Deareſt, ſaid my Maſter, pray proceed with your Story till we have done Supper, ſince the Ladies ſeem pleas'd with it. Why, Sir, ſaid I, her Ladyſhip went on in the ſame manner; but ſaid one time, (and held me by the Hand) ſhe would give me a hundred Guineas for one provoking Word, or if I would but ſay, I *believ'd* myſelf married, that ſhe might fell me at her Foot: But, Sir, you muſt not be angry with her Ladyſhip. She call'd me *Painted Dirt*,

Dirt, *Baby-face*, *Waiting-maid*, *Beggar's-brat*, and *Beggar-born*; but I ſaid, as long as I knew my Innocence, I was eaſy in every thing, but to have my dear Parents abuſed. I ſaid, they were never Beggars, nor beholden to any body; nor to any thing but God's Grace, and their own Labour: That they once lived in Credit; that Misfortunes might befal any body; and that I could not bear they ſhould be treated ſo undeſervedly.

Then her Ladyſhip ſaid, Ay, ſhe ſuppoſed my Maſter's Folly would make us ſet up for a Family, and that the Herald's Office would ſhortly be ſearch'd to make it out.

Exactly my Siſter again! ſaid he. So you could not pleaſe her any way?

No, indeed, Sir. When ſhe commanded me to fill her a Glaſs of Wine, and would not let her Woman do it, ſhe ask'd, If I was above it? I then ſaid, If, to attend your Ladyſhip at Table, or even kneel at your Feet, was requir'd of me, I would moſt gladly do it, were I only the Perſon you think me. But, if it be to triumph over one, who has receiv'd Honours that ſhe thinks require from her another Part, that ſhe may not be utterly unworthy of them, I muſt ſay, I *cannot* do it. This quite aſtoniſhed her Ladyſhip; and a little before, her Kinſman brought me the Bottle and Glaſs, and requir'd me to fill it for my Lady at her Command, and call'd himſelf my Deputy: and I ſaid, 'Tis in a good Hand; help my Lady yourſelf. So, Sir, added I, you ſee I could be a little ſaucy upon Occaſion.

You pleaſe me well, my *Pamela*, ſaid he. This was quite right. But proceed.

Her Ladyſhip ſaid, She was aſtoniſhed! adding, She ſuppos'd I would have her look upon me as her Brother's Wife: And ask'd me, What, in the Name

of Impudence, poſſeſſed me, to *dare* to look upon myſelf as her Siſter! And I ſaid, That was a Queſtion better became her moſt worthy Brother to anſwer than me. And then I thought I ſhould have had her Ladyſhip upon me; but her Woman interpoſed.

I afterwards told Mrs. *Jewkes* at the Window, That ſince I was hinder'd from going to you, I believ'd it was beſt to let *Robert* go with the Chariot, and ſay, Lady *Davers* was come, and I could not leave her Ladyſhip. But this did not pleaſe, and I thought it would too; for ſhe ſaid, No, no, he'll think I make the Creature my Companion, and know not how to part with her.

Exactly, ſaid he, my Siſter again!

And ſhe ſaid, I knew nothing what belong'd to People of Condition; how ſhould I?---What *ſhall* I ſay, Madam? ſaid I. Nothing at all, anſwer'd ſhe; let him expect his *deareſt Love*, alluding to your kind Epithet in your Letter, and be diſappointed; it is but adding a few more Hours to this heavy Abſence, and every one will become a Day in his amorous Account.

So, to be ſhort, I ſaw nothing to be done, and I fear'd, Sir, you would wonder at my Stay, and be angry; and I watch'd my Opportunity, while my Lady, who was walking about the Room, was at the further End; and the Parlour being a Ground-floor in a manner, I jump'd out of the Window, and ran for it.

Her Ladyſhip call'd after me; ſo did her Woman; and I heard her ſay, I flew like a Bird; and ſhe call'd to two of her Servants in Sight to ſtop me; but I ſaid, Touch me at your Peril, Fellows. And Mr. *Colbrand*, having been planted at hand by Mrs. *Jewkes*, (who was very good in the whole Affair, and incurr'd her Ladyſhip's Diſpleaſure, once or twice,

twice, by taking my Part, ſeeing how I was us'd) put on a fierce Look, cock'd his Hat with one Hand, and put t'other on his Sword, and ſaid, He would chine the Man who offer'd to touch his Lady. And ſo he ran along-ſide of me, and could hardly keep Pace with me:---And here, my dear Sir, concluded I, I am, at yours and the good Company's Service.

They ſeem'd highly pleas'd with my Relation; and my Maſter ſaid, he was glad Mrs. *Jewkes* behaved ſo well, as alſo Mr. *Colbrand*. Yes, Sir, ſaid I, when Mrs *Jewkes* interpoſed once, her Ladyſhip ſaid, It was hard, ſhe, who was born in that Houſe, could not have ſome Privilege in it, without being talk'd to by the ſaucy Servants. And ſhe call'd her another time *Fat-face*, and *woman'd* her moſt violently.

Well, ſaid my Maſter, I am glad, my Dear, you have had ſuch an Eſcape. My Siſter was always paſſionate, as Mrs. *Peters* knows: And my poor Mother had enough to do with us both. For we neither of us wanted Spirit; and when I was a Boy, I never came home from School or College for a few Days, but tho' we long'd to ſee one another before, yet ere the firſt Day was over, we had a Quarrel; for ſhe, being Seven Years older than me, was always for domineering over me, and I could not bear it. And I uſed, on her frequently quarrelling with the Maids, and being always at a Word and a Blow, to call her Captain *Bab*; for her Name is *Barbara*. And when my Lord *Davers* courted her, my poor Mother has made up Quarrels between them three times a Day; and I uſed to tell her, ſhe would certainly beat her Husband, marry whom ſhe would, if he did not beat her firſt, and break her Spirit.

Yet has ſhe, continued he, very good Qualities. She was a dutiful Daughter, is a good Wife; ſhe is boun-

tiful to her Servants, firm in her Friendſhips, charitable to the Poor, and, I believe, never any Siſter better loved a Brother, than ſhe me: And yet, ſhe always loved to vex and teize me; and as I would bear a Reſentment longer than ſhe, ſhe'd be one Moment the moſt provoking Creature in the World, and the next would do any thing to be forgiven; and I have made her, when ſhe was the Aggreſſor, follow me all over the Houſe and Garden to be upon good Terms with me.

But this Caſe piques her more, becauſe ſhe had found out a Match for me in the Family of a Perſon of Quality, and had ſet her Heart upon bringing it to Effect, and had even proceeded far in it, without my Knowledge, and brought me into the Lady's Company, unknowing of her Deſign: But I was then averſe to Matrimony upon any Terms; and was angry at her proceeding in it ſo far without my Privity or Encouragement: And ſhe cannot, for this Reaſon, bear the Thoughts of my being now marry'd, and to her Mother's Waiting-maid too, as ſhe reminds my dear *Pamela*, when I had declin'd her Propoſal with the Daughter of a noble Earl.

This is the whole Caſe, ſaid he; and allowing for the Pride and Violence of her Spirit, and that ſhe knows not, as I do, the tranſcendent Excellencies of my dear Spouſe, and that all her View, in her own Conception, is mine and my Family's Honour, ſhe is a little to be allowed for: Tho' never fear, my *Pamela*, but that I, who never had a Struggle with her, wherein I did not get the better, will do you Juſtice, and myſelf too.

This Account of Lady *Davers* pleas'd every body, and was far from being to her Ladyſhip's Diſadvantage in the main: And I would do any thing in the World to have the Honour to be in her Ladyſhip's good

good Graces. Yet I fear it will not be eaſily, if at all, effected. But I will proceed:

After Supper, nothing would ſerve Miſs *Darnford*, and Miſs *Boroughs*, but we muſt have a Dance; and Mr. *Peters*, who plays a good Fiddle, urged it forward. My dear Maſter, tho' in a Riding-dreſs, danc'd (and danc'd ſweetly) with Miſs *Boroughs*.

Sir *Simon*, for a Gentleman of his Years, danc'd well, and took me out; but put on one of his free Jokes, that I was fitter to dance with a younger Gentleman; and he would have it, tho' I had not danc'd ſince my dear Lady's Death to ſignify, except once or twice to pleaſe Mrs. *Jervis*, and indeed believed all my Dancing Days over, that as my Maſter and I were the beſt Dancers, we ſhould dance once together *before* Folks, as the odd Gentleman ſaid; and my dear Sir was pleaſed to oblige him: And afterwards danced with Miſs *Darnford*, who I think has much more Skill and Judgment than I; tho' they compliment me with an eaſier Shape and Air.

We left the Company, with great Difficulty, at about Eleven, my dear Maſter having been up all Night before, and we being at the greateſt Diſtance from Home; tho' they ſeem'd inclinable not to break up ſo ſoon, as they were Neighbours; and the Ladies ſaid, They long'd to hear what would be the End of Lady *Davers*'s Interview with her Brother.

My Maſter ſaid, He fear'd we muſt not now think of going next Day to *Bedfordſhire*, as we had intended; and perhaps might ſee them again. And ſo we took Leave, and ſet out for Home; where we arriv'd not till Twelve o'Clock; and found Lady *Davers* had gone to Bed about Eleven, wanting ſadly that we ſhould come home firſt; but ſo did not I.

Mrs. *Jewkes* told us, That my Lady was ſadly fretted, that I had got away ſo; and ſeem'd a little apprehenſive of what I would ſay of the Uſage I had receiv'd from her. She ask'd Mrs. *Jewkes*, if ſhe thought I was really marry'd? And Mrs. *Jewkes* telling her, Yes, fell into a Paſſion, and ſaid, Begone, bold Woman; I cannot bear thee. See not my Face till I ſend for thee. Thou haſt been very impudent to me once or twice to-day already, and art now worſe than ever. She ſaid, She would not have told her Ladyſhip, if ſhe had not ask'd her; and was ſorry ſhe had offended.

She ſent for her at Supper-time: Said ſhe, I have another Queſtion to ask thee, Woman, and tell me Yes, if thou dareſt. Was ever any thing ſo odd?—Why then, ſaid Mrs. *Jewkes*, I will ſay No, before your Ladyſhip ſpeaks.---My Maſter laugh'd; Poor Woman! ſaid he.----She call'd her *inſolent*, and *Aſſurance*; and ſaid, Begone, bold Woman as thou art!---but come hither. Doſt thou know if that young Harlot is to lie with my Brother to-night?

She ſaid, ſhe knew not what to anſwer, becauſe ſhe had threaten'd her, if ſhe ſaid Yes. But at laſt, my Lady ſaid, I will know the Bottom of this Iniquity. I ſuppoſe they won't have ſo much Impudence to lie together, while I'm in the Houſe; but I dare ſay they have been Bed-fellows.

Said ſhe, I will lie to-night in the Room I was born in; ſo get that Bed ready. That Room being our Bed-chamber, Mrs. *Jewkes*, after ſome Heſitation, reply'd, Madam, my Maſter lies there, and has the Key. I believe, Woman, ſaid ſhe, thou telleſt me a Story. Indeed, Madam, ſaid ſhe, he does; and has ſome Papers there he will let nobody ſee; for Mrs. *Jewkes* ſaid, ſhe fear'd ſhe would beat her, if ſhe went up, and found by my Cloaths, and ſome of my Maſter's, how it was.

So

So ſhe ſaid, I will then lie in the beſt Room, as it is called; and *Jackey* ſhall lie in the little green Room adjoining to it. Has thy Maſter got the Key of thoſe?—— No, Madam, ſaid Mrs. *Jewkes*; I will order them to be made ready for your Ladyſhip.

And where doſt thou lay thy purſy Sides? ſaid ſhe. Up two Pair of Stairs, Madam, next the Garden. And where lies the young Harlotry, continued ſhe? Sometimes with me, Madam, ſaid ſhe. And ſometimes with thy virtuous Maſter, I ſuppoſe, ſaid my Lady.—Ha, Woman! what ſay'ſt thou? I muſt not ſpeak, ſaid Mrs. *Jewkes*. Well, thou may'ſt go, ſaid ſhe; but thou haſt the Air of a Secret-keeper of that ſort: I dare ſay thou'lt ſet the good Work forward moſt cordially. Poor Mrs. *Jewkes!* ſaid my Maſter, and laugh'd moſt heartily.

This Talk we had whilſt we were undreſſing. So ſhe and her Woman lay together in the Room my Maſter lay in before I was happy.

I ſaid, Dear Sir, pray, in the Morning let me lock myſelf up in the Cloſet, as ſoon as you riſe; and not be call'd down for ever ſo much; for I am afraid to ſee her Ladyſhip: And I will employ myſelf about my Journal, while theſe Things are in my Head. Don't be afraid, my Dear, ſaid he; am not I with you?

Mrs. *Jewkes* pity'd me for what I had undergone in the Day; and I ſaid, We won't make the worſt of it to my dear Maſter, becauſe we won't exaſperate where we would reconcile; but, added I, I am much oblig'd to you, Mrs. *Jewkes*, and I thank you. Said my Maſter, I hope ſhe did not beat your Lady, Mrs. *Jewkes*? Not much, Sir, ſaid ſhe; but I believe I ſav'd my Lady once: Yet, added ſhe, I was moſt vex'd at the young Lord. Ay, Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſaid my Maſter, let me know *his* Behaviour. I can chaſtiſe

him, tho' I cannot my Siſter, who is a Woman; let me therefore know the Part he acted.

Nothing, my dear Sir, ſaid I, but Impertinence, if I may ſo ſay, and Fooliſhneſs, that was very provoking; but I ſpar'd him not, and ſo there is no Room, Sir, for your Anger. No, Sir, ſaid Mrs. *Jewkes*, nothing elſe indeed.

How was her Woman? ſaid my Maſter. Pretty impertinent, reply'd Mrs. *Jewkes*, as Ladies Women will be. But, ſaid I, you know ſhe ſav'd me once or twice. Very true, Madam, return'd Mrs. *Jewkes*. And ſhe ſaid to me at Table, continued ſhe, that you were a ſweet Creature; ſhe never ſaw your Equal; but that you had a Spirit, and ſhe was ſorry you anſwer'd her Lady ſo, who never bore ſo much Contradiction before. I told her, added Mrs. *Jewkes*, That if I was in your Ladyſhip's Place, I ſhould have taken much more upon me, and that you were all Sweetneſs. And ſhe ſaid, I was got over, ſhe ſaw.

TUESDAY Morning, the Sixth of my Happineſs.

MY Maſter had ſaid to Mrs. *Jewkes*, That he ſhould not riſe till Eight or Nine, as he had ſat up all the Night before; but it ſeems my Lady, knowing he uſually roſe about Six, got up ſoon after that Hour, rais'd her Woman, and her Nephew; having a whimſical Scheme in her Head, to try to find whether we were in Bed together: And at about half an Hour after Six, ſhe rapt at our Chamber-door.

My Maſter was wak'd at the Noiſe, and ask'd, Who was there? Open the Door, ſaid ſhe; open it this Minute! I ſaid, clinging about his Neck, Dear, dear Sir, pray, pray don't!---O ſave me, ſave me!

Don't

Don't fear, *Pamela*, ſaid he. The Woman's mad, I believe.

But he call'd out, Who are you? What do you want?---You know my Voice well enough! ſaid ſhe:----I *will* come in!----Pray, Sir, ſaid I, don't let her Ladyſhip in.---Don't be frighted, my Dear, ſaid he; ſhe thinks we are not married, and are afraid to be found a-bed together. I'll let her in; but ſhe ſhan't come near my Deareſt.

So he ſlipt out of Bed, and putting on ſome of his Cloaths, and Gown, and Slippers, he ſaid, What bold body dares diſturb my Repoſe thus? and open'd the Door. In ruſh'd ſhe; I'll ſee your Wickedneſs, ſaid ſhe, I will! In vain ſhall you think to hide it from me!---What ſhould I hide? ſaid he. How dare you ſet a Foot into my Houſe, after the Uſage I have received from you?---I had cover'd myſelf over Head and Ears, and trembled every Joint. He look'd, and 'ſpy'd her Woman and Kinſman in the Room, ſhe crying out, Bear Witneſs, *Jackey*; bear Witneſs, *Beck*; the Creature is *now* in his Bed. And not ſeeing the young Gentleman before, who was at the Feet of the Bed, he ſaid, How now, Sir! What's your Buſineſs in this Apartment? Begone this Moment.---And he went away directly.

Beck, ſaid my Lady, you ſee the Creature is in his Bed. I do, Madam, anſwer'd ſhe. My Maſter came to me, and ſaid, Ay, look, *Beck*, and bear Witneſs: Here is my *Pamela!*— My dear Angel, my lovely Creature, don't be afraid; look up, and ſee how frantickly this Woman of Quality behaves.

At that I juſt peep'd, and ſaw my Lady, who could not bear this, coming to me; and ſhe ſaid, Wicked abandon'd Wretch, vile Brother, to brave me thus! I'll tear the Creature out of Bed before your Face, and expoſe you both as you deſerve.

At that he took her in his Arms, as if ſhe had been nothing; and carrying her out of the Room, ſhe cry'd out, *Beck*, *Beck!* help me, *Beck*; the Wretch is going to fling me down Stairs. Her Woman ran to him, and ſaid, Good Sir, for Heaven's ſake, do no Violence to my Lady: Her Ladyſhip has been ill all Night.

He ſet her down in the Chamber ſhe lay in, and ſhe could not ſpeak for Paſſion. Take care of your Lady, ſaid he; and when ſhe has render'd herſelf more worthy of my Attention, I'll ſee her; till then, at her Peril, and yours too, come not near my Apartment. And ſo he came to me, and with all the ſweet ſoothing Words in the world, pacify'd my Fears, and gave me Leave to go to write in my Cloſet, as ſoon as my Fright was over, and to ſtay there till Things were more calm. And ſo he dreſs'd himſelf, and went out of the Chamber, permitting me, at my Deſire, to faſten the Door after him.

At Breakfaſt-time my Maſter tapp'd at the Door, and I ſaid, Who's there? I, my Deareſt, ſaid he. Oh! then, reply'd I, will I open it with Pleaſure. I had written on a good deal; but I put it by when I ran to the Door. I would have lock'd it again, when he was in; but he ſaid, Am not I here! Don't be afraid. Said he, Will you come down to Breakfaſt, my Love? O no, dear Sir, ſaid I; be pleas'd to excuſe me. Said he, I cannot bear the Look of it, that the Miſtreſs of my Houſe ſhould breakfaſt in her Cloſet, as if ſhe durſt not come down, and I at Home! —O deareſt Sir, reply'd I, pray paſs that over for my ſake; and don't let my Preſence aggravate your Siſter, for a kind Punctilio. Then, my Dear, ſaid he, I will breakfaſt with *you* here. No, pray, dear Sir, anſwer'd I, breakfaſt with your Siſter. That, my Dear, reply'd he, will too much gratify her Pride, and look

like

like a Slight to you.—Dear Sir, ſaid I, your Goodneſs is too great, for me to want punctilious Proofs of it. Pray oblige her Ladyſhip. She is your Gueſt; ſurely, Sir, you may be freeſt with your dutiful Wife!

She is a ſtrange Woman, ſaid he: How I pity her!—She has thrown herſelf into a violent Fit of the Colick, thro' Paſſion: And is but now, her Woman ſays, a little eaſier. I hope, Sir, ſaid I, when you carry'd her Ladyſhip out, you did not hurt her. No, reply'd he, I love her too well. I ſat her down in the Apartment ſhe had choſen; and ſhe but now deſires to ſee me, and that I will breakfaſt with her, or refuſes to touch any thing. But, if my Deareſt pleaſe, I will inſiſt it ſhall be with *you* at the ſame time.

O no, no, dear Sir, ſaid I; I ſhould never forgive myſelf, if I did. I would on my Knees beg her Ladyſhip's Goodneſs to me, now I am in your Preſence; tho' I thought I ought to carry it a little ſtiff when you were abſent, for the ſake of the Honour you have done me. And, dear Sir, if my deepeſt Humility will pleaſe, permit me to ſhew it.

You ſhall do nothing, return'd he, unworthy of my Wife, to pleaſe the proud Woman!———But I will, however, permit you to breakfaſt by yourſelf this once, as I have not ſeen her ſince I have uſed her in ſo barbarous a manner, as I underſtand ſhe exclaims I have; and as ſhe will not eat any thing, unleſs I give her my Company.—So he ſaluted me, and withdrew, and I lock'd the Door after him again for Fear.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, ſoon after, rapp'd at the Door. Who's there? ſaid I. Only I, Madam. So I open'd the Door. 'Tis a ſad thing, Madam, ſaid ſhe, you ſhould be ſo much afraid in your own Houſe. She brought me ſome Chocolate and Toaſt; and I ask'd her

her about my Lady's Behaviour. She ſaid, ſhe would not ſuffer any body to attend but her Woman, becauſe ſhe would not be heard what ſhe had to ſay; but ſhe believ'd, ſhe ſaid, her Maſter was very angry with the young Lord, as ſhe call'd her Kinſman; for, as ſhe paſs'd by the Door, ſhe heard him ſay, in a high Tone, I hope, Sir, you did not forget what belongs to the Character you aſſume: or to that Effect.

About One o'Clock, my Maſter came up again; and he ſaid, Will you come down to Dinner, *Pamela*, when I ſend for you? Whatever you command, Sir, I muſt do: But my Lady won't deſire to ſee me. No matter whether ſhe will or no. But I will not ſuffer, that ſhe ſhall preſcribe her inſolent Will to my Wife, and in your own Houſe too.— I will, by my Tenderneſs to you, mortify her Pride; and it cannot be done ſo well as to her Face.

Deareſt Sir, ſaid I, pray indulge me, and let me dine here by myſelf. It will make my Lady but more inveterate— Said he, I have told her we are marry'd. She is out of all Patience about it, and yet pretends *not* to believe it. Upon that I tell her, Then ſhe ſhall have it her own way, and that I am *not*. And what has ſhe to do with it either way? She has ſcolded and begg'd, commanded and pray'd, bleſs'd me, and curs'd me, by Turns, twenty times, in theſe few Hours. And I have ſometimes ſoothed her, ſometimes ſtorm'd at her, ſometimes argued, ſometimes raged; and at laſt left her, and took a Turn in the Garden for an Hour to compoſe myſelf, becauſe you ſhould not ſee how the fooliſh Woman had ruffled me; and juſt now I came out, ſeeing her coming in.

Juſt as he had ſaid ſo, I cry'd, Oh! my Lady, my Lady! for I heard her Voice in the Chamber, ſaying, Brother, Brother, one Word with you! —

ſtop-

ſtopping in Sight of the Cloſet where I was. He ſtept out, and ſhe went up to the Window that looks towards the Garden, and ſaid, Mean Fool that I am, to follow you up and down the Houſe in this manner, tho' I am ſhunn'd and avoided by you! You a Brother! — you a Barbarian! — Is it poſſible we could be born of one Mother?

Why, ſaid he, do you charge me with a Conduct to you, that you bring upon yourſelf? — Is it not ſurpriſing, that you ſhould take the Liberty with me, that the dear Mother you have named never gave you an Example for to any of her Relations? — Was it not ſufficient, that I was inſolently taken to Task by you in your Letters, but my Retirements muſt be invaded? My Houſe inſulted? And, if I have one Perſon dearer to me than another, that that Perſon muſt be ſingled out for an Object of Violence?

Ay, ſaid ſhe, That one Perſon is the Thing! — But tho' I came up with a Reſolution to be temperate, and to expoſtulate with you on your avoiding me ſo unkindly, yet cannot I have Patience to look upon that Bed in which I was born, and to be made the guilty Scene of your Wickedneſs with ſuch a ———

Huſh! ſaid he, I charge you, call not the dear Girl by any Name unworthy of her. You know not, as I told you, her Excellence; and I deſire you'll not repeat the Freedoms you have taken below.

She ſtamp'd with her Foot, and ſaid, God give me Patience! So much Contempt to a Siſter that loves you ſo well; and ſo much Tenderneſs to a vile———

He put his Hand before her Mouth: Be ſilent, ſaid he, once more, I charge you. You know not the Innocence you abuſe ſo freely. I ought not, neither will I bear it.

She

She ſat down and fann'd herſelf, and burſt into Tears, and ſuch Sobs of Grief, or rather Paſſion, that grieved me to hear; and I ſat and trembled ſadly.

He walk'd about the Room, in great Anger; and at laſt ſaid, Let me ask you, Lady *Davers*, why I am thus inſolently to be called to Account by you. Am I not independent? Am I not of Age? Am I not at Liberty to pleaſe myſelf?---- Would to God, that inſtead of a Woman and my Siſter, any Man breathing had dar'd, whatever were his Relation under that of a Father, to give himſelf half the Airs you have done!---- Why did you not ſend on this accurſed Errand your Lord, who could write me ſuch a Letter as no Gentleman ſhould write, nor any Gentleman tamely receive? He ſhould have ſeen the Difference.

We all know, ſaid ſhe, that ſince your *Italian* Duel, you have commenc'd a Bravo; and all your Airs breathe as ſtrongly of the Manſlayer, as of the Libertine. This, ſaid he, I will bear; for I have no Reaſon to be aſham'd of that Duel, nor the Cauſe of it; ſince it was to ſave a Friend, and becauſe 'tis levell'd at myſelf only: But ſuffer not your Tongue to take too great a Liberty with my *Pamela*.

She interrupted him, in a violent Burſt of Paſſion. If I bear this, ſaid ſhe, I can bear any thing!--- O the little Strumpet!--- He interrupted her then, and ſaid wrathfully, Begone, rageful Woman, begone this Moment from my Preſence! Leave my Houſe this Inſtant!----I renounce you, and all Relation to you; and never more let me ſee your Face, or call me Brother. And took her by the Hand to lead her out. She laid hold of the Curtains of the Window, and ſaid, I will not go! you ſhall not force me from you thus ignominiouſly in the Wretch's Hearing, and

ſuffer

ſuffer *her* to triumph over me in your barbarous Treatment of me.

Not conſidering any thing, I ran out of the Cloſet, and threw myſelf at my dear Maſter's Feet, as he held her Hand, in order to lead her out; and I ſaid, Deareſt Sir, let me beg, that no Act of Unkindneſs for my ſake, paſs between ſo worthy and ſo near Relations. Dear, dear Madam, ſaid I, and claſp'd her Knees, pardon and excuſe the unhappy Cauſe of all this Evil; on my Knees I beg your Ladyſhip to receive me to your Grace and Favour, and you ſhall find me incapable of any Triumph but in your Ladyſhip's Goodneſs to me.

Creature, ſaid ſhe, art *thou* to beg an Excuſe for me!---Art *thou* to implore my Forgiveneſs! Is it to *thee* I am to owe the Favour, that I am not caſt headlong from my Brother's Preſence! Begone to thy Corner, Wench; begone, I ſay, leſt thy Paramour kill me for trampling thee under my Foot.

Riſe, my dear *Pamela*, ſaid my Maſter; riſe, dear Life of my Life, and expoſe not ſo much Worthineſs to the ingrateful Scorn of ſo violent a Spirit. And ſo he led me to my Cloſet again, and there I ſat and wept.

Her Woman came up, juſt as he had led me to my Cloſet, and was returning to her Lady; and ſhe very humbly ſaid, Excuſe my Intruſion, good Sir! ---I hope I may come to my Lady. Yes, Mrs. *Worden*, ſaid he, you may come in, and pray take your Lady down Stairs with you, for fear I ſhould too much forget what belongs either to my Siſter or myſelf!

I began to think (ſeeing her Ladyſhip ſo outrageous with her Brother) what a happy Eſcape I had had the Day before, though hardly enough us'd in Conſcience too, as I thought.

Het

Her Woman begg'd her Ladyſhip to walk down, and ſhe ſaid, *Beck*, ſeeſt thou that Bed? That was the Bed that I was born in; and yet that was the Bed, thou ſaweſt, as well as I, the wicked *Pamela* in, this Morning, and this Brother of mine juſt riſen from her!

True, ſaid he; you both ſaw it, and 'tis my Pride that you could ſee it. 'Tis my Bridal-bed, and 'tis abominable, that the Happineſs I knew before you came hither, ſhould be ſo barbaroufly interrupted.

Swear to me but, thou bold Wretch, ſaid ſhe, ſwear to me, that *Pamela Andrews* is really and truly thy lawful Wife, without Sham, without Deceit, without Double-meaning; and I know what I have to ſay.

I'll humour you for once, ſaid he; and then ſwore a ſolemn Oath, that I was. And, ſaid he, did I not tell you ſo at firſt?

I cannot *yet* believe you, ſaid ſhe, becauſe, in this Particular, I had rather have called you *Knave* than *Fool*.---Provoke me not too much, ſaid he; for if I ſhould as much forget myſelf as you have done, you'd have no more of a Brother in me, than I have a Siſter in you.

Who marry'd you? ſaid ſhe; tell me that: Was it not a broken Attorney in a Parſon's Habit? Tell me truly, in the Wench's Hearing. When ſhe's undeceiv'd, ſhe'll know how to behave herſelf better! Thank God, thought I, it is not ſo.

No, ſaid he, and I'll tell you, that I bleſs God, I abhorred that Project, before it was brought to bear; and Mr. *Williams* marry'd us. ---- Nay then, ſaid ſhe---but anſwer me another Queſtion or two, I beſeech you: Who gave her away? Parſon *Peters*, ſaid he. Where was the Ceremony perform'd?

form'd? In my own little Chapel, which you may ſee, as it was put in Order on purpoſe.

Now, ſaid ſhe, I begin to fear there is ſomething in it! But who was preſent? ſaid ſhe. Methinks, reply'd he, I look like a fine Puppy, to ſuffer myſelf to be thus interrogated by an inſolent Sifter. But if you muſt know, Mrs. *Jewkes* was preſent. O the Procureſs! ſaid ſhe; but nobody elſe! Yes, ſaid he, all my Heart and Soul!

Wretch! ſaid ſhe; And what would thy Father and Mother have ſaid, had they lived to this Day? Their Conſents, reply'd he, I ſhould have thought it my Duty to ask; but not yours, Madam.

Suppoſe, ſaid ſhe, I had married my Father's Groom! what would you have ſaid to that?---- I could not behaved worſe, reply'd he, than you have done. And would you not have thought, ſaid ſhe, I had deſerv'd it?

Said he, Does your Pride let you ſee no Difference in the Caſe you put? None at all, ſaid ſhe. Where can the Difference be between a Beggar's Son marry'd by a Lady, or a Beggar's Daughter made a Gentleman's Wife?

Then I'll tell you, reply'd he; The Difference is, a Man ennobles the Woman he takes, be ſhe *who* ſhe will; and adopts her into his own Rank, be it *what* it will: But a Woman, tho' ever ſo nobly born, debaſes herſelf by a mean Marriage, and deſcends from her *own* Rank, to *his* ſhe ſtoops to.

When the Royal Family of *Stuart* ally'd itſelf into the low Family of *Hyde*, (comparatively low, I mean) did any body ſcruple to call the Lady Royal Highneſs, and Ducheſs of *York*? And did any body think her Daughters, the late Queen *Mary* and Queen *Anne*, leſs Royal for that?

When the broken-fortun'd Peer goes into the City to marry a rich Tradeſman's Daughter, be he Duke

or

or Earl, does not his Conſort immediately become ennobled by his Choice? and who ſcruples to call her Lady Ducheſs, or Counteſs?

But when a Ducheſs or Counteſs Dowager deſcends to mingle with a Perſon of obſcure Birth, does ſhe not then degrade herſelf? and is ſhe not effectually degraded? And will any Ducheſs or Counteſs rank with her?

Now, Lady *Davers*, do you not ſee a Difference between my marrying my dear Mother's beloved and deſerving Waiting-maid, with a Million of Excellencies about her, and ſuch Graces of Mind and Perſon, as would adorn any Diſtinction; and your marrying a ſordid Groom, whoſe conſtant Train of Education, Converſation, and Opportunities, could poſſibly give him no other Merit, than that which muſt proceed from the vileſt, loweſt Taſte, in his ſordid Dignifier?

O the Wretch! ſaid ſhe, how he find Excuſes to palliate his Meanneſs!

Again, ſaid he, let me obſerve to you, Lady *Davers*, when a Duke marries a private Perſon, is he not ſtill her *Head*, by virtue of being her Huſband? But, when a Lady deſcends to marry a Groom, is not that Groom her *Head*, being her Husband? And does not that Difference ſtrike you? For what Lady of Quality ought to reſpect another, who has made ſo ſordid a Choice, and ſet a Groom *above* her? For, would not that be to put that Groom upon a Par with themſelves?---Call this Palliation, or what you will; but if you ſee not the Difference, you are blind, and a very unfit Judge for yourſelf, much more unfit to be a Cenſurer of me.

I'd have you, ſaid ſhe, publiſh your fine Reaſons to the World, and they will be ſweet Encouragements to all the young Gentlemen that read them, to caſt them-

themſelves away on the Servant-wenches in their Families.

Not at all, Lady *Davers*, reply'd he: For, if any young Gentleman ſtays till he finds ſuch a Perſon as my *Pamela*; ſo enrich'd with the Beauties of Perſon and Mind, ſo well accompliſh'd, and ſo fitted to adorn the Degree ſhe is raiſed to, he will ſtand as eaſily acquitted, as I ſhall be to all the World that ſees her, except there be many more Lady *Davers*'s than I apprehend can poſſibly be met with.

And ſo, return'd ſhe, you ſay, You are actually and really marry'd, honeſtly, or rather fooliſhly, marry'd to this *Slut*?

I am indeed, ſaid he, if you preſume to call her ſo! And why ſhould I not, if I pleaſe? Who is there ought to contradict me? Whom have I hurt by it?--- Have I not an Eſtate, free and independent? Am I likely to be beholden to you, or any of my Relations? And why, when I have a Sufficiency in my own ſingle Hands, ſhould I ſcruple to make a Woman equally happy, who has all I want? For Beauty, Virtue, Prudence, and Generoſity too, I will tell you, ſhe has more than any Lady I ever ſaw. Yes, Lady *Davers*, ſhe has all theſe *naturally*; they are *born* with her; and a few Years Education, with her Genius, has done more for her, than a whole Life has done for others.

No more, no more, I beſeech you, ſaid ſhe; thou ſurfeiteſt me, honeſt Man! with thy weak Folly. Thou art worſe than an Idolater; thou haſt made a graven Image, and thou falleſt down and worſhippeſt the Works of thine own Hands; and, *Jeroboam* like, wouldſt have every body elſe bow down before thy Calf!

Well ſaid, Lady *Davers!* Whenever your Paſſion ſuffers you to deſcend to Witticiſm, 'tis almoſt over with

with you. But, let me tell you, tho' I worſhip myſelf this ſweet Creature, that you call ſuch Names, I want nobody elſe to do it; and ſhould be glad you had not intruded upon me, to interrupt me in the Courſe of our mutual Happineſs.

Well ſaid, well ſaid, my kind, my well-manner'd Brother! ſaid ſhe. I ſhall, after this, very little interrupt your mutual Happineſs, I'll aſſure you. I thought you a Gentleman once, and prided myſelf in my Brother; but I'll ſay now with the Burial Service, *Aſhes to Aſhes, and Dirt to Dirt!*

Ay, ſaid he, Lady *Davers*, and there we muſt all end at laſt; you with all your Pride, and I with my plentiful Fortune, muſt come to it; and then where will be your Diſtinction? Let me tell you, except you and I both mend our Manners, tho' you have been no Duelliſt, no Libertine, as you call me, this amiable Girl, whom your Vanity and Folly ſo much deſpiſes, will out-ſoar us both, infinitely out-ſoar us; and He that judges beſt, will give the Preference where due, without Regard to Birth or Fortune.

Egregious Preacher! ſaid ſhe: What, my Brother already turn'd *Puritan!* ---- See what Marriage and Repentance may bring a Man to! I heartily congratulate this Change! ----Well, ſaid ſhe, (and came towards me, and I trembled to ſee her coming; but her Brother follow'd to obſerve her, and I ſtood up at her Approach, and ſhe ſaid) Give me thy Hand, Mrs. *Pamela*, Mrs. *Andrews*, Mrs. —— What ſhall I call thee! ---Thou haſt done Wonders in a little time: Thou haſt not only made a Rake a Husband; but thou haſt made a Rake a Preacher! But take care, added ſhe, after all, in ironical Anger, and tapp'd me on the Neck, take care that thy Vanity begins not where his ends; and that thou calleſt not thyſelf my Siſter.

She

She ſhall, I hope, Lady *Davers*, ſaid he, when ſhe can make as great a Convert of you from Pride, as ſhe has of me from Libertiniſm.

Mrs. *Jewkes* juſt then came up, and ſaid, Dinner was ready. Come, my *Pamela*, ſaid my dear Maſter; you deſired to be excuſed from breakfaſting with us; but I hope you'll give Lady *Davers* and me your Company to Dinner.

How dare you inſult me thus? ſaid my Lady.--- How dare you, ſaid he, inſult me by your Conduct in my own Houſe, after I have told you I am marry'd? How dare you think of ſtaying here one Moment, and refuſe my Wife the Honours that belong to her, as ſuch?

Merciful God! ſaid ſhe, give me Patience! and held her Hand to her Forehead.

Pray, Sir, dear Sir, ſaid I, excuſe me; don't vex my Lady.--Be ſilent, my dear Love, ſaid he; you ſee already what you have got by your ſweet Condeſcenſion. You have thrown yourſelf at her Feet, and, inſolent as ſhe is, ſhe has threatened to trample upon you. She'll ask you preſently, if ſhe is to owe her Excuſe to your Interpoſition; and yet nothing elſe can make her forgiven.

Poor Lady! ſhe could not bear this, and, as if ſhe was diſcompoſed, ſhe ran to her poor grieved Woman, and took hold of her Hand, and ſaid, Lead me down, lead me down, *Beck!* Let us inſtantly quit this Houſe, this curſed Houſe, that once I took Pleaſure in: Order the Fellows to get ready, and I will never ſee it, nor its Owner, more. And away ſhe went down Stairs, in a great Hurry. And the Servants were ordered to make ready for their Departure.

I ſaw my Maſter was troubled, and I went to him, and I ſaid, Pray, dear Sir, follow my Lady down, and pacify her. 'Tis her Love to you.----

Poor

Poor Woman! ſaid he, I am concern'd for her! But I inſiſt upon your coming down, ſince Things are gone ſo far. Her Pride will get new Strength elſe, and we ſhall be all to begin again.

Deareſt, dear Sir, ſaid I, excuſe me going down this once! Indeed, my Dear, I won't, reply'd he. What! ſhall it be ſaid, that my Siſter ſhould ſcare my Wife from my Table, and I preſent?---No, I have borne too much already; and ſo have you. And I charge you come down, when I ſend for you.

He departed, ſaying theſe Words, and I durſt not diſpute; for I ſaw, he was determin'd. And there is as much Majeſty as Goodneſs in him; as I have often had Reaſon to obſerve, tho' never more, than on the preſent Occaſion with his Siſter. Her Ladyſhip inſtantly put on her Hood and Gloves, and her Woman ty'd up a Handkerchief full of Things; for her principal Matters were not unpack'd, and her Coachman got her Chariot ready, and her Footmen their Horſes, and ſhe appear'd reſolv'd to go. But her Kinſman and Mr. *Colbrand* had taken a Turn together, ſomewhere; and ſhe would not come in, but ſat fretting on a Seat in the Fore-yard, with her Woman by her; and at laſt ſaid, to one of the Footmen, Do you, *James*, ſtay, to attend my Nephew; and we'll take the Road we came.

Mrs. *Jewkes* went to her Ladyſhip, and ſaid, Your Ladyſhip will be pleas'd to ſtay Dinner; 'tis juſt coming upon Table. No, ſaid ſhe, I have enough of this Houſe! I have indeed. But give my Service to your Maſter, and I wiſh him happier than he has made me.

He had ſent for me down, and I came, tho' unwillingly, and the Cloth was laid in the Parlour I had jump'd out of; and there was my Maſter walking about it. Mrs. *Jewkes* came in, and ask'd, If he

he pleas'd to have Dinner brought in? for my Lady would not come in, but deſired her Service, and wiſh'd him happier than he had made her. He ſeeing at the Window, when he went to that Side of the Room, all ready to go, ſtept out to her, and ſaid, Lady *Davers*, if I thought you would not be harden'd rather than ſoften'd by my Civility, I would ask you to walk in, and at leaſt let your Kinſman and Servants dine before they go. She wept, and turn'd her Face from him to hide it; he took her Hand, and ſaid, Come, Siſter, let me prevail upon you: Walk in. No! ſaid ſhe, don't ask me.---I wiſh I could hate you, as much as you hate me!—You do, ſaid he, and a great deal more, I'll aſſure you; or elſe you'd not vex me as you do.—Come, pray, walk in. Don't ask me, ſaid ſhe. Her Kinſman juſt then return'd: Why, Madam, ſaid he, your Ladyſhip won't go till you have din'd, I hope. No, *Jackey*, ſaid ſhe, I can't ſtay; I'm an *Intruder* here, it ſeems!—Think, ſaid my Maſter, of the Occaſion you gave for that Word. Your violent Paſſions are the only *Intruders!* Lay them aſide, and never Siſter was dearer to a Brother. Don't ſay ſuch another Word, ſaid ſhe, I beſeech you; for I am too eaſy to forgive you any thing, for one kind Word!—You ſhall have One hundred, ſaid he, nay, Ten thouſand, if they will do, my dear Siſter. And kiſſing her, he added, Pray give me your Hand. *John*, ſaid he, put up the Horſes; you are all as welcome to me, for all your Lady's angry with me, as at any Inn you can put up at. Come, Mr. *H.* ſaid he, lead your Aunt in; for ſhe won't permit that Honour to me.

This quite overcame her; and ſhe ſaid, giving her Brother her Hand, Yes, I will, and you ſhall lead me any-whither!—and kiſs'd him. But don't think, ſaid ſhe, I can forgive you, neither. And ſo

he led her into the Parlour where I was. But, ſaid ſhe, why do you lead me to this Wench? 'Tis my Wife, my dear Siſter: and if you will not love her, yet don't forget common Civilities to her, for your own ſake.

Pray, Madam, ſaid her Kinſman, ſince your Brother is pleaſed to own his Marriage, we muſt not forget common Civilities, as Mr. *B.* ſays. And, Sir, added he, permit me to wiſh you Joy. Thank you, Sir, ſaid he. And may I? ſaid he, looking at me. Yes, Sir, reply'd my Maſter. So he ſaluted me, very complaiſantly, and ſaid, I vow to Gad, Madam, I did not know this Yeſterday; and, if I was guilty of a Fault, I beg your Pardon.

My Lady ſaid, Thou'rt a good-natur'd fooliſh Fellow; thou mightſt have ſav'd this nonſenſical Parade, till I had given thee Leave. Why, Aunt, ſaid he, if they're actually marry'd, there's no Help for't, and we muſt not make Miſchief between Man and Wife.

But, Brother, ſaid ſhe, do you think I'll ſit at Table with the Creature? No contemptuous Names, I beſeech you, Lady *Davers!* I tell you ſhe is really my Wife; and I muſt be a Villain to ſuffer her to be ill uſed. She has no Protector but me; and, if you will permit her, ſhe will always love and honour you.—Indeed, indeed, I will, Madam, ſaid I.

I cannot, I wo'not ſit down at Table with her, ſaid ſhe: *Pamela*, I hope thou doſt not think I will? Indeed, Madam, ſaid I, if your good Brother will permit it, I will attend your Chair all the time you dine, to ſhew my Veneration for your Ladyſhip, as the Siſter of my kind Protector. See, ſaid he, her Condition has not altered her; but I cannot permit in her a Conduct unworthy of my Wife, and I hope my Siſter will not expect it neither.

Let her leave the Room, reply'd ſhe, if I muſt ſtay. Indeed, you're out of the Way, Aunt, ſaid her Kinſman; that is not right, as Things ſtand. Said my Maſter, No, Madam, that muſt not be; but if it muſt be ſo, we'll have two Tables; you and your Nephew ſhall ſit at one, and my Spouſe and I at the other: And then ſee what a Figure your unreaſonable Punctilio will make you cut.---She ſeem'd irreſolute, and he placed her at the Table, the firſt Courſe, which was Fiſh, being brought in. Where, ſaid ſhe to me, wouldſt thou preſume to ſit? Wouldſt have me give *Place* to thee *too*, Wench? --Come, come, ſaid my Maſter, I'll put that out of Diſpute: and ſo ſat himſelf down by her Ladyſhip, at the Upper-end of the Table, and plac'd me on his Left-hand. Excuſe me, my Dear, ſaid he, this once excuſe me!---Oh! your curſed Complaiſance, ſaid ſhe, to ſuch a---Huſh, Siſter! Huſh! ſaid he: I will not bear to hear her ſpoken ſlightingly of! 'Tis enough, that to oblige your violent and indecent Caprice, you make me compromiſe with you thus.

Come, Sir, added he, pray take your Place next your gentle Aunt!—*Beck*, ſaid ſhe, do you ſit down by *Pamela* there, ſince it muſt be ſo; we'll be hail fellow all! With all my Heart, reply'd my Maſter: I have ſo much Honour for all the Sex, that I would not have the meaneſt Perſon of it ſtand, while I ſit, had I been to have made the Cuſtom. Mrs. *Worden*, pray ſit down. Sir, ſaid ſhe, I hope I ſhall know my Place better.

My Lady ſat conſidering, and then lifting up her Hands, ſaid, Lord! what will this World come to? --To nothing but what's very good, reply'd my Maſter, if ſuch Spirits as Lady *Davers*'s do but take the Rule of it. Shall I help you, Siſter, to ſome of that Carp? Help your Beloved! ſaid ſhe. That's kind!

ſaid he:---Now, that's my good Lady *Davers*! Here, my Love, let me help you, ſince my Siſter deſires it.----Mighty well! return'd ſhe, mighty well!----But ſat on one Side, turning from me, as it were.

Dear Aunt, ſaid her Kinſman, let's ſee you buſs and be Friends; ſince 'tis ſo, what ſignifies it? Hold thy Fool's Tongue! ſaid ſhe: Is thy Tone ſo ſoon turn'd ſince Yeſterday? Said my Maſter, I hope nothing affronting was offer'd Yeſterday to my Wife in her own Houſe. She hit him a good ſmart Slap on the Shoulder: Take that, impudent Brother, ſaid ſhe. I'll *Wife* you, and in *her own* Houſe! She ſeem'd half afraid; but he, in very good Humour, kiſs'd her, and ſaid, I thank you, Siſter, I thank you. But I have not had a Blow from you before of ſome Time!

'Fore Gad, Sir, ſaid her Kinſman, 'tis very kind of you to take it ſo well. Her Ladyſhip is as good a Woman as ever liv'd; but I have had many a Cuff from her myſelf.

I won't put it up neither, ſaid my Maſter, except you'll aſſure me, you have ſeen her ſerve her Lord ſo.

I preſs'd my Foot to his, and ſaid, ſoftly, Don't, dear Sir!---What, ſaid ſhe, is the Creature begging me off from Inſult? If *his* Manners won't keep him from outraging me, I won't owe his Forbearance to *thee*, Wench.

Said my Maſter, and put ſome Fiſh on my Lady's Plate, Well, does Lady *Davers* uſe the Word *Inſult!*---But, come, let me ſee you eat one Mouthful, and I'll forgive you; and he put the Knife in one of her Hands, and the Fork in the other. As I hope to live, ſaid he, I cannot bear this ſilly Childiſhneſs, for nothing at all. I am quite aſham'd of it.

She

She put a little Bit to her Mouth, but laid it down in her Plate again: I cannot eat, ſaid ſhe; I cannot ſwallow, I'm ſure. It will certainly choak me. He had forbid his Men-ſervants to come in, that they might not behold the Scene he expected; and roſe from Table himſelf, and fill'd a Glaſs of Wine, her Woman offering, and her Kinſman riſing to do it. Mean-time, his Seat between us being vacant, ſhe turn'd to me, How now, Confidence, ſaid ſhe, dareſt thou ſit next *me*? Why doſt thou not riſe, and take the Glaſs from thy Property?

Sit ſtill, my Dear, ſaid he; I'll help you both. But I aroſe; for I was afraid of a good Cuff; and ſaid, Pray, Sir, let me help my Lady! So you ſhall, reply'd he, when ſhe's in a Humour to receive it as ſhe ought. Siſter, ſaid he, with a Glaſs in his Hand, Pray drink; you'll perhaps eat a little Bit of ſomething then. Is this to inſult me? ſaid ſhe. ---No, really, return'd he; but to incite you to eat; for you'll be ſick for want of it.

She took the Glaſs, and ſaid, God forgive you, wicked Wretch, for your Uſage of me this Day!---This is a little as it uſed to be!---I once had your Love;---and now it is changed; and for whom? that vexes me! And wept ſo, ſhe was forced to ſet down the Glaſs.

You don't do well, ſaid he. You neither treat me like your Brother, nor a Gentleman; and if you would ſuffer me, I would love you as well as ever. ---But for a Woman of Senſe and Underſtanding, and a fine-bred Woman, as I once thought my Siſter, you act quite a childiſh Part. Come, added he, and held the Glaſs to her Lips, let your Brother, that you once lov'd, prevail on you to drink this Glaſs of Wine.---She then drank it. He kiſs'd her, and ſaid, Oh! how Paſſion deforms the nobleſt Minds! You have loſt a good deal of that Lovelineſs that uſed

to adorn my Siſter. And let me perſuade you to compoſe yourſelf, and be my Siſter again!---For Lady *Davers* is indeed a fine Woman, and has a Preſence as majeſtick for a Lady, as her dear Brother has for a Gentleman.

He then ſat down between us again, and ſaid, when the ſecond Courſe came in, Let *Abraham* come in, and wait. I touch'd his Toe again; but he minded it not; and I ſaw he was right; for her Ladyſhip began to recollect herſelf, and did not behave half ſo ſorrowfully before the Servants, as ſhe had done; and help'd herſelf with ſome little Freedom; but ſhe could not forbear a ſtrong Sigh and a Sob, now-and-then. She call'd for a Glaſs of the ſame Wine ſhe had drank before. Said he, Shall I help you again, Lady *Davers*?---and roſe at the ſame time, and went to the Side-board, and filled her a Glaſs. Indeed, ſaid ſhe, I love to be ſoothed by my Brother!---Your Health, Sir!

Said my Maſter to me, with great Sweetneſs, My Dear, now I'm up, I'll fill for you!——I muſt ſerve *both* Siſters alike! She look'd at the Servant, as if he were a little Check upon her, and ſaid to my Maſter, How now, Sir!----Not that you know of. He whiſper'd her, Don't ſhew any Contempt before my Servants to one I have ſo deſervedly made their Miſtreſs. Conſider 'tis done.—Ay, ſaid ſhe, that's the Thing that kills me.

He gave me a Glaſs; My good Lady's Health, Sir, ſaid I, and ſtood up.——That won't do, ſaid ſhe, leaning towards me, ſoftly; and was going to ſay, Wench, or Creature, or ſome ſuch Word. And my Maſter, ſeeing *Abraham* look towards her, her Eyes being red and ſwell'd, ſaid, Indeed, Siſter, I would not vex myſelf about it, if I was you. About what? ſaid ſhe. Why, reply'd he, about your Lord's not coming down, as he had promiſed. He ſat down, and

and ſhe tapped him on the Shoulder: Ah! Wicked-one, ſaid ſhe, nor will that do neither!---Why, to be ſure, added he, it would vex a Lady of your Senſe and Merit, to be ſlighted, if it *was* ſo; but I am ſure my Lord loves you, as well as you love him; and you know not what may have happen'd.

She ſhook her Head, and ſaid, That's like your Art!---This makes one amaz'd you ſhould be ſo caught!---Who, my Lord caught! ſaid he; no, no! he'll have more Wit than ſo! But I never heard you were jealous before. Nor, ſaid ſhe, have you any Reaſon to think ſo now!---Honeſt Friend, you need not wait, ſaid ſhe; my Woman will help us to what we want. Yes, let him, reply'd he. *Abraham*, fill me a Glaſs. Come, ſaid my Maſter, Lord *Davers* to you, Madam: I hope he'll take care he is not found out!---You're very provoking, Brother, ſaid ſhe. I wiſh you were as good as Lord *Davers*. ---But don't carry your Jeſt too far. Well, ſaid he, 'tis a tender Point, I own. I've done!

By theſe kind Managements the Dinner paſſed over better than I expected. And when the Servants were withdrawn, my Maſter ſaid, ſtill keeping his Place between us, I have a Queſtion to ask you, Lady *Davers*; and that is, If you'll bear me Company to *Bedfordſhire*? I was intending to ſet out thither To-morrow. But I'll tarry your Pleaſure, if you'll go with me.

Is thy Wife, as thou calleſt her, to go along with thee, Friend? ſaid ſhe. Yes, to be ſure, anſwer'd he, my dear Quaker Siſter; and took her Hand, and ſmil'd. And wouldſt have me parade it with her on the Road?——Hay!——And make one to grace her Retinue?——Hay! Tell me how thou'dſt chalk it out, if I would do as thou wouldſt have me, honeſt Friend!

He claſped her Arms about her, and kiſſed her: You are a dear ſaucy Siſter, ſaid he; but I muſt

love you!---Why, I'll tell you how I'd have it. Here ſhall you, and my *Pamela*—Leave out *my*, I deſire you, if you'd have me ſit patiently. No, ſaid he, I can't do that. Here ſhall you, and my *Pamela*, go together in your Chariot, if you pleaſe; and ſhe will then appear as one of your Retinue; and your Nephew and I will ſometimes ride, and ſometimes go into my Chariot, to your Woman.

Shouldſt thou like this, Creature? ſaid ſhe to me.--If your Ladyſhip think it not too great an Honour for me, Madam, ſaid I. Yes, reply'd ſhe, but my Ladyſhip does think it would be too great an Honour.

Now I think of it, ſaid he, this muſt not be, neither; for without you'd give her the Hand, in your own Chariot, my Wife would be thought your Woman, and that muſt not be. Why, that would, may-be, ſaid ſhe, be the only Inducement for me to bear her near me, in my Chariot.---But, how then? ---Why then, when we came home, we'd get Lord *Davers* to come to us, and ſtay a Month or two.

And what if he was to come?—Why I would have you, as I know you have a good Fancy, give *Pamela* your Judgment on ſome Patterns I expect from *London*, for Cloaths.---Provoking Wretch! ſaid ſhe; now I wiſh I may keep my Hands to myſelf. I don't ſay it to provoke you, ſaid he, nor ought it to do ſo. But when I tell you, I am marry'd, is it not a Conſequence, that we muſt have new Cloaths?

Haſt thou any more of theſe obliging Things to ſay to me, Friend? ſaid ſhe. I will make you a Preſent, return'd he, worth your Acceptance, if you will grace us with your Company at Church, when we make our Appearance.---Take that, ſaid ſhe, if I die for't; Wretch that thou art! And was going to hit him a great Slap, but he held her Hand. Her Kinſman ſaid, Dear Aunt, I wonder at you! why all theſe are things of Courſe.

I begg'd

I begg'd Leave to withdraw; and, as I went out, my good Maſter ſaid, There's a Perſon! There's a Shape! There's a Sweetneſs! O Lady *Davers!* were you a Man, you would doat on her, as I do. Yes, ſaid the naughty Lady, ſo I ſhould, for my Harlot, but not for a Wife. I turn'd, on this, and ſaid, Indeed your Ladyſhip is cruel; and well may Gentlemen take Liberties, when Ladies of Honour ſay ſuch Things! And I wept, and added, Your Ladyſhip's Influence, if your good Brother were not the moſt generous of Men, would make me very unhappy.

No Fear, Wench; no Fear, ſaid ſhe: Thou'lt hold him, as long as any body can, I ſee that!---Poor *Sally Godfrey* never had half the Intereſt in him, I'll aſſure you!

Stay, my *Pamela*, ſaid he, in a Paſſion; ſtay, when I bid you. You have now heard two vile Charges upon me! I love you with ſuch a true Affection, that I ought to ſay ſomething before this malicious Accuſer, that you may not think your conſummate Virtue link'd to too black a Villain.

Her Nephew ſeem'd uneaſy, and blam'd her much, and I came back, but trembled as I ſtood; and he ſet me down, and ſaid, taking my Hand, I have been accuſed, my Dear, as a Dueller, and now as a Profligate, in another Senſe! and there was a Time, I ſhould not have received theſe Imputations with ſo much Concern as I now do, when I would wiſh, by degrees, by a Conformity of my Manners to your Virtue, to ſhew every one the Force your Example has upon me. But this briefly is the Caſe of the firſt.

I had a Friend, who had been baſely attempted to be aſſaſſinated by Bravoes, hir'd by a Man of Title in *Italy*, who, like many other Perſons of Title, had no Honour; and at *Padua*, I had the Fortune to diſarm one of theſe Bravoes in my Friend's

Defence, and made him confeſs his Employer; and him, I own, I challeng'd. At *Sienna* we met, and he dy'd in a Month after, of a Fever, but, I hope, not occaſioned by the ſlight Wounds he had receiv'd from me, tho' I was obliged to leave *Italy* upon it, ſooner than I intended, becauſe of his numerous Relations, who looked upon me as the Cauſe of his Death; tho' I pacify'd them by a Letter I wrote them from *Inſpruck*, acquainting them with the Baſeneſs of the Deceaſed; and they followed me not to *Munich*, as they had intended.

This is one of the good-natur'd Hints, that might ſhock your Sweetneſs, on reflecting that you are yoked with a Murderer. The other---Nay, Brother, ſaid ſhe, ſay no more. 'Tis your own Fault if you go further. She ſhall know it all, ſaid he; and I defy the utmoſt Stretch of your Malice.

When I was at the College, I was well received by a Widow Lady, who had ſeveral Daughters, and but ſmall Fortunes to give them; and the old Lady ſet one of them, a deſerving good Girl ſhe was, to draw me into Marriage with her, for the ſake of the Fortune I was Heir to; and contriv'd many Opportunities to bring us and leave us together. I was not then of Age; and the young Lady, not half ſo artful as her Mother, yielded to my Addreſſes, before the Mother's Plot could be ripen'd, and ſo utterly diſappointed it. This, my *Pamela*, is the *Sally Godfrey* this malicious Woman, with the worſt Intentions, has inform'd you of. And whatever other Liberties I may have taken, (for perhaps ſome more I have, which, had ſhe known, you had heard of, as well as this) I deſire Heaven will only forgive me, till I revive its Vengeance by the like Offences, in Injury to my *Pamela*.

And now, my Dear, you may withdraw; for this worthy Siſter of mine has ſaid all the Bad ſhe knows of

of me; and what, at a proper Opportunity, when I could have convinced you, that they were not my *Boaſt*, but my *Concern*, I ſhould have acquainted you with, myſelf; for I am not fond of being thought better than I am: Tho', I hope, from the Hour I devoted myſelf to ſo much Virtue, to that of my Death, my Conduct ſhall be irreproachable.

She was greatly mov'd at this, and the noble Manner in which the dear Gentleman own'd and repented of his Faults; and guſhed out into Tears, and ſaid, No, don't yet go, *Pamela*, I beſeech you. My Paſſion has carry'd me too far a great deal; and coming to me, ſhe took my Hand, and ſaid, You muſt ſtay to hear me beg his Pardon; and ſo took his Hand---But, to my Concern, (for I was grieved for her Ladyſhip's Grief) he burſt from her; and went out of the Parlour into the Garden, in a violent Rage, that made me tremble. Her Ladyſhip ſat down, and leaned her Head againſt my Boſom, and made my Neck wet with her Tears, holding me by my Hands; and I wept for Company.—Her Kinſman walked up and down the Parlour, in a ſad Fret; and going out afterwards, he came in, and ſaid, Mr. *B.* has order'd his Chariot to be got ready, and won't be ſpoken to by any body. Where is he? ſaid ſhe—Walking in the Garden till 'tis ready, reply'd he.

Well, ſaid ſhe, I have indeed gone too far. I was bewitched! And now, ſaid ſhe, malicious as he calls me, will he not forgive me for a Twelvemonth: For I tell you, *Pamela*, if ever you offend, he will not eaſily forgive. I was all delighted, tho' ſad, to ſee her Ladyſhip ſo good to me. Will you venture, ſaid ſhe, to accompany me to him?—Dare you follow a Lion in his Retreats?—I'll attend your Ladyſhip, ſaid I, where-ever you command. Well, Wench, ſaid ſhe, *Pamela*, I mean, thou art very good

in the main!---I ſhould have lov'd thee as well as my Mother did---if---but 'tis all over now! Indeed you ſhould not have marry'd my Brother! But come, I muſt love him! Let's find him out. And yet will he uſe me worſe than a Dog!---I ſhould not, added ſhe, have ſo much exaſperated him: For whenever I have, I have always had the worſt of it. He knows I love him!

In this manner her Ladyſhip talk'd to me, leaning on my Arm, and walked into the Garden. I ſaw he was ſtill in a Tumult, as it were; and he took another Walk to avoid us.—She call'd after him, and ſaid, Brother, Brother, Let me ſpeak to you!--One Word with you! And as we made Haſte towards him, and came near to him; I deſire, ſaid he, that you'll not oppreſs me more with your Follies, and your Violence. I have borne too much with you. And I will vow for a Twelvemonth, from this Day---Huſh, ſaid ſhe, don't vow, I beg you; for too well will you keep it, I know by Experience, if you do: you ſee, ſaid ſhe, I ſtoop to ask *Pamela* to be my Advocate. Sure that will pacify you!

Indeed, ſaid he, I deſire to ſee neither of you, on ſuch an Occaſion; and let me only be left to myſelf; for I will not be intruded upon thus; and was going away.—But ſhe ſaid, One Word firſt, I deſire—If you'll forgive *me*, I'll forgive *you*!—What, ſaid the dear Man, haughtily, will you forgive *me*? —Why, ſaid ſhe, for ſhe ſaw him too angry to mention his Marriage, as a Subject that requir'd her Pardon,---I will forgive you all your bad Uſage of me this Day.

I will be ſerious with you, Siſter, ſaid he: I wiſh you moſt ſincerely well; but let us, from this Time, ſtudy ſo much one another's Quiet, as never to come near one another more. Never? ſaid ſhe.—And can you deſire this, barbarous Brother! can you?—

I can,

I can, I do, ſaid he; and I have nothing to do, but to hide from you, not a Brother, but a Murderer, and a Profligate, unworthy of your Relation; and let me be conſign'd to Penitence for my paſt Evils: A Penitence however, that ſhall not be broken in upon by ſo violent an Accuſer.

Pamela, ſaid he, and made me tremble, How dare you approach me, without Leave, when you ſee me thus diſturb'd!--- Never, for the future, come near me, while I am in theſe Tumults, unleſs I ſend for you.

Dear Sir! ſaid I--- Leave me, interrupted he. I will ſet out for *Bedfordſhire* this Moment: What! Sir, ſaid I, without me?--- What have I done? You have too meanly, ſaid he, for my Wife, ſtooped to this furious Siſter of mine; and, till I can recollect, I am not pleaſed with you: But *Colbrand* ſhall attend you, and two other of my Servants; and Mrs. *Jewkes* ſhall wait upon you part of the Way. And I hope, you'll find me in a better Diſpoſition to receive you there, than I am at parting with you here.

Had I not hoped, that this was partly put on to intimidate my Lady, I believe I could not have borne it: But it was grievous to me; for I ſaw he was moſt ſincerely in a Paſſion.

I was afraid, ſaid ſhe, he would be angry at you, as well as me; for well do I know his unreaſonable Violence, when he is moved. But one Word, Sir, ſaid ſhe: Pardon *Pamela*, if you won't me; for ſhe has committed no Offence, but that of Good-nature to me, and at my Requeſt. I will begone myſelf, directly, as I was about to do, had you not prevented me.

I prevented you, ſaid he, thro' Love; but you have ſtung me for it, thro' Hatred. But as for my *Pamela*, I know, beſides the preſent Moment, I cannot be angry with her; and therefore I deſire her never

never to ſee me on ſuch Occaſions, till I can ſee her in the Temper I ought to be in, when ſo much Sweetneſs approaches me. 'Tis therefore, I ſay, my Deareſt, leave me now.

But, Sir, ſaid I, muſt I leave you, and let you go to *Bedford* without me! O dear Sir, how can I? —Said my Lady, you may go To-morrow, both of you, as you had deſign'd, and I will go away this Afternoon; and ſince I cannot be forgiven, I will try to forget I have a Brother.

May I, Sir, ſaid I, beg all your Anger on myſelf, and to be reconciled to your good Siſter? Preſuming *Pamela!* reply'd he, and made me ſtart, Art thou then ſo hardy, ſo well able to ſuſtain a Diſpleaſure, which of all things, I expected, from thy Affection and thy Tenderneſs, thou wouldſt have wiſhed to avoid? —Now, ſaid he, and took my Hand, and, as it were, toſt it from him, begone from my Preſence, and reflect upon what you have ſaid to me!

I was ſo frighted, (for then I ſaw he took amiſs what I ſaid) that I took hold of his Knees, as he was turning from me, and I ſaid, Forgive me, good Sir; you ſee I am *not* ſo hardy! I cannot bear your Diſpleaſure! And was ready to ſink.

His Siſter ſaid, Only forgive *Pamela*; 'tis all I ask!—— You'll break *her* Spirit quite!—— You'll carry your Paſſion as much too far as I have done! —— I need not ſay, ſaid he, how well I love her: but ſhe muſt not intrude upon me at ſuch times as theſe! — I had intended, as ſoon as I could have quell'd, by my Reaſon, the Tumults you had cauſed by your Violence, to have come in, and taken ſuch a Leave of you both, as might become a Husband and a Brother; but ſhe has, unbidden, broken in upon me, and muſt take the Conſequence of a Paſſion, which, when raiſed, is as uncontroulable as your own.

Said

Said ſhe, Did I not love you ſo well, as Siſter never loved a Brother, I ſhould not have given you all this Trouble. And did I not, ſaid he, love you better than you are reſolved to deſerve, I ſhould be indifferent to all you ſay. But this laſt Inſtance, after the Duelling-ſtory, (which you would not have mentioned, had you not known it is always matter of Concern for me to think upon) of poor *Sally Godfrey*, is a Piece of Spite and Meanneſs, that I can renounce you my Blood for.

Well, ſaid ſhe, I am convinced it was wrong. I am aſham'd of it myſelf. 'Twas poor, 'twas mean, 'twas unworthy of your Siſter: And 'tis for this Reaſon I ſtoop to follow you, to beg your Pardon, and even to procure One for my Advocate, who I thought had ſome Intereſt in you, if I might have believed your own Profeſſions to her; which now I ſhall begin to think made purpoſely to inſult me.

I care not what you think! — After the Meanneſs you have been guilty of, I can only look upon you with Pity. For, indeed, you have fallen very low with me.

'Tis plain, I have, ſaid ſhe. But I'll begone — And ſo, Brother, let me call you for this *once!* God bleſs you! And, *Pamela*, ſaid her Ladyſhip, God bleſs you! and kiſſed me, and wept.

I durſt ſay no more; and my Lady turning from him, he ſaid, Your Sex is the D——l; how ſtrangely can you diſcompoſe, calm, and turn, as you pleaſe, us poor Weathercock of Men! Your laſt kind Bleſſing to my *Pamela*, I cannot ſtand! Kiſs but each other again. And he then took both our Hands, and joined them; and my Lady ſaluting me again, with Tears on both Sides, he put his kind Arms about each of our Waiſts, and ſaluted us with great Affection, ſaying, Now, God bleſs you both, the two deareſt Creatures I have in the World!

Well,

Well, ſaid ſhe, you will quite forget my Fault about Miſs—— He ſtopt her, before ſhe could ſpeak the Name, and ſaid, For ever forget it!-- And, *Pamela*, I'll forgive you too, if you don't again make my Diſpleaſure ſo light a thing to you, as you did juſt now!

Said my Lady, She did not make your Diſpleaſure a light thing to her; but the heavier it was, the higher Compliment ſhe made me, that ſhe would bear it all, rather than not ſee you and me reconciled. No matter for that, ſaid he; It was either an Abſence of Thonght, or a Slight, by Implication at leaſt, that my Niceneſs could not bear from her Tenderneſs. For, looked it not preſuming, that ſhe could ſtand my Diſpleaſure, or was ſure of making her Terms, when ſhe pleas'd? Which, fond as I am of her, I aſſure her, will not be always, in wilful Faults, in her Power.

Nay, ſaid my Lady, I can tell you, *Pamela*, you have a Gentleman here in my Brother; and you may expect ſuch Treatment from him, as that Character, and his known good Senſe and Breeding, will always oblige him to ſhew: But *if* you offend, the Lord have Mercy upon you!--- You ſee how it is by poor me!--- And yet, I never knew him forgive ſo ſoon.

I am ſure, ſaid I, I will take care as much as I can! for I have been frighted out of my Wits, and had offended, before I knew where I was.

So happily did this Storm blow over; and my Lady was quite ſubdu'd and pacify'd.

When we came out of the Garden, his Chariot was ready; and he ſaid, Well, Siſter, I had moſt aſſuredly gone away towards my other Houſe, if things had not taken this happy Turn; and if you pleaſe, inſtead of it, you and I will take an Airing: And

And pray, my Dear, ſaid he to me, bid Mrs. *Jewkes* order Supper by Eight o'Clock, and we ſhall then join you.

Sir, added he, to her Nephew, will you take your Horſe, and eſcorte us? I will, ſaid he; and am glad, at my Soul, to ſee you all ſo good Friends.

So my dear Lord and Maſter handed my Lady into his Chariot, and her Kinſman, and his Servant, rode after them; and I went up to my Cloſet, to ruminate on theſe things. And, fooliſh thing that I am, this poor Miſs *Sally Godfrey* runs in my Head!--- How ſoon the Name and Quality of a Wife gives one Privileges, in one's own Account!--- Yet, methinks, I want to know more about her; for, is it not ſtrange, that I, who lived Years in the Family, ſhould have heard nothing of this? But I was ſo conſtantly with my Lady, that I might the leſs hear of it; for ſhe, I dare ſay, never knew it, or ſhe would have told me.

But I dare not ask him about the poor Lady---- Yet I wonder what became of her? Whether ſhe be living? And whether any thing came of it?---- May-be I ſhall hear full ſoon enough:--- But I hope not to any bad Purpoſe.

As to the other unhappy Caſe, I know it was talk'd of, that in his Travels, before I was taken into the Family long, he had one or two Broils; and, from a Youth, he was always remarkable for Courage, and is reckon'd a great Maſter of his Sword. God grant he may never be put to uſe it! And that he may be always preſerved in Honour and Safety!

About Seven o'Clock, my Maſter ſent word, that he would have me not expect him to Supper: For that he, and my Lady his Siſter, and Nephew, were prevailed upon to ſtay with Lady *Jones*; and that Lady

Lady *Darnford*, and Mr. *Peters*'s Family, had promiſed to meet them there. I was glad they did not ſend for me; and the rather, as I hoped thoſe good Families, being my Friends, would confirm my Lady a little in my Favour; and ſo I followed my Writing cloſely.

About Eleven o'Clock they returned. I had but juſt come down, having tired myſelf with my Pen, and was ſitting talking with Mrs. *Jewkes* and Mrs. *Worden*, whom I would, tho' unwillingly on their Sides, make ſit down, which they did over-againſt me. Mrs. *Worden* ask'd me Pardon, in a good deal of Confuſion, for the Part ſhe had acted againſt me; ſaying, That Things had been very differently repreſented to her; and that ſhe little thought I was marry'd, and that ſhe was behaving ſo rudely to the Lady of the Houſe.

I ſaid, I took nothing amiſs; and very freely forgave her; and hoped my new Condition would not make me forget how to behave properly to every one; but that I muſt endeavour to act not unworthy of it, for the Honour of the Gentleman who had ſo generouſly raiſed me to it.

Mrs. *Jewkes* ſaid, That my Situation gave me great Opportunities of ſhewing the Excellency of my Nature, that I could forgive Offences againſt me ſo readily, as ſhe, for her own Part, muſt always, ſhe ſaid, acknowledge, with Confuſion of Face.

People, ſaid I, Mrs. *Jewkes*, don't know how they ſhall act, when their Wills are in the Power of their Superiors; and I always thought one ſhould diſtinguiſh between Acts of Malice, and of implicit Obedience; tho', at the ſame time, a Perſon ſhould know how to judge between Lawful and Unlawful. And even the Great, continued I, tho' at preſent angry they are not obey'd, will afterwards have no ill Opinion

nion of a Perſon for withſtanding them in their unlawful Commands.

Mrs. *Jewkes* ſeem'd a little concern'd at this; and I ſaid, I ſpoke chiefly from my own Experience; for that I might ſay, as they both knew my Story, that I had not wanted both for Menaces and Temptations; and had I comply'd with the one, or been intimidated by the other, I ſhould not have been what I was.

Ah! Madam, reply'd Mrs. *Jewkes*, I never knew any body like you: And I think your Temper ſweeter ſince the happy Day, than before; and that, if poſſible, you take leſs upon you.

Why, a good Reaſon, ſaid I, may be aſſigned for that: I thought myſelf in Danger: I looked upon every one as my Enemy; and it was impoſſible that I ſhould not be fretful, uneaſy, jealous. But when my deareſt Spouſe had taken from me the Ground of my Uneaſineſs, and made me quite happy, I ſhould have been very blameable, if I had not ſhewn a ſatisfy'd and eaſy Mind, and a Temper that ſhould engage every one's Reſpect and Love at the ſame time, if poſſible: And ſo much the more, as it was but juſtifying, in ſome ſort, the Honour I had received; for the fewer Enemies I made myſelf, the more I engaged every one to think, that my good Benefactor had been leſs to blame in deſcending as he has done.

This way of talking pleas'd them both very much; and they made me many Compliments upon it, and wiſhed me to be always happy, as, they ſaid, I ſo well deſerved.

We were thus engaged, when my Maſter, and his Siſter, and her Nephew, came in. And they made me quite alive, in the happy Humour in which they all return'd. The two Women would have withdrawn; but my Maſter ſaid, Don't go, Mrs. *Worden*; Mrs.

Mrs. *Jewkes*, pray ſtay; I ſhall ſpeak to you preſently. So he came to me, and ſaluting me, ſaid, Well, my dear Love, I hope I have not treſpaſs'd upon your Patience, by an Abſence longer than we deſign'd. But it has not been to your Diſadvantage; for tho' we had not your Company, we have talk'd of nobody elſe but you.

My Lady came up to me, and ſaid, Ay, Child, you have been all our Subject. I don't know how it is; but you have made two or three good Families, in this Neighbourhood, as much your Admirers, as your Friend here.

My Siſter, ſaid he, has been hearing your Praiſes, *Pamela*, from half a ſcore Mouths, with more Pleaſure than her Heart will eaſily let her expreſs.

My good Lady *Davers*'s Favour, ſaid I, and the Continuance of yours, Sir, would give me more Pride than that of all the reſt of the World put together.

Well, Child, ſaid ſhe, proud Hearts don't come down all at once; tho' my Brother, here, has this Day ſet mine a good many Pegs lower than I ever knew it: But I will ſay, I wiſh you Joy with my Brother; and ſo kiſſed me.

My dear Lady, ſaid I, you for ever oblige me! — I ſhall now believe myſelf quite happy. This was all I wanted to make me ſo!--- And, I hope, I ſhall always, thro' my Life, ſhew your Ladyſhip, that I have the moſt grateful and reſpectful Senſe of your Goodneſs.

But, Child, ſaid ſhe, I ſhall not give you my Company when you make your Appearance. Let your own Merit make all your *Bedfordſhire* Neighbours your Friends, as it has done here, by your *Lincolnſhire* ones; and you'll have no need of my Countenance, nor any body's elſe.

Now,

Now, ſaid her Nephew, 'tis my Turn: I wiſh you Joy with all my Soul, Madam; and, by what I have ſeen, and by what I have heard, 'fore Gad, I think you have met with no more than you deſerve; and ſo all the Company ſays, where we have been. And pray forgive all my Nonſenſe to you.

Sir, ſaid I, I ſhall always, I hope, reſpect as I ought, ſo near a Relation of my good Lord and Lady *Davers*; and I thank you for your kind Compliment.

Gad, *Beck*, ſaid he, I believe you've ſome Forgiveneſs too to ask; for we were all to blame, to make Madam, here, fly the Pit, as ſhe did! Little did we think we made her quit her own Houſe.

Thou always, ſaid my Lady, ſay'ſt too much or too little.

Mrs. *Worden* ſaid, I have been treated with ſo much Goodneſs and Condeſcenſion, ſince you went, that I have been beforehand, Sir, in asking Pardon for myſelf.

So my Lady ſat down with me half an Hour, and told me how her Brother had carry'd her a fine Airing, and had quite charm'd her with his kind Treatment of her; and had much confirm'd her in the good Opinion ſhe had begun to entertain of my diſcreet and obliging Behaviour: But, continued ſhe, when he would make me viſit, without intending to ſtay, my old Neighbours, (for, ſaid ſhe, Lady *Jones* being neareſt, we viſited her firſt; and ſhe ſcrap'd all the reſt of the Company together) they were all ſo full of your Praiſes, that I was quite borne down; and truly, it was *Saul* among the Prophets!

You may believe how much I was delighted with this; and I ſpar'd not my due Acknowledgments.

When her Ladyſhip took Leave, to go to-bed, ſhe ſaid, Good-night to you, heartily, and to your good Man. I kiſs'd you when I came in, out of

Form; but I now kiſs you out of *more* than Form, I'll aſſure you.

Join with me, my dear Parents, in my Joy for this happy Turn; the contrary of which, I ſo much dreaded, and was the only Difficulty I had to labour with! This poor Miſs *Sally Godfrey*, I wonder what's become of her, poor Soul! I wiſh he would, of his own Head, mention her again.— Not that I am *very* uneaſy neither.— You'll ſay, I muſt be a little ſaucy, if I was.

My dear Maſter gave me an Account, when we went up, of the Pains he had taken with his beloved Siſter, as he himſelf ſtyled her; and of all the kind Things the good Families had ſaid in my behalf; and that he obſerved ſhe was not ſo much diſpleas'd with hearing them, as ſhe was at firſt; when ſhe would not permit any body to ſpeak of me as his Wife: And that my Health, as his Spouſe, being put; when it came to her, ſhe drank it; but ſaid, Come, Brother, here's your *Pamela* to you — But I ſhall not know how to ſtand this Affair, when the Counteſs — and the young Ladies come to viſit me. One of thoſe young Ladies was the Perſon ſhe was ſo fond of promoting a Match for, with her Brother — Lady *Betty*, I know, ſaid ſhe, will rally me ſmartly upon it; and you know, Brother, ſhe wants neither Wit nor Satire. He ſaid, I hope, Lady *Betty*, whenever ſhe marries, will meet with a better Husband than I ſhould have made her; for, in my Conſcience, I think, I ſhould hardly have made a tolerable one to any but *Pamela*.

He told me, That they rallied him on the Statelineſs of his Temper; and ſaid, They ſaw he would make an exceeding good Husband where he was; but it muſt be owing to my Meekneſs, more than his Complaiſance; for, ſaid Miſs *Darnford*, I could ſee, well enough, when your Ladyſhip detained her, tho'

tho' he had but hinted his Deſire of finding her at our Houſe, he was ſo out of Humour at her ſuppoſed Non-complaiſance, that mine and my Siſter's Pity for her was much more engaged than our Envy.

Ay, ſaid my Lady, he is too lordly a Creature, by much; and can't bear Diſappointment, and never could.

Said he, Well, Lady *Davers*, you ſhould not, of all Perſons, find Fault with me; for I bore a great deal from you, before I was at all angry.

Yes, reply'd ſhe; but when I had gone a little too far, as I own I did, you made me pay for it ſeverely enough! You know you did, Sauce-box. And the poor Thing too, added ſhe, that I took with me for my Advocate, ſo low had he brought me! he treated her in ſuch a manner as made my Heart ach for her: But part was *Art*, I know, to make me think the better of her.

Indeed, Siſter, ſaid he, there was very little of that; for, at that time, I cared not what you thought, nor had Complaiſance enough to have given a Shilling for your good or bad Opinion of her or me. And, I own, I was diſpleaſed to be broken in upon, after your Provocations, by either of you; and ſhe muſt learn that Leſſon, never to come near me, when I am in thoſe Humours; which ſhall be as little as poſſible; for, after a-while, if let alone, I always come to myſelf, and am ſorry for the Violence of a Temper ſo like my dear Siſter's here: And, for this Reaſon, think it is no matter how few Witneſſes I have of its Intemperance, while it laſts; eſpecially ſince every Witneſs, whether they merit it or not, as you ſee in my *Pamela*'s Caſe, muſt be a Sufferer by it, if, unſent for, they come in my Way.

He repeated the ſame Leſſon to me again, and enforc'd it; and own'd, that he was angry with me in

in Earneſt, juſt then; tho' more with himſelf, afterwards, for being ſo: But when, *Pamela*, ſaid he, you wanted to transfer all my Diſpleaſure upon yourſelf, it was ſo much *braving* me with your *Merit*, as if I muſt *ſoon* end my Anger, if placed *there*; or it was making it ſo *light* to you, that I was truly diſpleaſed: For, continued he, I cannot bear, that you ſhould wiſh, on any Occaſion whatever, to have me angry with you, or not to value my Diſpleaſure, as the heavieſt Misfortune that could befal you.

But, Sir, ſaid I, you know, that what I did was to try to reconcile my Lady; and, as ſhe herſelf obſerv'd, it was paying her a high Regard. It was ſo, reply'd he; but never think of making a Compliment to *her* or *any* body living, at *my* Expence. Beſides, ſhe had behaved herſelf ſo intolerably, that I began to think you had ſtooped too much, and more than I ought to permit my Wife to do; and Acts of Meanneſs are what I can't endure in any body, but eſpecially where I love; and as ſhe had been guilty of a very ſignal one, I had much rather have renounced her, at that time, than have been reconciled to her.

Sir, ſaid I, I hope I ſhall always comport myſelf ſo, as not wilfully to diſoblige you for the future; and the rather do I hope this, as I am ſure I ſhall want only to *know* your Pleaſure to *obey* it. But this Inſtance ſhews me, that I may *much* offend, without deſigning it in the *leaſt*.

Now, *Pamela*, reply'd he, don't be too ſerious: I hope I ſhan't be a very tyrannical Husband to you: Yet do I not pretend to be perfect, or to be always govern'd by Reaſon in my firſt Tranſports; and I expect, from your Affection, that you will bear with me when you find me wrong. I have no ingrateful Spirit, and can, when cool, enter as impartially into myſelf, as moſt Men; and then I am always

ways kind and acknowledging, in proportion as I have been out of the way.

But, to convince you, my Dear, continued he, of your Fault, (I mean, with regard to the Impetuoſity of my Temper; for there was no Fault in your Intention, *that* I acknowledge) I'll obſerve only, that you met, when you came to me, while I was ſo out of Humour, a Reception you did not expect, and a harſh Word or two, that you did not deſerve. Now, had you not broken in upon me, while my Anger laſted, but ſtayed till I had come to you, or ſent to deſire your Company, you'd have ſeen none of this; but that affectionate Behaviour, which, I doubt not, you'll always merit, and I ſhall always take Pleaſure in expreſſing; and in *this Temper* ſhall you always find a proper Influence over me: But you muſt not ſuppoſe, whenever I am out of Humour, that, in oppoſing yourſelf to my Paſſion, you oppoſe a proper Butt to it; but when you are ſo good, like the ſlender Reed, to *bend* to the Hurricane, rather than, like the ſturdy Oak, to *reſiſt* it, you will always ſtand firm in my kind Opinion, while a contrary Conduct would uproot you, with all your Excellencies, from my Soul.

Sir, ſaid I, I will endeavour to conform myſelf, in all things, to your Will. I make no doubt, but you will: And I'll endeavour to make my Will as conformable to Reaſon as I can. And let me tell you, that this Belief of you is one of the Inducements I have had to marry at all. For nobody was more averſe to this State than myſelf; and now we are upon this Subject, I'll tell you why I was ſo averſe.

We People of Fortune, or ſuch as are born to large Expectations, of both Sexes, are generally educated wrong. You have occaſionally touch'd upon this, *Pamela*, ſeveral times in your Journal, ſo juſtly,

that I need ſay the leſs to you. We are uſually ſo headſtrong, ſo violent in our Wills, that we very little bear Controul.

Humour'd by our Nurſes, thro' the Faults of our Parents, we practiſe firſt upon them; and ſhew the *Gratitude* of our Diſpoſitions, in an Inſolence that ought rather to be check'd and reſtrain'd, than encouraged.

Next, we are to be indulged in every thing at School; and our *Maſters* and *Miſtreſſes* are rewarded with further grateful Inſtances of our boiſterous Behaviour.

But, in our *wiſe* Parents Eyes, all looks well, all is forgiven and excuſed; and for no other Reaſon, but becauſe we are *Theirs*.

Our next Progreſſion is, we exerciſe our Spirits, when brought home, to the Torment and Regret of our *Parents themſelves*, and torture their Hearts by our undutiful and perverſe Behaviour to them; which, however ingrateful in us, is but the natural Conſequence of their culpable Indulgence to us, from Infancy upwards.

And then, next, after we have, perhaps, half broken their Hearts, a *Wife* is looked out for: Convenience, or Birth, and Fortune, are the firſt Motives, Affection the laſt (if it is all conſulted): And two People thus educated, thus trained up, in a Courſe of unnatural Ingratitude, and who have been headſtrong Torments to every one who has had a ſhare in their Education, as well as to thoſe to whom they owe their Being, are brought together; and what can be expected, but that they ſhould purſue, and carry on the ſame comfortable Conduct, in Matrimony, and join moſt heartily to plague one another? And, in ſome meaſure, indeed, this is right; becauſe hereby they revenge the Cauſe of all thoſe who have been aggrieved and inſulted by them, upon one another.

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The Gentleman has never been controul'd: The Lady has never been contradicted.

He cannot bear it from one whoſe new Relation, he thinks, ſhould oblige her to ſhew a quite contrary Conduct.

She thinks it very barbarous, now, for the *firſt* time, to be oppoſed in her Will, and that by a Man from whom ſhe expected nothing but Tenderneſs.

So great is the Difference, between what they both expect *from* one another, and what they both find *in* each other, that no wonder Miſunderſtandings happen; that theſe ripen to Quarrels; that Acts of Unkindneſs paſs, which, even had the firſt Motive to their Union been *Affection*, as uſually it is not, would have effaced all manner of tender Impreſſions on both ſides.

Appeals to Parents or Guardians often enſue: If, by Mediation of Friends, a Reconciliation takes place, it hardly ever holds; for why? The Fault is in the Minds of *both*, and *neither* of them will think ſo; ſo that the Wound (not permitted to be probed) is but skinn'd over, and rankles ſtill at the Bottom, and at laſt breaks out with more Pain and Anguiſh than before. Separate Beds are often the Conſequence; perhaps Elopements; if not, an unconquerable Indifference, poſſibly Averſion. And whenever, for Appearance-ſake, they are obliged to be together, every one ſees, that the yawning Huſband, and the vapouriſh Wife, are truly inſupportable to one another; but, ſeparate, have freer Spirits, and can be tolerable Company.

Now, my Dear, I would have you think, and I hope you will have no other Reaſon, that had I marry'd the firſt Lady in the Land, I would not have treated her better than I will my *Pamela*. For my Wife *is* my Wife; and I was the longer in reſolving

on the State, becauſe I knew its Requiſites, and doubted my Conduct in it.

I believe I am more nice than many Gentlemen; but it is becauſe I have been a cloſe Obſerver of the Behaviour of wedded Folks, and hardly have ever ſeen it to be ſuch as I could like in my own Caſe. I ſhall, poſſibly, give you Inſtances of a more particular Nature, of this, as we are *longer*, and, perhaps, I might ſay, *better* acquainted.

Had I marry'd with the Views of moſt Gentlemen, and with ſuch as my good Siſter (ſupplying the Place of my Father and Mother) would have recommended, I had wedded a fine Lady, brought up pretty much in my own manner, and uſed to have her Will in every thing.

Some Gentlemen can come into a Compromiſe; and, after a few Struggles, ſit down tolerably contented. But, had I marry'd a Princeſs, I could not have done ſo. I muſt have loved her exceedingly well, before I had conſented to knit the Knot with her, and preferred her to all her Sex; for without this, *Pamela*, Indifferences, if not Diſguſts, will ariſe in every wedded Life, that could not have made me happy at home; and there are fewer Inſtances, I believe, of Mens loving better after Matrimony, than of Womens; the Reaſons of which 'tis not my preſent Purpoſe to account for.

Then I muſt have been morally ſure, that ſhe preferred me to all Men; and, to convince me of this, ſhe muſt have leſſen'd, not aggravated, my Failings; ſhe muſt have borne with my Imperfections; ſhe muſt have watched and ſtudied my Temper; and if ever ſhe had any Points to carry, any Deſire of overcoming, it muſt have been by Sweetneſs and Complaiſance; and yet not ſuch a ſlaviſh one, as ſhould make her Condeſcenſion ſeem to be rather

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the Effect of her Inſenſibility, than Judgment or Affection.

She ſhould not have given Cauſe for any Part of my Conduct to her, to wear the leaſt Aſpect of Compulſion or Force. The Word *Command*, on my Side, or *Obedience* on hers, I would have blotted from my Vocabulary. For this Reaſon I ſhould have thought it my Duty to have deſired nothing of her, that was not ſignificant, reaſonable, or juſt; and that then ſhe ſhould, on hers, have ſhewn no Reluctance, Uneaſineſs, or Doubt, to oblige me, even at half a Word.

I would not have excuſed her to let me twice injoin the ſame thing, while I took ſo much care to make her Compliance with me reaſonable, and ſuch as ſhould not deſtroy her own free Agency, in Points that ought to be allow'd her: And if I was not always right, that yet ſhe would bear with me, if ſhe ſaw me ſet upon it; and expoſtulate with me on the right Side of Compliance; for that would ſhew me, (ſuppoſing *ſmall Points* in Diſpute, from which the greateſt Quarrels, among *Friends*, generally ariſe) that ſhe differ'd from me, not for *Contradiction-ſake*, but deſir'd to convince me for *my own*; and that I ſhould, another time, take better Reſolutions.

This would be ſo obliging a Conduct, that I ſhould, in Juſtice, have doubled my Eſteem for one, who, to humour me, could give up her own Judgment; and I ſhould ſee ſhe could have no other View in her Expoſtulations, after her Compliance had paſſed, than to rectify my Notions for the future; and it would have been impoſſible then, but I muſt have paid the greater Deference to her Opinion and Advice in more momentous Matters.

In all Companies ſhe muſt have ſhewn, that ſhe had, whether I deſerv'd it altogether or not, a high Regard and Opinion of me; and this the rather, as

ſuch a Conduct in her, would be a Reputation and Security to herſelf; for if ever we Rakes attempt a married Lady, our firſt Encouragement, excluſive of our own Vanity, ariſes from the indifferent Opinion, Slight, or Contempt, ſhe expreſſes of her Husband.

I ſhould expect, therefore, That ſhe would draw a kind Veil over my Faults; that ſuch as ſhe could not hide, ſhe would extenuate; that ſhe would place my better Actions in an advantageous Light, and ſhew that I had *her* good Opinion, at leaſt, whatever Liberties the *World* took with my Character.

She muſt have valued my Friends for *my* ſake; been chearful and eaſy, whomſoever I had brought home with me; and whatever Faults ſhe had obſerved in me, have never blamed me before Company; at leaſt, with ſuch an Air of Superiority, as ſhould have ſhewn ſhe had a better Opinion of her own Judgment, than mine.

Now, my *Pamela*, this is but a faint Sketch of the Conduct I muſt have expected from my Wife, let her Quality have been what it would; or have lived with her on bad Terms. Judge then, if, to me, a Lady of the modiſh Taſte could have been tolerable.

The Perverſeneſs and Contradiction I have too often ſeen, in ſome of my Viſits, even among People of Senſe, as well as Condition, had prejudiced me to the marry'd State; and, as I knew I could not bear it, ſurely I was in the right to decline it: and you ſee, my Dear, that I have not gone among this Claſs of People for a Wife; nor know I, indeed, where, in any Claſs, I could have ſought one, or had one ſuitable to my Mind, if not you. For here is my Misfortune; I could not have been contented to have been but *moderately happy* in a Wife.

Judge

Judge you, from all this, if I could very well bear, that you ſhould think yourſelf ſo well ſecured of my Affection, that you could take the Faults of others upon yourſelf; and, by a ſuppoſed ſupererogatory Merit, think your Interpoſition ſufficient to atone for the Faults of others.

Yet am I not perfect myſelf: No, I am greatly imperfect. Yet will I not allow, that my Imperfections ſhall excuſe thoſe of my Wife, or make her think I ought to bear Faults in her, that ſhe can rectify, becauſe ſhe bears greater from me.

Upon the Whole, I may expect, that you will bear with me, and ſtudy my Temper, *till*, and only *till*, you ſee I am capable of returning Inſult for Obligation; and till you think that I ſhall be of a gentler Deportment, if I am roughly uſed, than otherwiſe. One thing more I will add, That I ſhould ſcorn myſelf, if there was one Privilege of your Sex, that a Princeſs might expect, as my Wife, to be indulg'd in, that I would not allow to my *Pamela*. For you are the Wife of my Affections; I never wiſh'd for one before you, nor ever do I hope to have another.

I hope, Sir, ſaid I, my future Conduct—Pardon me, ſaid he, my Dear, for interrupting you; but it is to aſſure you, that I am ſo well convinced of your affectionate Regards for me, that I know I might have ſpared the greateſt part of what I have ſaid: And indeed, it muſt be very bad for both of us, if I ſhould have Reaſon to think it *neceſſary* to ſay ſo much. But one thing has brought on another; and I have rather ſpoken what my Niceneſs has made me *obſerve* in *other* Families, than what I *fear* in *my own*. And therefore, let me aſſure you, I am thoroughly ſatisfy'd with your Conduct hitherto. You ſhall have no Occaſion to repent it: And you ſhall find, tho' greatly imperfect, and paſ-

ſionate, on particular Provocations, (which yet I will try to overcome) that you have not a brutal or ungenerous Husband, who is capable of offering Inſult for Condeſcenſion, or returning Evil for Good.

I thank'd him for theſe kind Rules, and generous Aſſurances; and aſſured him, that they had made ſo much Impreſſion on my Mind, that theſe, and his moſt agreeable Injunctions before given me, and ſuch as he ſhould hereafter be pleaſed to give me, ſhould be ſo many Rules for my future Behaviour.

And I am glad of the Method I have taken of making a Journal of all that paſſes in theſe firſt Stages of my Happineſs, becauſe it will ſink the Impreſſion ſtill deeper; and I ſhall have recourſe to them for my better Regulation, as often as I ſhall miſtruſt my Memory.

Let me ſee: What are the Rules I am to obſerve from this awful Lecture? Why, theſe:

1. That I muſt not, when he is in great Wrath with any body, break in upon him without his Leave. —*Well, I'll remember it, I warrant. But yet I fanſy this Rule is almoſt peculiar to himſelf.*
2. That I muſt think his Diſpleaſure the heavieſt thing that can befal me. *To be ſure I ſhall.*
3. And ſo that I muſt not wiſh to incur it, to ſave any body elſe. *I'll be further if I do.*
4. That I muſt never make a Compliment to any body at his Expence.
5. That I muſt not be guilty of any Acts of wilful Meanneſs! *There is a great deal meant in this; and I'll endeavour to obſerve it all. To be ſure, the Occaſion on which he mentions this, explains it;* that I muſt ſay nothing, tho' in Anger, that is ſpiteſuf or malicious; that is diſreſpectful or undutiful, and *ſuch-like.*

6. That

6. That I muſt bear with him, even when I find him in the wrong. *This is a little hard, as the Caſe may be!*

I wonder whether poor Miſs Sally Godfrey *be living or dead!*

7. That I muſt be as flexible as the Reed in the Fable, leſt, by reſiſting the Tempeſt, like the Oak, I be torn up by the Roots. *Well, I'll do the beſt I can!—There is no great Likelihood, I hope, that I ſhould be* too *perverſe; yet, ſure, the Tempeſt will not lay me quite level with the Ground neither.*

8. That the Education of young People of Condition is generally wrong. Memorandum, *That if any Part of Childrens Education fall to my Lot, I never indulge or humour them in things that they ought to be reſtrain'd in.*

9. That I accuſtom'd them to bear Diſappointments and Controul.

10. That I ſuffer them not to be too much indulged in their Infancy.

11. Nor at School.

12. Nor ſpoil them when they come home.

13. For that Children generally extend their Perverſeneſs from the Nurſe to the Schoolmaſter; from the Schoolmaſter to the Parents.

14. And, in their next Step, as a proper Puniſhment for all, make their own ſelves unhappy.

15. That undutiful and perverſe Children make bad Husbands and Wives: *And, collaterally, bad Maſters and Miſtreſſes.*

16. That not being ſubject to be controuled early, they cannot, when marry'd, bear one another.

17. That the Fault lying deep, and in the Minds of each, neither will mend it.

18. Whence follow Miſunderſtandings, Quarrels, Appeals, ineffectual Reconciliations, Separations,

Elopements—or, at beſt, Indifference; perhaps, Averſion—Memorandum, *A good Image of unhappy Wedlock, in the Words* YAWNING HUSBAND, *and* VAPOURISH WIFE, *when* together: *But* ſeparate, *both quite alive.*

19. Few marry'd Perſons behave as he likes!—*Let me ponder this with Awe and Improvement.*

20. Some Gentlemen can compromiſe with their Wives for Quietneſs-ſake; but he can't.—*Indeed I believe that's true; I don't deſire he ſhould.*

21. That Love before Marriage is abſolutely neceſſary.

22. That there are fewer Inſtances of Mens than Womens loving better after Marriage.—*But why ſo? I wiſh he had given his Reaſons for this! I fanſy they would not have been to the Advantage of his own Sex.*

23. That a Woman give her Husband Reaſon to think ſhe prefers him before all Men. *Well, to be ſure this ſhould be ſo.*

24. That if ſhe would overcome, it muſt be by Sweetneſs and Complaiſance; *that is, by* yielding, *he means, no doubt.*

25. Yet not ſuch a ſlaviſh one neither, as ſhould rather ſeem the Effect of her Inſenſibility, than Judgment or Affection.

26. That the Words COMMAND and OBEY ſhall be blotted out of his Vocabulary. *Very good!*

27. That a Man ſhould deſire nothing of his Wife, but what is ſignificant, reaſonable, juſt. *To be ſure, that is right.*

28. But then, that ſhe muſt not ſhew Reluctance, Uneaſineſs, or Doubt, to oblige him; and that too at half a Word; and muſt not be bid twice to do one thing.—*But may not there be ſome Occaſions, where this may be a little diſpenſed with? But he ſays afterwards, indeed,*

29. That

29. That this muſt be only while he took care to make her Compliance reaſonable, and conſiſtent with her free Agency, in Points that ought to be allow'd her.—*Come, this is pretty well, conſidering.*

30. That if the Husband be ſet upon a wrong Thing, ſhe muſt not diſpute with him, but do it, and expoſtulate afterwards.—*Good Sirs! I don't know what to ſay to this!—It looks a little hard, methinks!—This would bear a ſmart Debate, I fanſy, in a Parliament of Women.*—But then he ſays,

31. Suppoſing they are only ſmall Points that are in Diſpute—*Well, this mends it a little. For* ſmall Points, *I think, ſhould not be ſtood upon.*

32. That the greateſt Quarrels among Friends, *and Wives and Husbands are or ſhould be Friends*, ariſe from ſmall Matters.—*I believe this is very true; for I had like to have had Anger here, when I intended very well.*

33. That a Wife ſhould not deſire to convince her Husband for CONTRADICTION ſake, but for HIS OWN. *As* both *will find their Account in this, if* one *does, I believe, 'tis very juſt.*

34. That in all Companies a Wife muſt ſhew Reſpect and Love to her Husband.

35. And this for the ſake of her own Reputation and Security; for,

36. That Rakes cannot have a greater Encouragement to attempt a marry'd Lady's Virtue, than her ſlight Opinion of her Husband. *To be ſure, this ſtands to Reaſon, and is a fine Leſſon.*

37. That a Wife ſhould therefore draw a kind Veil over her Husband's Faults.

38. That ſuch as ſhe could not conceal, ſhe ſhould extenuate.

39. That his Virtues ſhe ſhould place in an advantageous Light.
40. And ſhew the World, that he had HER good Opinion at leaſt.
41. That ſhe muſt value his Friends for *his* ſake.
42. That ſhe muſt be chearful and eaſy in her Behaviour, to whomſoever he brings home with him.
43. That whatever Faults ſhe ſees in him, ſhe never blames him before Company.
44. At leaſt, with ſuch an Air of Superiority, as if ſhe had a leſs Opinion of his Judgment than her own.
45. That a Man of nice Obſervation cannot be contented to be only *moderately* happy in a Wife.
46. That a Wife take care how ſhe aſcribe ſupererogatory Merit to herſelf; ſo as to take the Faults of others upon her.—*Indeed I think it is well if we can bear our own! This is of the ſame Nature with the Third: And touches upon me, on the preſent Occaſion for this wholſome Lecture.*
47. That *his* Imperfections muſt not be a Plea for *hers. To be ſure, 'tis no matter how good the Women are; but 'tis to be hoped, Men will allow a little. But, indeed, he ſays,*
48. That a Husband who expects all this, is to be incapable of returning Inſult for Obligation, or Evil for Good; and ought not to abridge her of any Privilege of her Sex.

Well, my dear Parents, I think this laſt Rule crowns the reſt, and makes them all very tolerable; and a generous Man, and a Man of Senſe, cannot be too much obliged. And, as I have this Happineſs, I ſhall be very unworthy, if I do not always ſo *think*, and ſo *act*.

Yet, after all, you'll ſee I have not the eaſieſt Task in the World. But I know my own Intentions,

tions, that I ſhall not wilfully err; and ſo fear the leſs.

Not one Hint did he give, that I durſt lay hold of, about poor Miſs *Sally Godfrey*. I wiſh my Lady had not ſpoken of it. For it has given me a Curioſity that is not quite ſo pretty in me; eſpecially ſo early in my Nuptials, and in a Caſe ſo long ago paſt. Yet he intimated too, to his Siſter, that he had had other Faults, (of this ſort, I ſuppoſe) that had not come to her Knowledge!—But I make no Doubt, he has ſeen his Error, and will be very good for the future. I wiſh it, and pray it may be ſo, for his own dear ſake!

WEDNESDAY, the Seventh.

WHEN I aroſe in the Morning, I went to wait on Lady *Davers*, ſeeing her Door open; and ſhe was in Bed, but awake, and talking to her Woman. I ſaid, I hope, I don't diſturb your Ladyſhip: No, not at all, ſaid ſhe; I am glad to ſee you. How do you?— Well, added ſhe, when do you ſet out for *Bedfordſhire*? I ſaid, I can't tell, Madam. It was deſign'd as to-day, but I have heard no more of it.

Sit down, ſaid ſhe, on the Bed-ſide.— I find, by the Talk we had yeſterday and laſt Night, you have had but a poor Time of it, *Pamela*, (I muſt call you ſo yet, ſaid ſhe) ſince you were brought to this Houſe, till within theſe few Days. And Mrs. *Jewkes* too has given *Beck* ſuch an Account, as makes me pity you.

Indeed, Madam, ſaid I, if your Ladyſhip knew all, you *would* pity me; for never poor Creature was ſo hard put to it. But I ought to forget it all now, and be thankful.

Why,

Why, ſaid ſhe, as far as I can find, 'tis a Mercy you are here now. I am ſadly moved with ſome part of your Story: And you have really made a noble Defence, and deſerve the Praiſes of all our Sex.

It was God enabled me, Madam, reply'd I. Why, ſaid ſhe, 'tis the more extraordinary, becauſe, I believe, if the Truth was known, you lov'd the Wretch not a little. While my Trials laſted, Madam, ſaid I, I had not a *Thought* of *any thing*, but to preſerve my Innocence; much leſs of Love.

But, tell me truly, ſaid ſhe, Did you not love him all the time? I had always, Madam, anſwer'd I, a great Reverence for my Maſter, and thought all his good Actions doubly good; and for his naughty ones, tho' I abhorred his Attempts upon me, yet I could not hate him; and always wiſh'd him well; but I did know that it was Love. Indeed I had not the Preſumption.

Sweet Girl! ſaid ſhe; that's prettily ſaid: But when he found he could not gain his Ends, and began to be ſorry for your Sufferings, and to admire your Virtue, and to profeſs honourable Love to you, What did you think?

Think, and pleaſe your Ladyſhip! I did not know what to think; I could neither hope nor believe ſo great an Honour would fall to my Lot; and I fear'd more from his Kindneſs, for ſome time, than I had done from his Unkindneſs: And, having had a private Intimation, from a kind Friend, of a Sham-marriage intended, by means of a Man who was to perſonate a Miniſter, it kept my Mind in too much Suſpenſe, to be greatly overjoyed at his kind Declaration.

Said ſhe, I think he did make two or three Attempts upon you in *Bedfordſhire*? Yes, Madam, ſaid I, he was very naughty, to be ſure.

And

And *here*, he propoſed Articles to you, I underſtand? Yes, Madam, replied I; but I abhorr'd ſo much the Thoughts of being a kept Creature, that I rejected them with great Boldneſs; and was reſolved to die before I would conſent to them.

He afterwards attempted you, I think? Did he not? O yes, Madam, ſaid I, a moſt ſad Attempt he made; and I had like to have been loſt; for Mrs. *Jewkes* was not ſo good as ſhe ſhould have been. And ſo I told her Ladyſhip that ſad Offer, and how I fell into Fits; and that they, believing me dying, forbore. Any Attempts after this baſe one? ſaid ſhe.

He was not ſo good as he ſhould have been, return'd I, once, in the Garden afterwards; but I was *ſo* watchful, and *ſo* ready to take the Alarm!

But, ſaid ſhe, did he not threaten you, at times, and put on his ſtern Airs, every now-and-then?— Threaten, Madam! reply'd I: yes, I had enough of that!—I thought I ſhould have died for Fear, ſeveral times. How could you bear that? ſaid ſhe: For he is a moſt daring and majeſtick Mortal! He has none of your puny Hearts, but as courageous as a Lion; and, Boy and Man, never feared any thing. I myſelf, ſaid ſhe, have a pretty good Spirit; but when I have made him truly angry, I have always been forced to make it up with him, as well as I could For, Child, he is not one that is eaſily reconciled, I aſſure you.

But after he had profeſſed honourable Love to you, Did he never attempt you again? No, indeed, Madam, he did not. But he was a good while ſtruggling with himſelf, and with his Pride, as he was pleaſed to call it, before he could ſtoop ſo low; and conſider'd, and conſider'd again: And once, upon my ſaying but two or three Words, that diſpleaſed him, when he was very kind to me, he turned me out of Doors, in a manner, at an Hour's Warning; for he

he ſent me above a Day's Journey towards my Father's; and then ſent a Man and Horſe, Poſt-haſte, to fetch me back again; and has been exceedingly kind and gracious to me ever ſince, and made me happy.

That ſending you away, ſaid ſhe, one Hour, and ſending after you the next, is exactly like my Brother: and 'tis well if he don't turn you off twice or thrice before a Year come about, if you vex him: And he would have done the ſame by the firſt Lady in the Land, if he had been marry'd to her. Yet has he his Virtues as well as his Faults; for he is generous, nay, he is noble in his Spirit; hates little dirty Actions; he delights in doing good: But does not paſs over a wilful Fault eaſily. He is wiſe, prudent, ſober and magnanimous; and will not tell a Lye, nor diſguiſe his Faults; but you muſt not expect to have him all to yourſelf, I doubt.

But I'll no more harp upon this String: You ſee how he was exaſperated at me; and he ſeem'd to be angry at you too; tho' ſomething of it was Art, I believe.

Indeed, Madam, ſaid I, he has been pleaſed to give me a moſt noble Lecture; and I find he was angry with me in Earneſt, and that it will not be an eaſy Task to behave unexceptionably to him: For he is very nice and delicate in his Notions, I perceive; but yet, as your Ladyſhip ſays, exceeding generous.

Well, ſays ſhe, I'm glad thou hadſt a little bit of his Anger; elſe I ſhould have thought it Art; and I don't love to be treated with low Art, any more than he; and I ſhould have been vexed, if he had done it by me.

But I underſtand, Child, ſays ſhe, that you keep a Journal of all Matters that paſs, and he has ſeveral times found means to get at it: Should you care I

ſhould

ſhould ſee it? It could not be to your Diſadvantage; for I find it had no ſmall Weight with *him* in your Favour; and I ſhould take great Pleaſure to read all his Stratagems, Attempts, Contrivances, Menaces, and Offers to you, on one hand; and all your pretty Counter-plottings, which he much praiſes, your reſolute Reſiſtance, and the noble Stand you have made to preſerve your Virtue; and the Steps by which his Pride was ſubdued, and his Mind induced to honourable Love, till you were made what you now are: For it muſt be a rare, an uncommon Story; and will not only give me great Pleaſure in reading, but will intirely reconcile me to the Step he has taken. And that, let me tell you, is what I never thought to be; for I had gone a great way in bringing about a Match with him and Lady *Betty* ——; and had ſaid ſo much of it, that the Earl, her Father, approv'd of it, and ſo did the Duke of ——, her Uncle: and Lady *Betty* herſelf was not averſe: And now I ſhall be hunted to death about it; and this has made me ſo outrageous as you have ſeen me upon the Matter. But when I can find, by your Writings, that your Virtue is but ſuitably rewarded, it will be not only a good Excuſe for me, but for him, and make me love you.

There is nothing that I would not do, ſaid I, to oblige your Ladyſhip; but my poor Father and Mother (who would rather have ſeen me buried quick in the Earth, than to be ſeduced by the greateſt of Princes) have them in their Hands at preſent; and your dear Brother has beſpoken them, when they have done reading them: but if he gives me Leave, I will ſhew them to your Ladyſhip with all my Heart; not doubting your generous Allowances, as I have had his; tho' I have treated him very freely all the way, while he had naughty Views; and that your Ladyſhip would conſider them as the naked Senti-

Sentiments of my Heart, from time to time, deliver'd to thoſe, whoſe Indulgence I was ſure of; and for whoſe Sight, only, they were written.

Give me a Kiſs now, ſaid her Ladyſhip, for your chearful Compliance; for I make no doubt my Brother will conſent I ſhall ſee them, becauſe they muſt needs make for *your* Honour; and I ſee he loves you better than any one in the World.

I have heard, continued her Ladyſhip, a mighty good Character of your Parents, as induſtrious, honeſt, ſenſible good Folks, who know the World; and, as I doubt not my Brother's Generoſity, I am glad they will make no ill Figure in the World's Eye.

Madam, ſaid I, they are the honeſteſt, the loveingeſt, and the moſt conſcientious Couple breatheing. They once lived creditably; brought up a great Family, of which I am the youngeſt; but had Misfortunes, thro' their doing beyond their Power for two unhappy Brothers, who are both dead, and whoſe Debts they ſtood bound for; and ſo became reduced, and, by harſh Creditors, (where moſt of the Debts were not of their own contracting) turn'd out of all; and having, without Succeſs, tried to ſet up a little Country-School, (for my Father underſtood a little of Accounts, and wrote a pretty good Hand) forced to take to hard Labour; but honeſt all the Time; contented; never repining; and loving to one another; and, in the midſt of their Poverty and Diſappointments, above all Temptation; and all their Fear was, that I ſhould be wicked, and yield to Temptation, for the ſake of wordly Riches: And to God's Grace, and their good Leſſons, and thoſe I imbib'd from my dear good Lady, your Ladyſhip's Mother, it is that I owe the Preſervation of my Innocence, and the happy Station I am exalted to.

She

She was pleaſed to kiſs me again, and ſaid, There is ſuch a noble Simplicity in thy Story, ſuch an honeſt Artleſſneſs in thy Mind, and ſuch a ſweet Humility in thy Deportment, notwithſtanding thy preſent Station, that I believe I ſhall be forced to love thee whether I will or not: And the Sight of your Papers, I dare ſay, will crown the Work, will diſarm my Pride, baniſh my Reſentment on Lady *Betty's* account, and juſtify my Brother's Conduct; and at the ſame time redound to your own everlaſting Honour, as well as to the Credit of our Sex: And ſo I make no doubt but my Brother will let me ſee them.

Mrs. *Worden*, ſaid my Lady, I can ſay any thing before you; and you will take no Notice of our Converſation; but I ſee you are much touch'd with it: Did you ever hear any thing prettier, more unaffected, ſincere, free, eaſy?— No, never, Madam, anſwer'd ſhe, in my Life; and it is a great Pleaſure to ſee ſo happy a Reconciliation taking place, where there is ſo much Merit.

I ſaid, I have diſcovered ſo much Prudence in Mrs. *Worden*, that, as well for that, as for the Confidence your Ladyſhip places in her, I have made no ſcruple of ſpeaking my Mind freely before her; and of blaming my dear Maſter, while he was blameworthy, as well as acknowledging his tranſcendent Goodneſs to me ſince; which, I am ſure, exceeds all I can ever deſerve. May-be not, ſaid my Lady, I hope you'll be very happy in one another; and I'll now riſe, and tell him my Thoughts, and ask him to let me have the reading of your Papers; for I promiſe myſelf much Pleaſure in them; and ſhall not grudge a Journey, and a Viſit to you, to the other Houſe, to fetch them.

Your Ladyſhip's Favour, ſaid I, was all I had to wiſh for; and if I have that, and the Continuance of

of your dear Brother's Goodneſs to me, I ſhall be eaſy under whatever elſe may happen.

And ſo I took my Leave, and withdrew; and ſhe let me hear her ſay to Mrs. *Worden*, 'Tis a charming Creature, Mrs. *Worden!*— I know not which excels, her Perſon or her Mind!— And ſo young a Creature too!— Well may my Brother love her!

I am afraid, my dear Father and Mother, I ſhall now be too proud indeed.

I had once a good mind to have asked her Ladyſhip about Miſs *Sally Godfrey*; but I thought it was better let alone, ſince ſhe did not mention it herſelf. May-be, I ſhall hear it too ſoon. But I hope not:— I wonder, tho', whether ſhe be living or dead.

We breakfaſted together with great good Temper; and my Lady was very kind, and asking my good Maſter, he gave Leave very readily, ſhe ſhould ſee all my Papers, when you return'd them to me; and he ſaid, He was ſure, when ſhe came to read them, ſhe would ſay, that I had well deſerv'd the Fortune I had met with; and would be of Opinion, that all the Kindneſs of his future Life would hardly be a ſufficient Reward for my Virtue, and make me Amends for my Sufferings.

My Lady reſolving to ſet out the next Morning to return to her Lord, my Maſter order'd every thing to be made ready for his doing the like, to *Bedfordſhire*; and this Evening our good Neighbours will ſup with us, to take Leave of my Lady and us.

WEDNESDAY Night.

NOthing particular having paſſed at Dinner or Supper, but the moſt condeſcending Goodneſs, on my Lady's ſide, to me; and the higheſt Civilities from Mr. *Peters*'s Family; from Lady *Jones*,

Jones, from Sir *Simon*'s Family, *&c.* and reciprocal good Wiſhes all round; and a Promiſe obtain'd from my Benefactor, that he would endeavour to paſs a Fortnight or three Weeks in theſe Parts, before the Winter ſet in; I ſhall conclude this Day with obſerving, that I diſpoſed of the Money my Maſter was ſo good to put into my Hands, in the Method he was pleaſed to direct; and I gave Mrs. *Jewkes* hers, in ſuch a manner, as highly pleaſed her; and ſhe wiſh'd me, with Tears, all kind of Happineſs; and pray'd me to forgive her all her paſt Wickedneſs to me, as ſhe herſelf called it. I begged Leave of my Maſter to preſent Mrs. *Worden* with Five Guineas for a Pair of Gloves; which he ſaid was well thought of.

I ſhould have mentioned, that Miſs *Darnford* and I agreed upon a Correſpondence, which will be no ſmall Pleaſure to me; for ſhe is an admirable young Lady; whom I prefer to every one I have ſeen; and I ſhall, I make no Doubt, improve by her Letters; for ſhe is ſaid to have a happy Talent in Writing, and is learned, and well-read, for ſo young a Lady.

SATURDAY.

ON *Thurſday* Morning my Lady ſet out for her own Seat; and my beſt Friend and I, attended by Mr. *Colbrand*, *Abraham* and *Thomas*, for this dear Houſe. Her Ladyſhip parted with her Brother and me with great Tenderneſs, and made me promiſe to ſend her my Papers; which I find ſhe intends to entertain Lady *Betty* with, and another Lady or two, her Intimates, as alſo her Lord; and hopes to find, as I believe, in the Reading of them, ſome Excuſe for her Brother's Choice.

My deareſt Maſter has been all Love and Tenderneſs, on the Road, as he is in every Place, and on

on every Occaſion. And Oh, what a delightful Change was this Journey, to that which, ſo contrary to all my Wiſhes, and ſo much to my Apprehenſions, carry'd me hence to the *Lincolnſhire* Houſe! And how did I bleſs God at every Turn, and at every Stage!

We did not arrive here till yeſterday Noon. *Abraham* rode before, to let him know we were coming. And I had the Satisfaction to find every body there I wiſh'd to ſee.

When the Chariot enter'd the Court-yard, I was ſo ſtrongly impreſſed with the Favour and Mercies of God Almighty, on remembering how I was ſent away the laſt time I ſaw this Houſe; the Leave I took; the Dangers I had encounter'd; a poor caſt-off Servant Girl; and now returning a joyful Wife, and the Miſtreſs, thro' his Favour, of the noble Houſe I was turn'd out of; that I was hardly able to ſupport the Joy I felt in my Mind on the Occaſion. He ſaw how much I was moved, and tenderly ask'd me, why I ſeem'd ſo affected? I told him, and lifted his dear Hand to my Lips, and ſaid, O Sir! God's Mercies, and your Goodneſs to me, on entering this dear, dear Place, are above my Expreſſion; I can hardly bear the Thoughts of them!— He ſaid, Welcome, thrice welcome, Joy of my Life! to your own Houſe: And kiſſed my Hand in Return. All the common Servants ſtood at the Windows, as unſeen as they could, to obſerve us. He took my Hand, with the moſt condeſcending Goodneſs in the World; and, with great Complaiſance, led me into the Parlour, and kiſſed me with the greateſt Ardour. Welcome again, my deareſt Spouſe, ſaid he, a thouſand times welcome, to the Poſſeſſion of a Houſe that is not more mine than yours.

I threw myſelf at his Feet: Permit me, dear Sir, thus to bleſs *God*, and thank *you*, for all *His* Mercies, and *your* Goodneſs. O may I ſo behave, as not to be

be *utterly unworthy*; and then how *happy* ſhall I be! God give me, my Deareſt, ſaid he, Life and Health to reward all your Sweetneſs: And no Man can be then ſo bleſt as I!

Where (ſaid he to *Abraham*, who paſſed by the Door, Where) is Mrs. *Jervis*?— She bolted in; Here, good Sir, ſaid ſhe, Here, good Madam, am I, waiting impatiently, till called for, to congratulate you both.—I ran to her, and claſped my Arms about her Neck, and kiſſed her: O my dear Mrs. *Jervis!* ſaid I, my other dear Mother! receive your happy, happy *Pamela:* And join with me to bleſs God, and bleſs our Maſter, for all theſe great Things! —I was ready to ſink in her Arms thro' Exceſs of Joy, to ſee the dear good Woman, who had been ſo often a mournful Witneſs of my Diſtreſs, as now of my Triumph.—Deareſt Madam, ſaid ſhe, you do me too much Honour. Let my whole Life ſhew the Joy I take in your deſerved good Fortune, and in my Duty to you, for the early Inſtance I received of your Goodneſs in your kind Letter. O, Mrs. *Jervis*, replied I, *There* all Thanks are due, both from you and me: For our dear Maſter granted me this Bleſſing, as I may juſtly call it, the very firſt Moment I begged it of him. Your Goodneſs, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I will for ever acknowledge; and I beg pardon for the wrong Step I made, in applying to my Lady *Davers*.— He was ſo good as to ſalute her, and ſaid, All's over now, Mrs. *Jervis*; and I ſhall not remember you ever diſobliged me. I always reſpected you, and ſhall now more and more value you, for the ſake of that dear good Creature, that, with Joy unfeigned, I can call my Wife. God bleſs your Honour, for ever! ſaid ſhe; and many, *many* happy Years may ye live together, the Envy and Wonder of all who know you!

But where, ſaid my dear Maſter, is honeſt *Longman*? and where is *Jonathan*? —Come, Mrs. *Jervis*,

vis, ſaid I, you ſhall ſhew me them, and a'l the good Folks, preſently; and let me go up with you to behold the dear Apartments, which I have ſeen *before* with ſuch different Emotions to what I ſhall *now* do.

We went up; and in every Room, the Chamber I took refuge in, when my Maſter purſu'd me, my Lady's Chamber, her Dreſſing-room, Mrs. *Jervis*'s Room, not forgetting her Cloſet, my own little Bed-chamber, the Green-room, and in each of the others, I kneeled down ſeverally, and bleſſed God for my paſt Eſcapes, and preſent Happineſs; and the good Woman was quite affected with the Zeal and Pleaſure with which I made my thankful Acknowledgments to the Divine Goodneſs. O my excellent Lady! ſaid ſhe, you are ſtill the ſame good, pious, humble Soul I knew you; and your Marriage has added to your Graces, as I hope it will to your Bleſſings.

Dear Mrs. *Jervis*, ſaid I, You know not what I have gone thro'! You know not what God has done for me! You know not what a happy Creature I am now! I have a thouſand, thouſand things to tell you; and a whole Week will be too little, every Moment of it ſpent in relating to you what has befallen me, to make you acquainted with it all. We ſhall be ſweetly happy together, I make no doubt. But I charge you, my dear Mrs. *Jervis*, whatever you call me before Strangers, that when we are by ourſelves, you call me nothing but *your Pamela*. For what an ungrateful Creature ſhould I be, who have received ſo many Mercies, if I attributed them not to the Divine Goodneſs, but aſſumed to myſelf inſolent Airs upon them! No, I hope, I ſhall be more and more thankful, as I am more and more bleſt; and more humble, as God, the Author of all my Happineſs, ſhall more diſtinguiſh me.

We went down again to the Parlour, to my dear Maſter. Said he, Call in again Mr. *Longman*; he longs to ſee you, my Dear. He came in: God bleſs you

you, my ſweet Lady, ſaid he; as now, Heaven be praiſed, I may call you. Did I not tell you, Madam, that Providence would find you out? O Mr. *Longman*, ſaid I, God be praiſed for all his Mercies!---I am rejoiced to ſee you; and I laid my Hand on his, and ſaid, Good Mr. *Longman*, how do you do?---I muſt always value you; and you don't know how much of my preſent Happineſs I owe to the Sheets of Paper, and Pens and Ink, you furniſh'd me with! I hope, my dear Sir and you are quite reconciled.---O Madam, ſaid he, how good you are!---Why, I cannot contain myſelf for Joy! and then he wiped his Eyes, good Man!

Said my Maſter, Yes, I have been telling Mr. *Longman*, that I am obliged to him for his ready Return to me; and that I will intirely forget his Appeal to Lady *Davers*; and I hope he'll find himſelf quite as eaſy and happy as he wiſhes.---My Partner here, Mr. *Longman*, I dare promiſe you, will do all *ſhe* can to make you ſo. Heaven bleſs you both together! ſaid he. 'Tis the Pride of my Heart to ſee this!---I return'd with double Delight, when I heard the bleſſed News; and I am ſure, Sir, ſaid he, mark old *Longman*'s Words, God will bleſs you for this every Year more and more!—You don't know how many Hearts you have made happy by this generous Deed!—I am glad of it, ſaid my dear Maſter; I am ſure I have made my *own* happy: And, Mr. *Longman*, tho' I muſt think you SOMEBODY, yet, as you are not a young Man, and ſo won't make me jealous, I can allow you to wiſh my dear Wife Joy in the tendereſt manner. Adad! Sir, ſaid he, I am ſure you rejoice me with your Favour: 'Twas what I long'd for, but durſt not preſume. My Dear, ſaid my Maſter, receive the Compliment of one of the honeſteſt Hearts in *England*, that always rever'd your Vir-

tues!---And the good Man ſaluted me with great Reſpect; and ſaid, God in Heaven bleſs you both! and kneeled on one Knee. I muſt quit your Preſence! Indeed I muſt!—And away he went.

Your Goodneſs, Sir, ſaid I, knows no Bounds: O may my Gratitude never find any!—I ſaw, ſaid my Maſter, when the good Man approach'd you, that he did it with ſo much Awe and Love mingled together, that I fanſied he long'd to ſalute my Angel; and I could not but indulge his honeſt Heart. How bleſs'd am I, ſaid I, and kiſs'd his Hand.—And indeed I make nothing now of kiſſing his dear Hand, as if it was my own!

When honeſt old Mr. *Jonathan* came in to attend at Dinner, ſo clean, ſo ſleek, and ſo neat, as he always is, with his ſilver Hair, I ſaid, Well, Mr. *Jonathan*, how do you do? I am glad to ſee you?---You look as well as ever, thank God! O dear, Madam! ſaid he, better than ever, to have ſuch a bleſſed Sight! God bleſs you, and my good Maſter!—and I hope, Sir, ſaid he, you'll excuſe all my paſt Failings. Ay, that I will, *Jonathan*, ſaid he; becauſe you never had any, but what your Regard for my dear Spouſe here was the Occaſion of. And now I can tell you, you can never err, becauſe you cannot reſpect her too much. O Sir, ſaid he, your Honour is exceeding good. I'm ſure I ſhall always pray for you both.

After Dinner Mr. *Longman* coming in, and talking of ſome Affairs under his Care, he ſaid afterwards, All your Honour's Servants are now happy; for *Robert*, who left you, had a pretty little Fortune fallen to him, or he never would have quitted your Service. He was here but Yeſterday, to inquire when you and my Lady return'd hither; and hop'd he might have Leave to pay his Duty to you both. Ay, ſaid my Maſter, I ſhall be glad to ſee honeſt *Robin*;

Robin; for that's another of your Favourites, *Pamela*.---It was high time, I think, I ſhould marry you, were it but to engage the Reſpects of all my Family to myſelf. There are, Sir, ſaid I, ten thouſand Reaſons why I ſhould rejoice in your Goodneſs.

But I was going to ſay, ſaid Mr. *Longman*, That all your Honour's old Servants are now happy, but one. You mean *John Arnold*? ſaid my Maſter. I do, indeed, ſaid he, if you'll excuſe me, Sir. O, ſaid I, I have had my Prayer for poor *John* anſwer'd, as favourably as I could wiſh.---Why, ſaid Mr. *Longman*, to be ſure poor *John* has acted no very good Part, take it all together; but he ſo much honour'd you, Sir, and ſo much reſpected you, Madam, that he would have been glad to have been obedient to both; and ſo was faithful to neither. But indeed the poor Fellow's Heart's almoſt broke, and he won't look out for any other Place; and ſays, he muſt live in your Honour's Service, or he muſt die wretched very ſhortly. Mrs. *Jervis* was there when this was ſaid; Indeed, ſays ſhe, the poor Man has been here every Day ſince he heard the Tidings that have rejoiced us all; and he ſays, he hopes he ſhall yet be forgiven. Is he in the Houſe now? ſaid my Maſter. He is, Sir; and was here when your Honour came in, and play'd at hide-and ſeek to have one Look at you both when you alighted; and was ready to go out of his Wits for Joy, when he ſaw your Honour hand my Lady in. *Pamela*, ſaid my dear Maſter, you're to do with *John* as you pleaſe. You have full Power. Then pray, Sir, ſaid I, let poor *John* come in.

The poor Fellow came in, with ſo much Confuſion, that I have never ſeen a Countenance that expreſs'd ſo lively Conſciouſneſs of his Faults, and mingled Joy and Shame. How do you do, *John*?

ſaid I; I hope you're very well!—The poor Fellow could hardly ſpeak, and look'd with Awe upon my Maſter, and Pleaſure upon me. Said my Maſter, Well, *John*, there is no room to ſay any thing to a Man that has ſo much Concern already: I am told you *will* ſerve me whether I will or not; but I turn you over altogether to my Spouſe here: And ſhe is to do by you as ſhe pleaſes. You ſee, *John*, ſaid I, your good Maſter's Indulgence. Well may I forgive, that have ſo generous an Example. I was always perſuaded of your honeſt Intentions, if you had known how to diſtinguiſh between your Duty to your Maſter, and your Good-will to me: You will now have no more Puzzles on that Account, from the Goodneſs of your dear Maſter. I ſhall be but too happy! ſaid the poor Man. God bleſs your Honour! God bleſs you, Madam! — I now have the Joy of my Soul, in ſerving you both; and I will make the beſt of Servants, to my Power. Well then, *John*, ſaid I, your Wages will go on, as if you had not left your Maſter: May I not ſay ſo, Sir? ſaid I. Yes, ſurely, my Dear, reply'd he, and augment them too, if you find his Duty to you deſerves it. A thouſand Million of Thanks, ſaid the poor Man: I am very well ſatisfy'd, and deſire no Augmentation. And ſo he withdrew overjoy'd; and Mrs. *Jervis* and Mr. *Longman* were highly pleas'd; for tho' they were incens'd againſt him for his Fault to me, when Matters look'd badly for me, yet they, and all his Fellow-ſervants, always loved *John*.

When Mr. *Longman* and Mrs. *Jervis* had din'd, they came in again, to know if he had any Commands; and my dear Maſter, filling a Glaſs of Wine, ſaid, Mr. *Longman*, I am going to toaſt the happieſt and honeſteſt Couple in *England*, my dear *Pamela*'s Father and Mother.—Thank you, dear Sir, ſaid I.

I think,

I think, continued he, that little *Kentiſh* Purchaſe wants a Manager; and as it is a little out of *your* Way, Mr. *Longman*, I have been purpoſing, if I thought Mr. *Andrews* would accept of it, that he ſhould enter upon *Hodges*'s Farm that was, and ſo manage for me that whole little Affair; and we will well ſtock the Farm for him, and make it comfortable; and I think, if he will take that Trouble upon him, it will be an Eaſe to you, and a Favour to me.

Your Honour, ſaid he, cannot do a better thing; and I have had ſome Inkling given me, that you may, if you pleaſe, augment that Eſtate, by a Purchaſe, of equal Amount, contiguous to it; and as you have ſo much Money to ſpare, I can't ſee your Honour can do better. Well, ſaid he, let me have the Particulars another time, and we will conſider about it. But, my Dear, added he, you'll mention this to your Father, if you pleaſe.

I have too much Money, Mr. *Longman*, continu'd he, lies uſeleſs; tho', upon this Occaſion, I ſhall not grudge laying out as much in Liveries, and other things, as if I had marry'd a Lady of a Fortune equal, if poſſible, to my *Pamela*'s Merit; and I reckon you have a good deal in Hand. Yes, Sir, ſaid he, more than I wiſh I had. But I have a Mortgage in View, if you don't buy that *Kentiſh* thing, that I believe will anſwer very well; and when Matters are riper, will mention it to your Honour.

I took with me to *Lincolnſhire*, ſaid my Maſter, upwards of Six hundred Guineas, and thought to have laid moſt of them out there (Thank God, thought I, you did not! for he offer'd me Five hundred of them, you know): But I have not laid out above Two hundred and fifty of them; ſo Two hundred I left there in my Eſcritoire; becauſe I ſhall go again for a Fortnight or ſo, before Winter; and Two hundred I have brought with me.

And I have Money, I know not what, in three Places here; the Account of which is in my Pocket-book, in my Library.

You have made ſome little Preſents, *Pamela*, to my Servants there, on our Nuptials; and theſe Two hundred that I have brought up, I will put into your Diſpoſal, that, with ſome of them, you ſhall do here as you did there.

I am aſham'd, good Sir, ſaid I, to be ſo coſtly and ſo worthleſs! Pray, my Dear, reply'd he, ſay not a Word of that.

Said Mr. *Longman*, Why, Madam, with Money in Stocks, and one thing or another, his Honour could buy half the Gentlemen round him. He wants not Money, and lays up every Year. And it would have been pity, but his Honour ſhould have wedded juſt as he has. Very true, Mr. *Longman*, ſaid my Maſter; and pulling out his Purſe, ſaid, Tell out, my Dear, Two hundred Guineas, and give me the reſt.---I did ſo. Now, ſaid he, take them yourſelf, for the Purpoſes I mention'd. But, Mr. *Longman*, do you, before Sun-ſet, bring my dear Girl Fifty Pounds, which is due to her this Day, by my Promiſe; and every three Months, from this Day, pay her Fifty Pounds; which will be Two hundred Pounds *per Annum*; and this is for her to lay out at her own Diſcretion, and without Account, in ſuch a way, as ſhall derive a Bleſſing upon us all: For ſhe was my Mother's Almoner, and ſhall be mine, and her own too.—I'll go for it this Inſtant, ſaid Mr. *Longman*.

When he was gone, I looked upon my dear generous Maſter, and on Mrs. *Jervis*; and he gave me a Nod of Aſſent; and I took Twenty Guineas, and ſaid, Dear Mrs. *Jervis*, accept of this, which is no more than my generous Maſter order'd me to preſent to Mrs. *Jewkes*, for a Pair of Gloves, on my happy

happy Nuptials; and ſo you, who are much better intitled to them by the Love I bear you, muſt not refuſe them.

Said ſhe, Mrs. *Jewkes* was on the Spot, Madam, at the happy Time. Yes, ſaid my Maſter, but *Pamela* would have rejoiced to have had you there inſtead of her. That I ſhould, Sir, reply'd I, or inſtead of any body except my own Mother. She gratefully accepted them, and thanked us both: But I don't know what ſhe ſhould thank *me* for; for I was not worth a fourth Part of them myſelf.

I'd have you, my Dear, ſaid he, in ſome handſome manner, as you know how, oblige *Longman* to accept of the like Preſent.

Mr. *Longman* return'd from his Office, and brought me the Fifty Pounds, ſaying, I have enter'd this new Article with great Pleaſure: *To my Lady——Fifty Pounds: To be paid the ſame Sum quarterly.* O Sir, ſaid I, what will become of me to be ſo poor in myſelf, and ſo rich in your Bounty?—It is a Shame to take all that your profuſe Goodneſs would heap upon me thus: But indeed it ſhall not be without Account.—Make no Words, my Dear, ſaid he: Are you not my Wife? And have I not endow'd you with my Goods? And, hitherto, this is a very ſmall Part.

Mr. *Longman*, ſaid I, and Mrs. *Jervis*, you both ſee how I am even oppreſs'd with unreturnable Obligations. God bleſs the Donor, and the Receiver too! ſaid Mr. *Longman*; I am ſure they will bring back good Intereſt; for, Madam, you had ever a bountiful Heart; and I have ſeen the Pleaſure you uſed to take to diſpenſe my late Lady's Alms and Donations.

I'll warrant, Mr. *Longman*, ſaid I, notwithſtanding you are ſo willing to have me take large Sums for nothing at all, I ſhould affront you, if I ask'd

you to accept from me a Pair of Gloves only, on account of my happy Nuptials. He ſeem'd not readily to know how to anſwer, and my Maſter ſaid, If Mr. *Longman* refuſe you, my Dear, he may be ſaid to refuſe your firſt Favour. On that I put Twenty Guineas in his Hand; but he inſiſted upon it, that he would take but Five. I ſaid, I muſt deſire you to oblige me, Mr. *Longman*, or I ſhall think I have affronted you. Well, if I muſt, ſaid he, I know what I know. What is that, Mr. *Longman*? ſaid I —Why, Madam, ſaid he, I will not lay it out till my young Maſter's Birth-day, which I hope will be within this Twelve-month.

Not expecting any thing like this from the old Gentleman, I look'd at my Maſter, and then bluſh'd ſo, I could not hold up my Head. Charmingly ſaid, Mr. *Longman!* ſaid my Maſter, and claſped me in his Arms; O my dear Life! God ſend it may be ſo.—You have quite delighted me, Mr. *Longman!* Though I durſt not have ſaid ſuch a Thing for the World.—Madam, ſaid the old Gentleman, I beg your Pardon; I hope no Offence. But I'd ſpeak it ten times in a Breath to have it ſo, take it how you pleaſe, as long as my good Maſter takes it ſo well. Mrs. *Jervis*, ſaid my Maſter, this is an over-nice dear Creature; you don't know what a Life I have had with her, even on this ſide Matrimony.—Said Mrs. *Jervis*, I think Mr. *Longman* ſays very well; I am ſure I ſhall hope for it too.

Mr. *Longman*, who had ſtruck me of a Heap, withdrawing ſoon after, my Maſter ſaid, Why, my Dear, you can't look up! The old Man ſaid nothing ſhocking. I did not expect it, tho', from him, ſaid I. I was not aware but of ſome innocent Pleaſantry. Why, ſo it was, ſaid he, both innocent and pleaſant:

And

And I won't forgive you, if you don't ſay as he ſays. Come, ſpeak before Mrs. *Jervis*. May every thing happen, Sir, ſaid I, that will give *you* Delight!—That's my dear Love, ſaid he, and kiſs'd me with great Tenderneſs.

When the Servants had dined, I deſired to ſee the Maidens, and all Four came up together. You are welcome Home, Madam, ſaid *Rachel*; we rejoice all to ſee you here, and more to ſee you our Lady. O my good old Acquaintances, ſaid I, I joy to ſee you! How do you do, *Rachel*? How do you do, *Jane*? How do you do, *Hannah*? How do you do, *Cicely*? And I took each of them by the Hand, and could have kiſſed them.—For, ſaid I to myſelf, I kiſſed you all, laſt time I ſaw you, in Sorrow; why ſhould I not kiſs you all with Joy? But I forbore in Honour of their dear Maſter's Preſence.

They ſeem'd quite tranſported with me; and my good Maſter was pleas'd with the Scene. See here, my Laſſes, ſaid he, your Miſtreſs! I need not bid you reſpect her; for you always lov'd her; and ſhe'll have it as much in her Power as Inclination to be kind to the Deſerving. Indeed, ſaid I, I ſhall always be a kind Friend to you; and your dear good Maſter has order'd me to give each of you this, that you may rejoice with me, on my Happineſs. And ſo I gave them Five Guineas apiece; and ſaid, God bleſs you every one. I am overjoy'd to ſee you!—And they withdrew with the greateſt Gratitude and Pleaſure, praying for us both.

I turn'd to my dear Maſter, 'Tis to you, dear Sir, ſaid I, next to God, who put it into your generous Heart, that all my Happineſs is owing! That my Mind thus overflows with Joy and Gratitude! And I would have kiſſed his Hand; but he claſped me in his Arms, and ſaid, You deſerve it, my Dear!

You deſerve it all. Mrs. *Jervis* came in; ſaid ſhe, I have ſeen a very affecting Sight; you have made your Maidens quite happy, Madam, with your Kindneſs and Condeſcenſion! I ſaw them all Four, as I came by the Hall-door, juſt got up from their Knees, praiſing and praying for you both! Dear good Bodies, ſaid I; and did *Jane* pray too? May their Prayers be return'd upon themſelves, I ſay.

My Maſter ſent for *Jonathan*, and I held up all the Fingers of my two Hands; and my Maſter giving a Nod of Approbation as he came in, I ſaid, Well, Mr. *Jonathan*, I could not be ſatisfy'd without ſeeing you in Form, as it were, and thanking you for all your paſt Good-will to me. You'll accept of *that* for a Pair of Gloves, on this happy Occaſion; and I gave him ten Guineas, and took his honeſt Hand between both mine: God bleſs you, ſaid I, with your ſilver Hairs, ſo like my dear Father!—I ſhall always value ſuch a good old Servant of the beſt of Maſters!—He ſaid, O ſuch Goodneſs! Such kind Words!—It is Balm to my Heart! Bleſſed be God I have lived to this Day!—And his Eyes ſwam in Tears, and he withdrew.—My Dear, ſaid my Maſter, you make every one happy!—O Sir, ſaid I, 'tis you, 'tis you; and let my grateful Heart always ſpring to my Lips, to acknowledge the Bleſſings you heap upon me.

Then in came *Harry*, and *Iſaac*, and *Benjamin*, and the two Grooms of this Houſe, and *Arthur* the Gardener, for my dear Maſter had order'd them by Mrs. *Jervis* thus to be marſhall'd out; and he ſaid, Where's *John*? Poor *John* was aſham'd, and did not come in till he heard himſelf call'd for. I ſaid to them, How do you do, *Harry*? How do you do, *Iſaac*? How do you do, *Benjamin*? How do you do, *Arthur*? And you, and you, *Richard* and

and *Roger*? My Maſter ſaid, I have given you a Miſtreſs, my Lads, that is the Joy of my Heart. You ſee her Goodneſs and Condeſcenſion! Let your Reſpects to her be but anſwerable, and ſhe'll be proportionably as great a Bleſſing to you all as ſhe is to me. *Harry* ſaid, In the Names of all your Servants, Sir, I bleſs your Honour, and your good Lady: And it ſhall be all our Studies to deſerve her Ladyſhip's Favour, as well as your Honour's. And ſo I gave every one five Guineas, to rejoice, as I ſaid, in my Happineſs.

When I came to *John*, I ſaid, I ſaw you before, *John*; but I again tell you, I am glad to ſee you. He ſaid, he was quite aſham'd and confounded. O, ſaid I, forget every thing that's paſt, *John!*—Your dear good Maſter will, and ſo will I. For God has wonderfully brought about all theſe Things, by the very Means I once thought moſt grievous. Let us therefore look forward, and be only aſham'd to commit Faults for the Time to come. For they may not always be attended with like happy Conſequences.

Arthur, ſaid my Maſter, I have brought you a Miſtreſs that is a great Gardener. She'll ſhew you a new way to plant Beans. And never any body had ſuch a Hand at improving a Sun-flower, as ſhe!--- O Sir, Sir, ſaid I; but yet a little daſh'd; all my Improvements in every kind of Thing are owing to you, I am ſure!—And ſo I think I was even with the dear Man, and yet appear'd grateful before his Servants. They withdrew, bleſſing us both, as the reſt had done.

And then came in the Poſtilion, and two Helpers, (for my Maſter has both here, and at *Lincolnſhire*, fine Hunting-horſes, and it is the chief Sport he takes Delight in) as alſo the Scullion-boy: And I ſaid, How do you, all of you? And how doſt do, *Tommy*? I hope you're very good. Here, your dear Maſter has

order'd you ſomething apiece, in Honour of me. And my Maſter holding Three Fingers to me, I gave the Poſtilion and Helpers Three Guineas each, and the little Boy Two; and bid him let his poor Mother lay it out for him, for he muſt not ſpend it idly. Mr. *Colbrand*, *Abraham* and *Thomas*, I had before preſented at t'other Houſe.

And when they were all gone but Mrs. *Jervis*, I ſaid, And now, deareſt Sir, permit me on my Knees, thus, to bleſs you, and pray for you. And Oh, may God crown you with Length of Days, and Increaſe of Honour; and may your happy, happy *Pamela*, by her grateful Heart, appear always worthy in your dear Eyes, tho' ſhe cannot be ſo in her own, nor in thoſe of any others!

Mrs. *Jervis*, ſaid my Maſter, you ſee the Excellency of this ſweet Creature! And when I tell you, that the Charms of her Perſon, all lovely as ſhe is, bind me not ſo ſtrongly to her as the Graces of her Mind, congratulate me, that my Happineſs is built on ſo ſtable a Baſis!—Indeed I do, moſt ſincerely, Sir, ſaid ſhe:---This is a happy Day to me!

I ſtept into the Library, while he was thus pouring out his Kindneſs for me to Mrs. *Jervis*; and bleſs'd God there on my Knees, for the Difference I now found to what I had once known in it. — And when I have done the ſame in the firſt Scene of my Fears, the once frightful Summer-houſe, I ſhall have gone thro' moſt of my diſtreſsful Scenes with Gratitude; but ſhall never forbear thanking God in my Mind, for his Goodneſs to me in every one. Mrs. *Jervis*, I find, had whiſper'd him what I had done above, and he ſaw me upon my Knees, with my Back towards him, unknown to me; but ſoftly put to the Door again, as he had opened it a little way. And I ſaid, not knowing he had ſeen me, You have ſome charming Pictures here, Sir: —

Yes,

Yes, ſaid he, my dear Life, ſo I have; but none equal to that which your Piety affords me!--- And may the God you delight to ſerve, bleſs more and more my dear Angel. Sir, ſaid I, you are all Goodneſs!--- I hope, reply'd he, after your ſweet Example, I ſhall be better and better!

Do you think, my dear Father and Mother, there ever was ſo happy a Creature as I! To be ſure it would be very ingrateful to think with Uneaſineſs, or any thing but Compaſſion, of poor Miſs *Sally Godfrey*.

He order'd *Jonathan* to let the Evening be paſſed merrily, but wiſely, as he ſaid, with what every one lik'd, whether Wine or *October*.

He was pleaſed afterwards to lead me up Stairs, and gave me Poſſeſſion of my Lady's Dreſſing-room and Cabinet, and her fine Repeating-watch and Equipage; and in ſhort, of a complete Set of Diamonds, that were his good Mother's; as alſo of the two Pair of Diamond Ear-rings, the two Diamond Rings, and Diamond Necklace he mention'd in his naughty Articles, which her Ladyſhip had intended for Preſents to Miſs *Tomlins*, a rich Heireſs, that was propos'd for his Wife, when he was juſt come from his Travels; but which went off, after all was agreed upon on both the Friends Sides, becauſe he approved not her Converſation; and ſhe had, as he told his Mother, too maſculine an Air; and he never could be brought to ſee her but once, tho' the Lady lik'd him very well. He preſented me alſo with her Ladyſhip's Books, Pictures, Linen, Laces, *&c.* that were in her Apartments; and bid me call thoſe Apartments mine. O give me, my good God, Humility and Gratitude!

SUNDAY Night.

THIS Day, as Matters could not be ready for our Appearance at a better Place, we ſtaid at home; and my dear Maſter employ'd himſelf a good deal in his Library. And I have been taken up pretty much, I hope, as I ought to be, in Thankfulneſs, Prayer, and Meditation, in my newly preſented Cloſet: And I hope God will be pleaſed to give a Bleſſing to me; for I have the Pleaſure to think I am not puffed up with this great Alteration, and yet am not wanting to look upon all theſe Favours and Bleſſings in the Light wherein I ought to receive them, both at the Hands of Heaven, and my dear Benefactor.

We din'd together with great Pleaſure, and I had, in every Word and Action, all the Inſtances of Kindneſs and Affection that the moſt indulg'd Heart could wiſh. He ſaid he would return to his Cloſet again; and at Five o'Clock would come and take a Walk with me in the Garden; and ſo retired as ſoon as he had din'd, and I went up to mine.

About Six he was pleaſed to come up to me, and ſaid, Now, my Dear, I will attend you for a little Walk in the Garden; and I gave him my Hand with great Pleaſure.

This Garden is much better cultivated than the *Lincolnſhire* one; but that is larger; and has nobler Walks in it; and yet here is a pretty Canal in this, and a Fountain, and Caſcade. We had a deal of ſweet Converſation as we walked; and, after we had taken a Turn round, I bent towards the little Garden, and when I came near the Summer-houſe, took the Opportunity to ſlip from him, and juſt whipt up the Steps of this once frightful Place, and kneeled down, and ſaid, I bleſs thee, O God, for my Eſcapes, and

and for thy Mercies! O let me always poſſeſs a grateful humble Heart! And I whipt down again, and joined him; and he hardly miſſed me.

Several of the neighbouring Gentry ſent their Compliments to him on his Return, but not a Word about his Marriage; particularly 'Squire *Arthur*, 'Squire *Towers*, 'Squire *Brooks*, and 'Squire *Martin* of the Grove.

MONDAY.

I Had a good deal of Employment in chuſing Patterns for my new Cloaths. He thought nothing too good; but I thought every thing I ſaw was; and he was ſo kind to pick out Six of the richeſt, for me to chuſe three Suits out of, ſaying, we would furniſh ourſelves with more in Town, when we went thither. One was white flower'd with Gold moſt richly; and he was pleaſed to ſay, that as I was a Bride, I ſhould make my Appearance in that the following *Sunday*. And ſo we ſhall have in two or three Days, from ſeveral Places, nothing but Manteau-makers and Taylors at Work. Bleſs me! what a chargeable, and what a worthleſs Huſſy I am, to the dear Gentleman!--- But his Fortune and Station require a great deal of it; and his Value for me will not let him do leſs, than if he had marry'd a Fortune equal to his own; and then, as he ſays, it would be a Reflection upon him if he did.---- And ſo I doubt it will be as it is: For either way, the World will have ſomething to ſay. He made me alſo chuſe ſome very fine Laces and Linen; and has ſent a Meſſage on Purpoſe, with his Orders, to haſten all down; what can be done in Town, as the Milanery Matters, *&c.* to be completed there, and ſent by particular Meſſengers, as done. All to be here, and finiſh'd by *Saturday* Afternoon without fail.

I ſend

I ſend away *John* this Morning, with ſome more of my Papers, to you, and with the few he will give you, ſeparate. My Deſire is, that you will ſend me all the Papers you have done with, that I may keep my Word with Lady *Davers*; to beg the Continuance of your Prayers and Bleſſings; to hope you will give me your Anſwer about my dear Benefactor's Propoſal of the *Kentiſh* Farm; to beg you to buy two Suits of Cloaths, each, of the fineſt Cloth for you, my dear Father, and of a creditable Silk for my dear Mother; and good Linen, and every thing anſwerable; and that you will, as my beſt Friend bid me ſay, let us ſee you here, as ſoon as poſſible; and he will have his Chariot come for you, when you tell *John* the Day. Oh! how I long to ſee you both, my dear good Parents, and to ſhare with you my Felicities!

You will have, I am ſure, the Goodneſs to go to all your Creditors, which are chiefly thoſe of my poor unhappy Brothers, and get an Account of all you are bound for; and every one ſhall be paid to the utmoſt Farthing, and Intereſt beſides, tho' ſome of them have been very cruel and unrelenting.---- But they are all intitled to their own, and ſhall be thankfully paid.

Now I think of it, *John* ſhall take my Papers down to this Place; that you may have ſomething to amuſe you of your dear Child's, inſtead of thoſe you part with; and I will continue writing till I am ſettled, and you are determined; and then I ſhall apply myſelf to the Duties of the Family, in order to become as uſeful to my dear Benefactor, as my ſmall Abilities will let me.

If you think a Couple of Guineas will be of Uſe to Mrs. *Mumford*, who I doubt has not much aforehand, pray give them to her, from me, (and I will return them to you) as for a Pair of Gloves on my Nuptials: And look thro' your poor Acquaintance, and

and Neighbours, and let me have a Liſt of ſuch honeſt, induſtrious Poor, as may be true Objects of Charity, and have no other Aſſiſtance; particularly ſuch as are blind, lame, or ſickly, with their ſeveral Caſes; and alſo, ſuch poor Families and Houſekeepers as are reduced by Misfortunes, as ours was, and where a great Number of Children may keep them from riſing to a State of tolerable Comfort: And I will chuſe as well as I can; for I long to be making a Beginning, with the kind Quarterly Benevolence my dear good Benefactor has beſtowed upon me for ſuch good Purpoſes.

I am reſolved to keep Account of all theſe Matters, and Mr. *Longman* has already furniſh'd me with a Vellum-book of white Paper; ſome Sides of which I hope ſoon to fill, with the Names of proper Objects: And tho' my dear Maſter has given me all this without Account, yet ſhall he ſee, (but nobody elſe) how I lay it out, from Quarter to Quarter; and I will, if any be left, carry it on, like an Accomptant, to the next Quarter, and ſtrike a Balance four times a Year, and a general Balance at every Year's End. --- And I have written in it, *Humble* RETURNS *for* DIVINE MERCIES; and lock it up ſafe in my newly preſented Cabinet.

I intend to let Lady *Davers* ſee no further of my Papers, than to her own angry Letter to her Brother; for I would not have her ſee my Reflections upon it; and ſhe'll know, down to that Place, all that's neceſſary for her Curioſity, as to my Sufferings, and the Stratagems uſed againſt me, and the honeſt Part I have been enabled to act: And I hope, when ſhe has read them all, ſhe will be quite reconcil'd; for ſhe will ſee it is all God Almighty's Doings; and that a Gentleman of his Parts and Knowledge was not to be drawn in by ſuch a poor young Body as me.

I will detain *John* no longer. He will tell you to read this laſt Part firſt, and while he ſtays. And ſo with my humble Duty to you both, and my dear Spouſe's kind Remembrance, I reſt,

Your ever-dutiful and gratefully happy Daughter.

WEDNESDAY Evening.

Honoured Father and Mother,

I Will now proceed with my Journal.

On *Tueſday* Morning, my dear Sir rode out, attended by *Abraham*; and he brought with him to Dinner Mr. *Martin* of the Grove, and Mr. *Arthur*, and Mr. *Brooks*, and one Mr. *Chambers*, and he ſtept up to me, and ſaid he had rode out too far to return to Breakfaſt; but he had brought with him ſome of his old Acquaintance, to dine with me. Are you ſorry for it, *Pamela*? ſaid he. I remember'd his Leſſons, and ſaid, No, ſure, Sir; I can't be angry at any thing you are pleaſed to do. Said he, you know Mr. *Martin*'s Character, and have ſeverely cenſur'd him in one of your Letters, as one of my Brother Rakes, and for his Three Lyings-in.

He then gave me the following Account, how he came to bring them. Said he, 'I met them all at 'Mr. *Arthur*'s, and his Lady ask'd me, If I was '*really* marry'd? I ſaid, Yes, *really*. And to whom, 'ſaid Mr. *Martin*? Why, reply'd I, bluntly, to 'my Mother's Waiting-maid. They could not tell 'what to ſay to me, hereupon, and look'd one upon 'another. And I ſaw I had ſpoil'd a Jeſt, from each. 'Mrs. *Arthur* ſaid, You have indeed, Sir, a charming Creature as ever I ſaw; and ſhe has mighty 'good Luck. Ay, ſaid I, and ſo have I. But I 'ſhall ſay the leſs, becauſe a Man never did any 'thing of this Nature, that he did not think he 'ought, if it were but in Policy, to make the beſt

'of

'of it. Nay, ſaid Mr. *Arthur*, if you have ſinn'd, 'it is with your Eyes open! For you know the 'World as well as any Gentleman of your Years in 'it.

'Why, really, Gentlemen, ſaid I, I ſhould be glad 'to pleaſe all my Friends; but I can't expect, till they 'know my Motives and Inducements, that it will be 'ſo immediately. But I do aſſure you, I am exceed-'ingly pleaſed *myſelf*; and that, you know, is moſt 'to the Purpoſe.

'Said Mr. *Brooks*, I have heard my Wife praiſe 'your Spouſe that is, ſo much, for Perſon and Beau-'ty, that I wanted to ſee her of all Things. Why, 'reply'd I, if you'll all go and take a Dinner with me, 'you ſhall ſee her with all my Heart. And, Mrs. '*Arthur*, will you bear us Company? No, indeed, 'Sir, ſaid ſhe. What, I'll warrant, my *Wife* will 'not be able to reconcile you to my *Mother's Wait-'ing-maid*; is not that it? Tell Truth, Mrs. *Arthur*: 'Nay, ſaid ſhe, I ſhan't be backward to pay your 'Spouſe a Viſit, in Company of the neighbouring 'Ladies; but for one ſingle Woman to go, on ſuch 'a ſudden Motion too, with ſo many Gentlemen, is 'not right. But that need not hinder you, Gentle-'men. So, ſaid he, the reſt ſent, that they ſhould 'not dine at home; and they, and Mr. *Chambers*, a 'Gentleman lately ſettled in theſe Parts, one and all 'came with me: And ſo, my Dear, concluded he, 'when you make your Appearance next *Sunday*, 'you're ſure of a Party in your Favour; for all that 'ſee you muſt eſteem you.'

He went to them; and when I came down to Dinner, he was pleaſed to take me by the Hand, at my Entrance into the Parlour, and ſaid, My dear Love, I have brought ſome of my good Neighbours to take a Dinner with you. I ſaid, You are very

good,

good, Sir. ---- My Dear, this Gentleman is Mr. *Chambers*; and ſo he preſented every one to me; and they ſaluted me, and wiſh'd us both Joy.

I, for my Part, ſaid Mr. *Brooks*, wiſh you Joy moſt heartily. My Wife told me a good deal of the Beauties of your Perſon; but I did not think we had ſuch a Flower in our County. Sir, ſaid I, your Lady is very partial to me; and you are ſo polite a Gentleman, that you will not contradict your good Lady.

I'll aſſure you, Madam, return'd he, you have not hit the Matter at all; for we contradict one another twice or thrice a Day. But the Devil's in't if we are not agreed in ſo clear a Caſe!

Said Mr. *Martin*, Mr. *Brooks* ſays very true, Madam, in both reſpects (meaning his Wife's and his own Contradiction to one another, as well as in my Favour); *for*, added he, they have been marry'd ſome Years.

As I had not the beſt Opinion of this Gentleman, nor his Jeſt, I ſaid, I am almoſt ſorry, Sir, for the Gentleman's Jeſt upon himſelf and his Lady; but I think it ſhould have reliev'd him from a greater Jeſt, your pleaſant Confirmation of it.--- But ſtill, the Reaſon you give that it *may* be ſo, I hope, is the Reaſon that may be given that it is *not* ſo,--- to wit, That they have been married ſome Years.

Said Mr. *Arthur*, Mr. *Martin*, I think the Lady has very handſomely reprov'd you. I think ſo too, ſaid Mr. *Chambers*; and it was but a very indifferent Compliment to a Bride. Said Mr. *Martin*, Compliment or not, Gentlemen, I have never ſeen a Matrimony of any time ſtanding, that it was not ſo, little or much. But I dare ſay, it will never be ſo here.

To be ſure, Sir, ſaid I, if it was, I muſt be the ungratefulleſt Perſon in the World, becauſe I am the moſt obliged Perſon in it. That Notion, ſaid Mr. *Arthur*,

Arthur, is ſo excellent, that it gives a moral Certainty, it never can.

Sir, ſaid Mr. *Brooks* to my dear Maſter, ſoftly, You have a moſt accompliſh'd Lady, I do aſſure you, as well in her Behaviour and Wit, as in her Perſon, call her what you pleaſe. Why, my dear Friend, ſaid my Maſter, I muſt tell you, as I have ſaid before now, That her Perſon made me her Lover, but her Mind made her my Wife.

The firſt Courſe coming in, my dear Sir led me himſelf to my Place; and ſet Mr. *Chambers*, as the greateſt Stranger, at my Right-hand, and Mr. *Brooks* at my Left; and Mr. *Arthur* was pleaſed to obſerve, much to my Advantage, on the Eaſe and Freedom with which I behav'd myſelf, and helped them; and ſaid, He would bring his Lady to be a Witneſs, and a Learner both, of my Manner. I ſaid, I ſhould be proud of any Honour Lady *Arthur* would vouchſafe to do me; and if once I could promiſe myſelf the Opportunity of his good Lady's Example, and thoſe of the other Gentlemen preſent, I ſhould have the greater Opinion of my Worthineſs to ſit in the Place I fill'd, at preſent, with much Inſufficiency.

Mr. *Arthur* drank to my Health and Happineſs, and ſaid, My Wife told your Spouſe, Madam, You had very good Luck in ſuch a Husband; but I now ſee who has the beſt of it. Said Mr. *Brooks*, Come, come, let's make no Compliments; for the plain Truth of the Matter is, our good Neighbour's Generoſity and Judgment have met with ſo equal a Match, in his Lady's Beauty and Merit, that I know not which has the beſt Luck. But may you be both long happy together, ſay I! And ſo he drank a Glaſs of Wine.

My beſt Friend, who always takes delight to have me praiſed, ſeemed much pleaſed with our Converſation; and he ſaid the kindeſt, tendereſt, and moſt reſpectful

ſpectful things in the World to me. Inſomuch that the rough Mr. *Martin* ſaid, Did you ever think our good Friend here, who uſed to ridicule Matrimony ſo much, would have made ſo complaiſant a Husband? How long do you intend, Sir, that this ſhall hold? As long as my good Girl deſerves it, ſaid he, and that I hope will be for ever. But, continued the kind Gentleman, you need not wonder I have changed my Mind as to Wedlock; for I never expected to meet with one whoſe Behaviour and Sweetneſs of Temper was ſo well adapted to make me happy.

After Dinner, and having drank good Healths to each of their Ladies, I withdrew; and they ſat and drank two Bottles of Claret apiece, and were very merry; and went away, full of my Praiſes, and vowing to bring their Ladies to ſee me.

John having brought me your kind Letter, my dear Father, I told my good Maſter, after his Friends were gone, how gratefully you received his generous Intentions as to the *Kentiſh* Farm, and promiſed your beſt Endeavours to ſerve him in that Eſtate; and that you hoped your Induſtry and Care would be ſo well employ'd in it, that you ſhould be very little troubleſome to him as to the liberal Manner in which he had intended to add to a Proviſion, that of itſelf exceeded all you wiſhed. He was very well pleaſed with your chearful Acceptance of it.

I am glad your Engagements in the World lie in ſo ſmall a Compaſs: As ſoon as you have gotten an Account of them exactly, you will be pleaſed to ſend it me, with the Liſt of the poor Folks you are ſo kind to promiſe to procure me.

I think, as my dear Maſter is ſo generous, you ſhould account nothing that is plain, too good. Pray, don't be afraid of laying out upon yourſelves. My dear Sir intends that you ſhall not, when you come to

us,

us, return to your old Abode, but ſtay with us, till you ſet out for *Kent*; and ſo you muſt diſpoſe of yourſelves accordingly. And, I hope, my dear Father, you have quite left off all ſlaviſh Buſineſs. As Farmer *Jones* has been kind to you, as I have heard you ſay, pray, when you take Leave of them, preſent them with three Guineas worth of good Books, ſuch as a Family Bible, a Common Prayer, a whole Duty of Man, or any other you think will be acceptable; for they live a great way from Church; and in Winter the Ways from their Farm thither are impaſſable.

He has brought me my Papers ſafe: And I will ſend them to Lady *Davers* the firſt Opportunity, down to the Place I mentioned in my laſt.

My dear Mr. *B.* juſt now tells me, that he will carry me in the Morning a little Airing, about ten Miles off, in his Chariot and Four, to breakfaſt at a Farm-houſe, noted for a fine Dairy, and where, now-and-then, the neighbouring Gentry of both Sexes reſort for that Purpoſe. And he will ſend *Abraham* on Horſe-back, before us, to let the good Folks know it.

THURSDAY.

WE ſet out at about half an Hour after Six, accordingly, and driving pretty ſmartly, got at this truly neat Houſe at half an Hour after Eight, and found *Abraham* there; and I was much pleas'd with the Neatneſs of the good Woman, and her Daughter, and Maid; and he was ſo good as to ſay he would now-and-then take a Turn with me to the ſame Place, and on the ſame Occaſion, as I ſeem'd to like it; for that it would be a pretty Exerciſe, and procure us Appetites to our Breakfaſts, as well as our Return would to our Dinners. But I find this

this was not (tho' a very good Reaſon) the only one for which he gave me this agreeable Airing; as I ſhall acquaint you.

We were prettily receiv'd and entertain'd here, and an Elegancy ran through every thing, Perſons as well as Furniture, yet all plain. And my Maſter ſaid to the good Houſewife, Do your young Boarding-ſchool Ladies ſtill at times continue their Viſits to you, Mrs. *Dobſon*? Yes, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I expect three or four of them every Minute.

There is, my Dear, ſaid he, within Three Miles of this Farm, a very good Boarding-ſchool for Ladies: The Governeſs of it keeps a Chaiſe and Pair, which is to be made a double Chaiſe at Pleaſure; and in Summer-time, when the Miſſes perform their Tasks to Satisfaction, ſhe favours them with an Airing to this Place, Three or Four at a time; and after they have breakfaſted, they are carried back: And this ſerves both for a Reward, and for Exerciſe; and the Miſſes who have this Favour, are not a little proud of it; and it brings them forward in their reſpective Tasks.

A very good Method, Sir, ſaid I. And juſt as we were talking, the Chaiſe came in with Four Miſſes, all pretty much of a Size, and a Maid-ſervant to attend them. They were ſhewn another little neat Apartment, that went through ours; and made their Honours very prettily, as they paſs'd by us. I went into the Room to them, and asked them Queſtions about their Work, and their Leſſons: and what they had done to deſerve ſuch a fine Airing and Breakfaſting; and they all anſwer'd me very prettily. And pray, little Ladies, ſaid I, what may I call your Names? One was called Miſs *Burdoff*, one Miſs *Nugent*, one Miſs *Booth*, and the fourth Miſs *Goodwin*. I don't know which, ſaid I, is the prettieſt; but you are all beſt, my little Dears; and you have a very good Governeſs to indulge you with

with ſuch a fine Airing, and ſuch delicate Cream and Bread and Butter. I hope you think ſo too.

My Maſter came in, and I had no Miſtruſt in the world; and he kiſſed each of them; but look'd more wiſtfully on Miſs *Goodwin*, than any of the others; but I thought nothing juſt then: Had ſhe been called Miſs *Godfrey*, I had hit upon it in a trice.

When we went from them, he ſaid, Which do you think the prettieſt of thoſe Miſſes? Really, Sir, reply'd I, it is hard to ſay: Miſs *Booth* is a pretty brown Girl, and has a fine Eye; Miſs *Burdoff* has a great deal of Sweetneſs in her Countenance, but not ſo regularly featur'd. Miſs *Nugent* is very fair: And Miſs *Goodwin* has a fine black Eye, and is beſides, I think, the genteeleſt ſhap'd Child; but they are all pretty.

The Maid led them into the Garden, to ſhew them the Bee-hives; and Miſs *Goodwin* made a particular fine Court'ſy to my Maſter; and I ſaid, I believe Miſs knows you, Sir; and taking her by the Hand, I ſaid, Do you know this Gentleman, my pretty Dear?——Yes, Madam, ſaid ſhe; it is my own dear Uncle. I claſp'd her in my Arms: O why did you not tell me, Sir, ſaid I, that you had a Niece among theſe little Ladies? And I kiſſed her, and away ſhe tript, after the others.

But pray, Sir, ſaid I; How can this be?----You have no Siſter nor Brother, but Lady *Davers*,----- How can this be?

He ſmiled, and then I ſaid, O my deareſt Sir, tell me now of a Truth, Does not this pretty Miſs ſtand in a nearer Relation to you, than as a Niece?-----I know ſhe does! I know ſhe does! And I embrac'd him as he ſtood.

'Tis even ſo, my Dear, reply'd he; and you remember my Siſter's good-natur'd Hint of Miſs *Sally Godfrey!* I do well, Sir, anſwered I. But this

is Miſs *Goodwin*. Her Mother choſe that for her, ſaid he, becauſe ſhe ſhould not be called by her own.

Well, ſaid I, excuſe me, Sir; I muſt go and have a little Prattle with her. I'll ſend for her in again, reply'd he; and in ſhe came, in a Moment. I took her in my Arms, and ſaid, O my charming Dear! will you love me?------Will you let me be your Aunt? Yes, Madam, anſwered ſhe, with all my Heart! And I will love *you* dearly: But I muſtn't love my Uncle. Why ſo? ſaid he. Becauſe, reply'd ſhe, you would not ſpeak to me at firſt!----And becauſe you would not let me call you Uncle (for it ſeems ſhe was bid not, that I might not gueſs at her preſently); and yet, ſaid the pretty Dear, I had not ſeen you a great while, ſo I hadn't!

Well, *Pamela*, ſaid he, now can you allow me to love this little Innocent? Allow you, Sir! reply'd I; you would be very barbarous, if you did not; and I ſhould be more ſo, if I did not further it all I could, and love the little Lamb myſelf, for your ſake, and for her own ſake; and in Compaſſion to her poor dear Mother, tho' unknown to me. And Tears ſtood in my Eyes.

Said he, Why, my Love, are your Words ſo kind, and your Countenance ſo ſad?----I drew to the Window, from the Child; and ſaid, Sad it is not, Sir; but I have a ſtrange Grief and Pleaſure mingled at once in my Breaſt, on this Occaſion: It is indeed a twofold Grief, and a twofold Pleaſure. As how, my Dear? ſaid he.----Why, Sir, reply'd I, I cannot help being grieved for the poor Mother of this ſweet Babe, to think, if ſhe be living, that ſhe muſt call her chiefeſt Delight her Shame: If ſhe be no more, that ſhe muſt have had ſad Remorſe on her poor Mind, when ſhe came to leave the World, and her little Babe: And, in the ſecond Place, I grieve, that

that it muſt be thought a Kindneſs to the dear little Soul, not to let her know how near the deareſt Relation ſhe has in the World is to her.---Forgive me, dear Sir, I ſay not this to reproach you, in the leaſt. Indeed, I don't. And I have a Twofold Cauſe of Joy; firſt, That I have had the Grace to eſcape the like Unhappineſs with this poor Gentlewoman; and next, That this Diſcovery has given me an Opportunity to ſhew the Sincerity of my grateful Affection for you, Sir, in the Love I will always expreſs to this dear Child.

And then I ſtept to her again, and kiſſed her; and ſaid, Join with me, my pretty Love, to beg your dear Uncle to let you come and live with your new Aunt: Indeed, my little Precious, I'll love you dearly.

Will you, Sir, ſaid the little Charmer, will you let me go and live with my Aunt?

You are very good, my *Pamela*, ſaid he.----And I have not once been deceived in the Hopes my fond Heart had entertained of your Prudence.---- But will you, Sir, ſaid I, will you grant me this Favour?----I ſhall moſt ſincerely love the little Charmer; and all I am capable of doing for her, both by Example and Affection, ſhall moſt cordially be done.---My deareſt Sir, added I, oblige me in this thing! I think already my Heart is ſet upon it!—— What a ſweet Employment and Companionſhip ſhall I have!

We'll talk of this ſome other Time, reply'd he; but I muſt, in Prudence, put ſome Bounds to your amiable Generoſity. I had always intended to ſurpriſe you into this Diſcovery; but my Siſter led the Way to it, out of a Poorneſs in her Spite, that I could not brook; and tho' you have pleaſed me beyond Expreſſion, in your Behaviour on this Occaſion; yet I can't ſay, that you have gone much be-

yond my Expectations; for I have ſuch an high Opinion of you, that I think nothing could have ſhaken it, but a contrary Conduct to this you have expreſſed on ſo tender a Circumſtance.

Well, Sir, ſaid the dear little Miſs, then you will not let me go home with my Aunt, will you? I am ſure ſhe will love me. When you break up next, my Dear, ſaid he, if you are a good Girl, you ſhall pay your new Aunt a Viſit. She made a low Court'ſy: Thank you, Sir, anſwer'd ſhe. Yes, my Dear, ſaid I, and I will get you ſome fine things againſt the Time. I would have brought you ſome now, had I known I ſhould have ſeen my pretty Love. Thank you, Madam, return'd ſhe.

How old, Sir, ſaid I, is Miſs? Between Six and Seven, anſwer'd he. Was ſhe ever, Sir, ſaid I, at your Houſe? My Siſter, reply'd he, carry'd her thither once, as a little Relation of her Lord's. I remember, Sir, ſaid I, a little Miſs; and Mrs. *Jervis* and I took her to be a Relation of Lord *Davers*.

My Siſter, return'd he, knew the whole Secret from the Beginning; and it made her a great Merit with me, that ſhe kept it from the Knowledge of my Father, who was then living, and of my Mother, to her Dying-day; tho' ſhe deſcended ſo low, in her Rage, to hint the Matter to you.

The little Miſſes took their Leaves ſoon after; and I know not how, but I am ſtrangely affected with this dear Child. I wiſh he would be ſo good as to let me have her home. It would be a great Pleaſure to have ſuch a fine Opportunity, oblig'd as I am, to ſhew my Love for himſelf, in my Fondneſs for this dear Miſs.

As we came home together in the Chariot, he gave me the following Particulars of this Affair, additional to what he had before mention'd:

That

That this Lady was of a good Family, and the Flower of it: But that her Mother was a Perſon of great Art and Addreſs, and not altogether ſo nice in the Particular between himſelf and Miſs, as ſhe ought to have been. That, particularly, when ſhe had Reaſon to find him unſettled and wild, and her Daughter in more Danger from him, than he was from her, yet ſhe encouraged their Privacies; and even, at laſt, when ſhe had Reaſon to apprehend, from their being ſurpris'd together, in a way not ſo creditable to the Lady, that ſhe was far from forbidding their private Meetings; on the contrary, that on a certain Time, ſhe had ſet one, that had formerly been her Footman, and a Half-pay Officer, her Relation, to watch an Opportunity, and to frighten him into a Marriage with the Lady. That accordingly, when they had ſurpriſed him in her Chamber, juſt as he had been let in, they drew their Swords upon him, and threaten'd inſtantly to kill him, if he did not promiſe Marriage on the Spot; and that they had a Parſon ready below Stairs, as he found afterwards. That then he ſuſpected, from ſome ſtrong Circumſtances, that Miſs was in the Plot; which ſo enraged him, with their Menaces together, that he drew, and ſtood upon his Defence, and was ſo much in Earneſt, that the Man he puſh'd into the Arm, and diſabled; and preſſing pretty forward upon the other, as he retreated, he ruſhed in upon him, near the Top of the Stairs, and puſh'd him down one Pair, and he was much hurt with the Fall:----Not but that, he ſaid, he might have paid for his Raſhneſs; but that the Buſineſs of his Antagoniſts was rather to frighten than to kill him. That, upon this, in the Sight of the old Lady, the Parſon ſhe had provided, and her other Daughters, he went out of their Houſe, with bitter Execrations againſt them all.

That after this, deſigning to break off all Correſpondence with the whole Family, and Miſs too, ſhe found means to engage him to give her a Meeting at *Woodſtock*, in order to clear herſelf. That, poor Lady! ſhe was there obliged, naughty Creature as he was! to make herſelf quite guilty of a worſe Fault, in order to clear herſelf of a lighter. That they afterwards met at *Godſtow* often, at *Woodſtock*, and every neighbouring Place to *Oxford*, where he was then ſtudying, as it prov'd, guilty Leſſons, inſtead of improving ones; till at laſt, the Effect of their frequent Interviews grew too obvious to be concealed. That the young Lady then, when ſhe was not fit to be ſeen, for the Credit of the Family, was confin'd, and all manner of Means were uſed, to induce him to marry her. That, finding nothing would do, they at laſt reſolved to complain to his Father and Mother. But that he made his Siſter acquainted with the Matter, who then happen'd to be at home; and by her Management and Spirit, their Intentions of that ſort were fruſtrated; and ſeeing no Hopes, they agreed to Lady *Davers*'s Propoſals, and ſent poor Miſs down to *Marlborough*, where, at her Expence, which he anſwer'd to her again, ſhe was provided for, and privately lay-in. That Lady *Davers* took upon herſelf the Care of the Little-one, till it came to be fit to be put to the Boarding-ſchool, where it now is: and that he had ſettled upon the dear little Miſs ſuch a Sum of Money, as the Intereſt of it would handſomely provide for her; and the Principal would be a tolerable Fortune, fit for a Gentlewoman, when ſhe came to be marriageable. And this, my Dear, ſaid he, is the Story in brief. And I do aſſure you, *Pamela*, added he, I am far from making a Boaſt of, or takeing a Pride in, this Affair: But ſince it has happen'd, I can't ſay but I wiſh the poor Child to

live, and be happy; and I muſt endeavour to make her ſo.

Sir, ſaid I, to be ſure you ſhould; and I ſhall take a very great Pride to contribute to the dear little Soul's Felicity, if you will permit me to have her home.----But, added I, does Miſs know any thing who are her Father and Mother?——I wanted him to ſay, if the poor Lady was living or dead.—No, anſwered he. Her Governeſs has been told, by my Siſter, That ſhe is the Daughter of a Gentleman and his Lady, who are related, at a Diſtance, to Lord *Davers*, and now live in *Jamaica*; and ſhe calls me Uncle, only becauſe I am the Brother to Lady *Davers*, whom ſhe calls Aunt, and who is very fond of her; as is alſo my Lord, who knows the whole Matter; and they have her, at all her little School Receſſes, at their Houſe, and are very kind to her.

I believe, added he, the Truth of the Matter is very little known or ſuſpected; for as her Mother *is* of no mean Family, her Friends endeavour to keep it ſecret, as much as I; and Lady *Davers*, till her Wrath boiled over, t'other Day, has managed the Matter very dextrouſly and kindly.

The Words, Mother *is* of no mean Family, gave me not to doubt the poor Lady was living. And I ſaid, But how, Sir, can the dear Miſs's poor Mother be content to deny herſelf the Enjoyment of ſo ſweet a Child? Ay, *Pamela*, replied he, now *you* come in; I ſee you want to know what's become of the poor Mother.-----'Tis natural enough you ſhould; but I was willing to ſee how the little Suſpenſe would operate upon you.----Dear Sir, ſaid I----Nay, reply'd he, 'tis very natural, my Dear! I think you have had a great deal of Patience, and are come at this Queſtion ſo fairly, that you deſerve to be anſwered.

You muſt know then, there is ſome Foundation for ſaying, That her Mother, at leaſt, lives in *Jamaica*; for there ſhe does live, and very happily too. For I muſt obſerve, that ſhe ſuffer'd ſo much in Childbed, that nobody expected her Life; and this, when ſhe was up, made ſuch an Impreſſion upon her, that ſhe dreaded nothing ſo much as the Thoughts of returning to her former Fault; and, to ſay the Truth, I had intended to make her a Viſit as ſoon as her Month was well up. And ſo, unknown to me, ſhe engaged herſelf to go to *Jamaica*, with two young Ladies, who were born there; and were returning to their Friends, after they had been four Years in *England* for their Education; and recommending to me, by a very moving Letter, her little Baby, and that I would not ſuffer it to be called by her Name, but *Goodwin*, that her Shame might be the leſs known, for hers and her Family's ſake; ſhe got her Friends to aſſign her Five hundred Pounds, in full of all her Demands upon her Family, and went up to *London*, and embarked, with her Companions, at *Graveſend*, and ſo ſailed to *Jamaica*; where ſhe is ſince well and happily marry'd, paſſing, to her Husband, for a young Widow, with one Daughter, which her firſt Husband's Friends take care of, and provide for. And ſo, you ſee, *Pamela*, that in the whole Story on both Sides, the Truth is as much preſerv'd as poſſible.

Poor Lady! ſaid I; how her Story moves me!--- I am glad ſhe is ſo *happy* at laſt: And, my Dear, ſaid he, Are you not glad ſhe is ſo *far off* too?--- As to that, Sir, ſaid I, I cannot be ſorry, to be ſure, as ſhe is ſo happy; which ſhe could not have been *here*. For, Sir, I doubt, you would have proceeded with your Temptations, if ſhe had not gone; and it ſhew'd ſhe was much in Earneſt to be good, that ſhe could leave her native Country, leave all her Rela-

Relations, leave you, that ſhe was ſo well lov'd, leave her dear Baby, and try a new Fortune, in a new World, among quite Strangers, and hazard the Seas; and all to preſerve herſelf from further Guiltineſs!---- Indeed, indeed, Sir, ſaid I, I bleed for what her Diſtreſſes muſt be in this Caſe: I am grieved for her poor Mind's Remorſe, thro' her Childbed Terrors, which could have ſo great and ſo worthy an Effect upon her afterwards; and I honour her Reſolution, and ſhould rank ſuch a returning dear Lady in the Claſs of thoſe who are moſt virtuous, and doubt not God Almighty's Mercies to her; and that her preſent Happineſs is the Reſult of his gracious Providence, bleſſing her Penitence and Reformation.---- But, Sir, ſaid I, Did you not once ſee the poor Lady after her Lying-in?

I did not believe her ſo much in Earneſt, anſwered he; and I went down to *Marlborough*, and heard ſhe was gone from thence to *Calne*. I went to *Calne*, and heard ſhe was gone to *Reading*, to a Relation's there. Thither I went, and heard ſhe was gone to *Oxford*. I followed; and there ſhe was; but I could not come at her Speech.

She at laſt received a Letter from me, begging a Meeting with her; for I found her Departure with the Ladies was reſolved on, and that ſhe was with her Friends, only to take Leave of them, and receive her agreed-on Portion: And ſhe appointed the *Saturday* following, and that was *Wedneſday*, to give me a Meeting at the old Place, at *Woodſtock*.

Then, added he, I thought I was ſure of her, and doubted not I ſhould ſpoil her intended Voyage. I ſet out on *Thurſday* to *Glouceſter*, on a Party of Pleaſure; and on *Saturday* I went to the Place appointed, at *Woodſtock*: But when I came thither, I found a Letter inſtead of my Lady; and when I open'd it, it was to beg my Pardon for deceiving

me: Expreſſing her Concern for her paſt Fault, her Affection to me; and the Apprehenſion ſhe had, that ſhe ſhould be unable to keep her good Reſolves, if ſhe met me: That ſhe had ſet out the *Thurſday* for her Embarkation; for that ſhe feared nothing elſe could ſave her; and had appointed this Meeting on *Saturday*, at the Place of her former Guilt, that I might be ſuitably impreſſed upon the Occaſion, and pity and allow for her; and that ſhe might get three or four Days ſtart of me, and be quite out of my Reach. She recommended again, as upon the Spot where the poor Little-one owed its Being, my Tenderneſs to it, for her ſake: and that was all ſhe had to requeſt of me, ſhe ſaid; but would not forget to pray for me in all her own Dangers, and in every Difficulty ſhe was going to encounter.

I wept at this moving Tale: And did not this make a deep Impreſſion upon you, Sir? ſaid I: Surely, ſuch an affecting Leſſon as this, on the very guilty Spot too, (I admire the dear Lady's pious Contrivance!) muſt have had a great Effect upon you. One would have thought, Sir, it was enough to reclaim you for ever! All your naughty Purpoſes, I make no Doubt, were quite chang'd!

Why, my Dear, ſaid he, I was much moved, you may be ſure, when I came to reflect: But, at firſt, I was ſo aſſured of being a ſucceſsful Tempter, and ſpoiling her Voyage, that I was vexed, and much out of Humour; but when I came to reflect, as I ſaid, I was quite overcome with this Inſtance of her Prudence, her Penitence, and her Reſolution; and more admired her than I had ever done. Yet I could not bear ſhe ſhould ſo eſcape me neither; ſo much overcome me, as it were, in an heroical Bravery; and I haſtened away, and got a Bill of Credit of Lord *Davers*, upon his Banker in *London*, for Five hundred Pounds; and ſet out for that Place, having

having called at *Oxford*, and got what Light I could, as to where I might hear of her, there.

When I arrived in Town, which was not till *Monday* Morning, I went to a Place called *Crosby-ſquare*, where the Friends of the two Ladies lived. She had ſet out, in the Flying-coach, on *Tueſday*; got to the two Ladies that very Night; and, on *Saturday*, had ſet out, with them, for *Graveſend*, much about the Time I was expecting her at *Woodſtock*.

You may ſuppoſe, that I was much affected, my Dear, with this. However, I got my Bill of Credit converted into Money; and I ſet out with my Servant, on *Monday* Afternoon, and reached *Graveſend* that Night; and there I underſtood, that ſhe and the two Ladies had gone on Board from the very Inn I put up at, in the Morning; and the Ship waited only for the Wind, which then was turning about in its Favour.

I got a Boat directly, and went on Board the Ship, and asked for Mrs. *Godfrey*. But judge you, my dear *Pamela*, her Surprize and Confuſion when ſhe ſaw me. She had like to have fainted away. I offered any Money to put off the Sailing till next Day, but it would not be comply'd with; and fain would I have got her on Shore, and promiſed to attend her, if ſhe would go over Land, to any Part of *England* the Ship would touch at. But ſhe was immoveable.

Every one concluded me her humble Servant, and were touched at the moving Interview; the young Ladies, and their Female Attendants, eſpecially. With great Difficulty, upon my ſolemn Aſſurances of Honour, ſhe truſted herſelf with me in one of the Cabins; and there I try'd, what I could, to prevail upon her to quit her Purpoſe: But all in vain: She ſaid, I had made her quite unhappy by this Interview! She had Difficulties enough upon her

Mind before; but now I had imbittered all her Voyage, and given her the deepeſt Diſtreſs.

I could prevail upon her but for one Favour, and that with the greateſt Reluctance; which was, to accept of the Five hundred Pounds, as a Preſent from me; and ſhe promiſed, at my earneſt Deſire, to draw upon me for a greater Sum, as a Perſon that had her Effects in my Hands, when ſhe arriv'd, if ſhe ſhould find it convenient for her. In ſhort, this was all the Favour I could procure; for ſhe would not promiſe ſo much as to correſpond with me, and was determined on going; and, I believe, if I would have marry'd her, which yet I had not in my Head, ſhe would not have been diverted from her Purpoſe.

But how, Sir, ſaid I, did you part? I would have ſailed with her, anſwered he, and been landed at the firſt Port in *England*, or *Ireland*, I cared not which, they ſhould put in at. But ſhe was too full of Apprehenſions to admit it: and the rough Fellow of a Maſter, Captain they called him, (but in my Mind, I could have thrown him overboard) would not ſtay a Moment, the Wind and Tide being quite fair; and was very urgent with me to go aſhore, or to go the Voyage; and being impetuous in my Temper, *ſpoilt, you know, my Dear, by my Mother*, and not uſed to Controul, I thought it very ſtrange, that Wind and Tide, or any thing elſe, ſhould be preferred to me, and my Money: But ſo it was, I was forced to go, and ſo took Leave of the Ladies and the other Paſſengers; wiſh'd them a good Voyage; gave Five Guineas among the Ship's Crew, to be good to the Ladies; and took ſuch a Leave as you may better imagine, than I expreſs. She recommended, once more, to me, the dear Gueſt, as ſhe called her, the Ladies being preſent; and thanked me for all theſe Inſtances of my Regard, which,

ſhe

ſhe ſaid, would leave a ſtrong Impreſſion on her Mind; and, at parting, ſhe threw her Arms about my Neck, and we took ſuch a Leave, as affected every one preſent, Men as well as Ladies.

So, with a truly heavy Heart, I went down the Ship's Side to my Boat; and ſtood up in it, looking at her, as long as I could ſee her, and ſhe at me, with her Handkerchief at her Eyes; and then I gaz'd at the Ship, *till* and *after* I had landed, as long as I could diſcern the leaſt Appearance of it; for ſhe was under Sail, in a manner, when I left her: And ſo I return'd, highly diſturb'd, to my Inn.

I went to-bed, but reſted not; returned to *London* the next Morning; and ſet out that Afternoon, again, for the Country. And ſo much, my Dear, for poor *Sally Godfrey*.----She ſends, I underſtand, by all Opportunities, with the Knowledge of her Huſband, to learn how her Child, by her firſt Husband, does; and has the Satisfaction to know ſhe is happily provided for. And, about half a Year ago, her Spouſe ſent a little Negro Boy, of about ten Years old, as a Preſent, to wait upon her. But he was taken ill of the Small-pox, and died in a Month after he was landed.

Sure, Sir, ſaid I, your generous Mind muſt have been long affected with this melancholy Caſe, and all its Circumſtances.

It hung upon me, indeed, ſome time, ſaid he; but I was full of Spirits and Inconſideration. I went ſoon after to travel; a hundred new Objects danced before my Eyes, and kept Reflection from me. And, you ſee, I had, five or ſix Years afterwards, and even before that, ſo thoroughly loſt all the Impreſſions you talk of, that I doubted not to make my *Pamela* change her Name, without either Act of Parliament or Wedlock, and be *Sally Godfrey* the Second.

O you

O you dear naughty Gentleman! ſaid I, this ſeems but too true! But I bleſs God, that it is not ſo!----I bleſs God for your Reformation, and that for your own dear ſake, as well as mine!

Well, my Dear, ſaid he, and I bleſs God for it too!----I do moſt ſincerely!---And 'tis my greater Pleaſure, becauſe I have, as I hope, ſeen my Error ſo early; and that with ſuch a Stock of Youth and Health of my Side, in all Appearance, I can truly abhor my paſt Liberties, and pity poor *Sally Godfrey*, from the ſame Motives that I admire my *Pamela*'s Virtues; and reſolve to make myſelf as worthy of them as poſſible: And I will hope, my Dear, your Prayers for my Pardon and my Perſeverance, will be of no ſmall Efficacy on this Occaſion.

Theſe agreeable Reflections, on this melancholy, but inſtructive Story, brought us in View of his own Houſe; and we alighted, and took a Walk in the Garden till Dinner was ready. And now we are ſo buſy about making ready for our Appearance, that I ſhall hardly have time to write till that be over.

MONDAY Morning.

YEſterday we ſet out, attended by *John*, *Abraham*, *Benjamin*, and *Iſaac*, in fine new Liveries, in the beſt Chariot, which had been new clean'd, and lin'd, and new harneſs'd; ſo that it looked like a quite new one: But I had no Arms to quarter with my dear Spouſe's; tho' he jocularly, upon my taking Notice of my Obſcurity, ſaid, that he had a good Mind to have the Olive-branch, which would allude to his Hopes, quartered for mine. I was dreſs'd in the Suit I mentioned, of White flowered

flowered with Gold, and a rich Head-dreſs, and the Diamond Necklace, Ear-rings, *&c.* I alſo mentioned before: And my dear Sir, in a fine laced Silk Waiſtcoat, of blue Paduaſoy, and his Coat a pearl-coloured fine Cloth, with Gold Buttons and Button-holes, and lined with white Silk; and he looked charmingly indeed. I ſaid, I was too fine, and would have laid aſide ſome of the Jewels; but he ſaid, It would be thought a Slight to me from him, as his Wife; and tho', as I apprehended, it might be, that People would talk as it was, yet he had rather they ſhould ſay any thing, than that I was not put upon an equal Foot, as his Wife, with any Lady he might have married.

It ſeems, the neighbouring Gentry had expected us; and there was a great Congregation; for (againſt my Wiſh) we were a little of the lateſt; ſo that, as we walked up the Church to his Seat, we had abundance of Gazers and Whiſperers: But my dear Maſter behaved with ſo intrepid an Air, and was ſo chearful and complaiſant to me, that he did Credit to his kind Choice, inſtead of ſhewing as if he was aſhamed of it; and as I was reſolved to buſy my Mind intirely with the Duties of the Day, my Intentneſs on that Occaſion, and my Thankfulneſs to God, for his unſpeakable Mercies to me, ſo took up my Thoughts, that I was much leſs concerned, than I ſhould otherwiſe have been, at the Gazings and Whiſperings of the Ladies and Gentlemen, as well as the reſt of the Congregation; whoſe Eyes were all turned to our Seat.

When the Sermon was ended, we ſtaid the longer, becauſe the Church ſhould be pretty empty; but we found great Numbers at the Church Doors, and in the Church Porch; and I had the Pleaſure of hearing many Commendations, as well of my Perſon, as my Dreſs and Behaviour, and not one Reflection,

flection, or Mark of Diſreſpect. Mr. *Martin*, who is ſingle, Mr. *Chambers*, Mr. *Arthur*, and Mr. *Brookes*, with their Families, were all there: And the four Gentlemen came up to us, before we went into the Chariot, and, in a very kind and reſpectful manner, complimented us both; and Mrs. *Arthur*, and Mrs. *Brookes*, were ſo kind as to wiſh me Joy; and Mrs. *Brookes* ſaid, You ſent my Spouſe, Madam, home, t'other Day, quite charmed with that eaſy and ſweet Manner, which you have convinced a thouſand Perſons, this Day, is ſo natural to you.

You do me great Honour, Madam, reply'd I. Such a good Lady's Approbation muſt make me too ſenſible of my Happineſs. My dear Maſter handed me into the Chariot, and ſtood talking with Sir *Thomas Atkyns*, at the Door of it, (who was makeing him abundance of Compliments, and is a very ceremonious Gentleman, a little to Extreme in that way) and, I believe, to familiarize me to the Gazers, which concern'd me a little; for I was daſh'd to hear the Praiſes of the Country People, and to ſee how they crouded about the Chariot. Several poor People begg'd my Charity, and I beckoned *John* with my Fan, and ſaid, Divide, in the further Church-Porch, that Money to the Poor, and let them come to-morrow Morning to me, and I will give them ſomething more, if they don't importune me now. ---So I gave him all the Silver I had, which happen'd to be between twenty and thirty Shillings; and this drew away from me their clamorous Prayers for Charity.

Mr. *Martin* came up to me on the other Side of the Chariot, and lean'd on the Door, while my Maſter was talking to Sir *Thomas*, from whom he could not get away; and ſaid, By all that's good, you have charm'd the whole Congregation. Not a Soul but is full of your Praiſes. My Neighbour knew,

knew, better than any body could tell him, how to chuſe for himſelf. Why, ſaid he, the Dean himſelf look'd more upon you than his Book.

O Sir, ſaid I, you are very encouraging to a weak Mind! I vow, ſaid he, I ſay no more than is Truth: I'd marry To-morrow, if I was ſure of meeting with a Perſon of but one half of the Merit you have. You are, continu'd he, and 'tis not my way to praiſe too much, an Ornament to your Sex, an Honour to your Spouſe, and a Credit to Religion.---Every body is ſaying ſo, added he; for you have, by your Piety, edified the whole Church.

As he had done ſpeaking, the Dean himſelf complimented me, that the Behaviour of ſo ſweet a Bride would be very edifying to his Congregation, and encouraging to himſelf. Sir, ſaid I, you are very kind: I hope I ſhall not behave unworthy of the good Inſtructions I ſhall have the Pleaſure to receive from ſo worthy a Divine. He bowed, and went on.

Sir *Thomas* then apply'd to me, my Maſter ſtepping into the Chariot, and ſaid, I beg Pardon, Madam, for detaining your good Spouſe from you. But I have been ſaying, he is the happieſt Man in the World. I bow'd to him; but I could have wiſh'd him further, to make me ſit ſo in the Notice of every one; which, for all I could do, daſh'd me not a little.

Mr. *Martin* ſaid to my Maſter, If you'll come to Church every *Sunday*, with your charming Lady, I will never abſent myſelf, and ſhe'll give a good Example to all the Neighbourhood. O my dear Sir, ſaid I to my Maſter, you know not how much I am obliged to good Mr. *Martin*. He has, by his kind Expreſſions, made me dare to look up with Pleaſure and Gratitude.

Said

Said my Maſter, My dear Love, I am very much obliged, as well as you, to my good Friend Mr. *Martin*. And he ſaid to him, We will conſtantly go to Church, and to every other Place, where we can have the Pleaſure of ſeeing Mr. *Martin*.

Mr. *Martin* ſaid, Gad, Sir, you are a happy Man; and I think your Lady's Example has made you more polite, and handſome too, than I ever knew you before, tho' we never thought you unpolite neither. And ſo he bow'd, and went to his own Chariot; and as we drove away, the People kindly bleſs'd us, and called us a charming Pair.

As I have no other Pride, I hope, in repeating theſe things, than in the Countenance the general Approbation gives to my dear Maſter for his ſtooping ſo low, you will excuſe me for it, I know.

In the Afternoon, we went again to Church, and a little early, at my Requeſt; but the Church was quite full, and ſoon after even crouded; ſo much does Novelty (the more's the Pity!) attract the Eyes of Mankind. Mr. *Martin* came in, after us, and made up to our Seat; and ſaid, If you pleaſe, my dear Friend, I will take my Seat with you this Afternoon. With all my Heart, ſaid my Maſter. I was ſorry for it; but was reſolved my Duty ſhould not be made ſecond to Baſhfulneſs, or any other Conſideration; and when Divine Service began, I withdrew to the further End of the Pew, and left the Gentlemen in the Front; and they behaved quite ſuitably, both of them, to the Occaſion. I mention this the rather, becauſe Mr. *Martin* was not very noted for coming to Church, or Attention when there, before.

The Dean preached again, which he was not uſed to do, out of Compliment to us; and an excellent Sermon he made on the relative Duties of Chriſtianity: And it took my peculiar Attention; for he made

made many fine Obſervations on the Subject. Mr. *Martin* addreſs'd himſelf twice or thrice to me, during the Sermon; but he ſaw me ſo wholly engroſs'd with hearkening to the good Preacher, that he forbore interrupting me; yet I took care, according to the Leſſon formerly given me, to obſerve to him a chearful and obliging Behaviour, as one of his Friends and Intimates. My Maſter asked him to give him his Company to Supper; and he ſaid, I am ſo taken with your Lady, that you muſt not give me too much Encouragement; for I ſhall be always with you, if you do. He was pleaſed to ſay, You cannot favour us with too much of your Company; and as I have left you in the Lurch, in your ſingle State, I think you will do well to oblige us as much as you can; and who knows but my Happineſs may reform another Rake? *Who* knows? ---ſaid Mr. *Martin*---Why I know!—for I am more than half reform'd already.

At the Chariot-door, Mrs. *Arthur*, Mrs. *Brookes*, Mrs. *Chambers*, were brought to me, by their reſpective Spouſes; and preſently, the witty Lady *Towers*, who banter'd me before, (as I once told you) joined them; and Mrs. *Arthur* ſaid, She wiſhed me Joy: And that all the good Ladies, my Neighbours, would collect themſelves together, and make me a Viſit. This, ſaid I, will be an Honour, Madam, that I can never enough acknowledge. It will be very kind ſo to countenance a Perſon, who will always ſtudy to deſerve your Favour, by the moſt reſpectful Behaviour.

Lady *Towers* ſaid, My dear Neighbour, you want no Countenance; your own Merit is ſufficient. I had a ſlight Cold, that kept me at home in the Morning; but I heard you ſo much talked of, and prais'd, that I reſolved not to ſtay away in the Afternoon: And I join in the Joy every one gives you.

She

She turn'd to my Maſter, and ſaid, You are a ſly Thief, as I always thought you. Where have you ſtol'n this Lady? And now, how barbarous is it, thus unawares in a manner, to bring her here upon us, to mortify and eclipſe us all!---You are very kind, Madam, ſaid he, that you and all my worthy Neighbours, ſee with my Eyes. But had I not known ſhe had ſo much Excellency of Mind and Behaviour, as would ſtrike every body in her Favour at firſt Sight, I ſhould not have dared to claſs her with ſuch of my worthy Neighbours, as now ſo kindly congratulate us both.

I own, ſaid ſhe, ſoftly, I was one of your Cenſurers; but I never lik'd you ſo well in my Life, as for this Action, now I ſee how capable your Bride is of giving Diſtinction to any Condition.---And coming to me, My dear Neighbour, ſaid ſhe, excuſe me for having but in my Thought, the Remembrance that I have *ſeen you formerly*, when, by your ſweet Air, and eaſy Deportment, you ſo much ſurpaſs us all, and give Credit to your preſent happy Condition.

Dear good Madam, ſaid I, how ſhall I ſuitably return my Acknowledgments! But it will never be a Pain to me to look back upon my *former Days*, now I have the kind Allowance and Example of ſo many worthy Ladies to ſupport me in the Honours to which the moſt generous of Men has raiſed me.

Sweetly ſaid! ſhe was pleaſed to ſay. If I was in another Place, I would kiſs you for that Anſwer. Oh! happy, happy Mr. *B* ſaid ſhe to my Maſter; what Reputation have you not brought upon your Judgment!---I won't be long before I ſee you, added ſhe, 'll aſſure you, if I come by myſelf. That ſhall be your own Fault, Madam, ſaid Mrs. *Brookes*, if you do.

And

And ſo they took Leave; and I gave my Hand to my dear Maſter, and ſaid, How happy have you made me, generous Sir!---And the Dean, who was juſt come up, heard me, and ſaid, And how happy you have made your Spouſe, I'll venture to pronounce, is hard to ſay, from what I obſerve of you both. I court'ſy'd, and bluſh'd, not thinking any body heard me. And my Maſter telling him he ſhould be glad of the Honour of a Viſit from him; he ſaid, He would pay his Reſpects to us, the firſt Opportunity, and would bring his Wife and Daughter to attend me. I ſaid, That was doubly kind; and I ſhould be very proud of cultivating ſo worthy an Acquaintance. I thanked him for his fine Diſcourſe; and he thanked me for my Attention, which he call'd Exemplary: And ſo my dear Maſter handed me into the Chariot; and we were carried home, *both* happy, and *both* pleaſed, thank God!

Mr. *Martin* came in the Evening, with another Gentleman, his Friend, one Mr. *Dormer*; and he entertained us with the favourable Opinion, he ſaid, every one had of me, and of the Choice my good Benefactor had made.

This Morning the Poor came, according to my Invitation; and I ſent them away with glad Hearts, to the Number of Twenty-five. They were not above Twelve or Fourteen on *Sunday*, that *John* divided the Silver among them, which I gave him for that Purpoſe; but others got hold of the Matter, and made up to the above Number.

TUESDAY.

MY generous Maſter has given me, this Morning, a moſt conſiderate, but yet, from the Nature of it, melancholy Inſtance of his great Regard

gard for my Unworthineſs, which I never could have wiſhed, hoped for, or even thought of.

He took a Walk with me, after Breakfaſt, into the Garden; and a little Shower falling, he led me, for Shelter, into the little Summer-houſe, in the private Garden, where he formerly gave me Apprehenſions; and ſitting down by me, he ſaid, I have now finiſh'd all that lies on my Mind, my Dear, and am very eaſy: For have you not wonder'd, that I have ſo much employ'd myſelf in my Library? Been ſo much at home, and yet not in your Company?— No, Sir, ſaid I, I have never been ſo impertinent as to wonder at any thing you pleaſe to employ yourſelf about; nor would give way to a Curioſity that ſhould be troubleſome to you: And beſides, I know your large Poſſeſſions, and the Method you take of looking yourſelf into your Affairs, muſt needs take up ſo much of your Time, that I ought to be very careful how I intrude upon you.

Well, ſaid he, but I'll tell you what has been my laſt Work: I have taken it into my Conſideration, that, at preſent, my Line is almoſt extinct; and that the chief Part of my *maternal* Eſtate, in caſe I die without Iſſue, will go to another Line, and great Part of my *perſonal* will fall into ſuch Hands, as I ſhall not care my *Pamela* ſhould lie at the Mercy of. I have therefore, as human Life is uncertain, made ſuch a Diſpoſition of my Affairs, as will make you abſolutely independent and happy; as will ſecure to you the Power of doing a great deal of Good, and living as a Perſon ought to do, who is my Relict; and ſhall put it out of any body's Power to moleſt your Father and Mother, in the Proviſion I deſign them, for the Remainder of their Days: And I have finiſh'd all this very Morning, except to naming Truſtees for you; and if you have any body you would confide in more than another, I would have you ſpeak.

I was

I was ſo touched with this mournful Inſtance of his exceſſive Goodneſs to me, and the Thoughts neceſſarily flowing from the ſolemn Occaſion, that I was unable to ſpeak, and at laſt reliev'd my Mind by a violent Fit of Weeping; and could only ſay, claſping my Arms around the dear generous Gentleman, How ſhall I ſupport this! So very cruel, yet ſo very kind!

Don't, my Dear, ſaid he, be concern'd at what gives *me* Pleaſure. I am not the nearer my End, for having made this Diſpoſition; but I think the putting off theſe material Points, when ſo many Accidents every Day happen, and Life is ſo precarious, is one of the moſt inexcuſable Things in the World. And there are many important Points to be thought of, when Life is drawing to its utmoſt Verge; and the Mind may be ſo agitated and unfit, that it is a moſt ſad thing to put off, to that Time, any of thoſe Concerns, which more eſpecially require a conſiderate and compoſed Frame of Temper, and perfect Health and Vigour to give Directions about. My poor Friend, Mr. *Carlton*, who died in my Arms ſo lately, and had a Mind diſturbed by worldly Conſiderations on one ſide, a Weakneſs of Body, thro' the Violence of *his Diſtemper*, on another, and the Concerns of ſtill as much more Moment, as the Soul is to the Body, on a third, made ſo great an Impreſſion upon me then, that I was the more impatient to come to this Houſe, where were moſt of my Writings, in order to make the Diſpoſition I have now perfected: And ſince it is grievous to my dear Girl, I will think myſelf of ſuch Truſtees, as ſhall be moſt for her Benefit. I have only therefore to aſſure you, my Dear, that in this Inſtance, as I will do in any other I can think of, I have ſtudied to make you quite eaſy, free, and independent. And becauſe I ſhall avoid all

all Occaſions, for the future, which may diſcompoſe you, I have but one Requeſt to make; which is, That if it pleaſe God, for my Sins, to ſeparate me from my deareſt *Pamela*, you will only reſolve not to marry *one* Perſon; for I would not be ſuch an *Herod*, as to reſtrain you from a Change of Condition with any other, however reluctantly I may think of any other Perſon's ſucceeding me in your Eſteem.

I could not anſwer, and thought my Heart would have burſt. And he continued, To conclude at once, a Subject that is ſo grievous to you, I will tell you, my *Pamela*, that this Perſon is Mr. *Williams:* And now I will acquaint you with my Motive for this Requeſt; which is wholly owing to my Niceneſs, and to no Diſlike I have for him, or Apprehenſion of any Likelihood, that it will be ſo: But, methinks, it would reflect a little upon my *Pamela*, if ſhe was to give way to ſuch a Conduct, as if ſhe had married a Man for his *Eſtate*, when ſhe had rather have had *another*, had it not been for *that*; and that now, the World will ſay, ſhe is at Liberty to purſue her Inclination, the Parſon is the Man!---- And I cannot bear even the moſt diſtant Apprehenſion, that I had not the Preference with you, of any Man living, let me have been what I would, as I have ſhewn my dear Life, that I have preferr'd her to all her Sex, of whatever Degree.

I could not ſpeak, might I have had the World; and he took me in his Arms, and ſaid, I have now ſpoken all my Mind, and expect no Anſwer; and I ſee you too much mov'd to give me one.---Only forgive me the Mention, ſince I have told you my Motive; which as much affects your Reputation, as my Niceneſs; and offer not at an Anſwer;---only ſay, You forgive me. And I hope I have not one

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diſcompoſing thing to ſay to my Deareſt, for the reſt of my Life; which, I pray God, for both our ſakes, to lengthen for many happy Years.

Grief ſtill choaked up the Paſſage of my Words; and he ſaid, The Shower is over, my Dear; let us walk out again.—He led me out, and I would have ſpoken; but he ſaid, I will not hear my dear Creature ſay any thing! To hearken to your Aſſurance of complying with my Requeſt, would look as if I doubted you, and wanted it. I am confident I needed only to ſpeak my Mind, to be obſerved by you; and I ſhall never more think on the Subject, if you don't remind me of it. He then moſt ſweetly chang'd the Diſcourſe.

Don't you with Pleaſure, my Dear, ſaid he, take in the delightful Fragrance that this ſweet Shower has given to theſe Banks of Flowers? Your *Preſence* is ſo enlivening to me, that I could almoſt fanſy, that what we owe to the *Shower*, is owing to *That*: And all Nature, methinks, blooms around me, when I have my *Pamela* by my Side. You are a Poeteſs, my Dear; and I will give you a few Lines, that I made myſelf on ſuch an Occaſion as this I am ſpeaking of, the Preſence of a ſweet Companion, and the freſh Verdure, that, after a Shower ſucceeding a long Drought, ſhew'd itſelf throughout all vegetable Nature. And then, in a ſweet and eaſy Accent, (with his dear Arms about me as we walk'd) he ſung me the following Verſes; of which he afterwards favour'd me with a Copy:

I.

ALL Nature blooms when you appear;
The Fields their richeſt Liv'ries wear;
Oaks, Elms and Pines, bleſt with your View,
Shoot out freſh Greens, and bud anew.

The varying Seaſons you ſupply;
And when you're gone, they fade and die.

II.

Sweet Philomel, *in mournful Strains,*
To you appeals, to you complains.
The tow'ring Lark, on riſing Wing,
Warbles to you, your Praiſe does ſing;
He cuts the yielding Air, and flies
To Heav'n, to type your future Joys.

III.

The purple Violet, damask Roſe,
Each, to delight your Senſes, blows.
The Lilies ope', as you appear;
And all the Beauties of the Year
Diffuſe their Odours at your Feet,
Who give to ev'ry Flow'r its Sweet.

IV.

For Flow'rs and Women are ally'd;
Both, Nature's Glory, and her Pride!
Of ev'ry fragrant Sweet poſſeſt,
They bloom but for the Fair-one's Breaſt;
And to the ſwelling Boſom borne,
Each other mutually adorn.

Thus ſweetly did he palliate the Woes, which the Generoſity of his Actions, mix'd with the Solemnneſs of the Occaſion, and the ſtrange Requeſt he had vouchſafed to make me, had occaſion'd. And all he would permit me to ſay, was, That I was not diſpleaſed with him!—Diſpleaſed with you, deareſt Sir! ſaid I: Let me thus teſtify my Obligations, and the Force all your Commands ſhall have upon me. And I took the Liberty to claſp my Arms about his Neck, and kiſſed him.

But yet my Mind was pained at times, and has been to this Hour.—God grant that I may never ſee the dreadful Moment, that ſhall ſhut up the precious Life of this excellently generous Benefactor of mine! And—but I cannot bear to ſuppoſe—I cannot ſay more on ſuch a deep Subject.

Oh! what a poor thing is human Life in its beſt Enjoyments! ſubjected to *imaginary* Evils, when it has no *real* ones to diſturb it; and that can be made as effectually unhappy by its Apprehenſions of remote Contingencies, as if it was ſtruggling with the Pangs of a preſent Diſtreſs! This, duly reflected upon, methinks, ſhould convince every one, that this World is not a Place for the immortal Mind to be confined to; and that there muſt be an Hereafter, where the *whole* Soul ſhall be ſatisfy'd.

But I ſhall get out of my Depth; my ſhallow Mind cannot comprehend, as it ought, theſe weighty Subjects: Let me therefore only pray, that after having made a grateful Uſe of God's Mercies here, I may, with my dear Benefactor, rejoice in that happy State, where is no Mixture, no Unſatisfiedneſs; and where all is Joy, and Peace, and Love, for evermore!

I ſaid, when we ſat at Supper, The charming Taſte you gave me, Sir, of your poetical Fancy, makes me ſure you have more Favours of this Kind, to delight me with, if you pleaſe; and may I beg to be indulged on this agreeable Head?—Hitherto, ſaid he, my Life has been too much a Life of Gaiety and Action, to be buſied ſo innocently. Some little Eſſays I have now-and-then attempted; but very few have I completed. Indeed I had not Patience nor Attention enough to hold me long to any one thing. Now-and-then, perhaps, I may occaſionally ſhew you what I have eſſay'd. But I never could pleaſe myſelf in this way.

FRIDAY.

WE were Yeſterday favour'd with the Company of almoſt all the neighbouring Gentry, and their good Ladies, who, by Appointment with one another, met to congratulate our Happineſs. Nothing could be more obliging, more free and affectionate, than the Ladies; nothing more polite than the Gentlemen. All was perform'd (for they came to Supper) with Decency and Order, and much to every one's Satisfaction, which was principally owe-ing to good Mrs. *Jervis*'s Care and Skill; who is an excellent Manager.

For my part, I was dreſs'd out, only to be admir'd, as it ſeems; and truly, if I had not known, that I did not make *myſelf*, as you, my dear Father, once hinted to me; and if I had had the Vanity to think as well of myſelf, as the good Company was pleaſed to do, I might poſſibly have been proud. But I know, as my Lady *Davers* ſaid, tho' in Anger, yet in Truth, that I am but *a poor Bit of painted Dirt.* All that I value myſelf upon, is, that God has raiſed me to a Condition to be uſeful in my Generation, to better Perſons than myſelf. This is my Pride: And I hope this will be *all* my Pride. For what was I of myſelf!— All the Good I can do, is but a poor third-hand Good; for my deareſt Maſter himſelf is but the Second-hand. GOD, the All-gracious, the All-good, the All-bountiful, the All-mighty, the All-merciful GOD, is the Firſt: To HIM, therefore, be all the Glory!

As I expect the Happineſs, the unſpeakable Happineſs, my ever-dear and ever-honour'd Father and Mother, of enjoying you both here, under this Roof, ſo ſoon, (and pray let it be as ſoon as you can) I will not enter into the Particulars of the laſt agree-

able

able Evening: For I ſhall have a thouſand things, as well as that, to talk to you upon. I fear you will be tir'd with my Prattle when I ſee you!

I am to return theſe Viſits ſingly; and there were Eight Ladies here, of different Families. Dear Heart! I ſhall find enough to do!—I doubt my Time will not be ſo well filled up, as I once promiſed my dear Maſter!—But he is pleas'd, chearful, kind, affectionate! O what a happy Creature am I!—May I be always thankful to GOD, and grateful to *him!*—When all theſe tumultuous Viſitings are over, I ſhall have my Mind, I hope, ſubſide into a Family Calm, that I may make myſelf a little uſeful to the Houſehold of my dear Maſter; or elſe I ſhall be an unprofitable Servant indeed!

Lady *Davers* ſent this Morning her Compliments to us both, very affectionately; and her Lord's good Wiſhes and Congratulations. And ſhe deſir'd my Writings *per* Bearer; and ſays, ſhe will herſelf bring them to me again, with Thanks, as ſoon as ſhe has read them; and ſhe and her Lord will come and be *my* Gueſts (that was her particularly kind Word) for a Fortnight.

I have now but one thing to wiſh for, and then, methinks, I ſhall be all Ecſtaſy; and that is, Your Preſence, both of you, and your Bleſſings; which I hope you will beſtow upon me every Morning and Night, till you are ſettled in the happy manner my dear Spouſe has intended.

Methinks I want ſadly your Liſt of the honeſt and worthy Poor; for the Money lies by me, and brings me no Intereſt. You ſee I am become a mere Uſurer; and want to make Uſe upon Uſe: And yet, when I have done all, I cannot do ſo much as I ought. God forgive my Imperfections!

I tell my dear Spouſe, I want another Dairy-houſe Viſit. To be ſure, if he won't, at *preſent*, permit

it, I ſhall, if it pleaſe God to ſpare us, teize him like any over-indulged Wife, if, as the dear Charmer grows *older*, he won't let me have the Pleaſure of forming her tender Mind, as well as I am able, leſt, poor little Soul! ſhe fall into ſuch Snares, as her unhappy dear Mother fell into. I am providing a Power of pretty Things for her, againſt I ſee her next, that I may make her love me, if I can.

Juſt now I have the bleſſed News, that you will ſet out, for this happy Houſe, on *Tueſday* Morning. The Chariot ſhall be with you without fail. God give us a happy Meeting! O, how I long for it! Forgive your impatient Daughter, who ſends this to amuſe you on your Journey; and deſires to be

Ever moſt dutifully Yours.

HERE end the Letters of the incomparable PAMELA to her Father and Mother. For, as they arriv'd at their Daughter's Houſe on *Tueſday* Evening in the following Week, ſhe had no Occaſion to continue her Journal longer.

The good old Couple were receiv'd, by her, with the utmoſt Joy and Duty; and with great Goodneſs and Complaiſance by her generous Spouſe. And having reſided there till every thing was put in Order for them at the *Kentiſh* Eſtate, they were carried down thither by the 'Squire himſelf, and their Daughter, and put into Poſſeſſion of the pretty Farm he had deſigned for them. In which they long liv'd comfortably, doing Good by their Examples, and their judicious Charities, to all about them.

They

They conſtantly, twice in every Year, for a Fortnight together, ſo long as they lived, viſited their dear Daughter and her Spouſe; and once a Year, at leaſt, for a Week at a time, were viſited by them again: And the 'Squire having added, by new Purchaſes, to that Eſtate, they, by their Diligence, augmented the Value of it, and deſerved of him the Kindneſs he ſhew'd them.

As for the excellent PAMELA, ſhe enjoy'd, for many Years, the Reward of her Virtue, Piety and Charity; exceedingly beloved by both Sexes, and by all Degrees; and was look'd upon as the Mirror of her Age and Sex.

She made her beloved Spouſe happy in a numerous and hopeful Progeny. And he made her the beſt and fondeſt of Husbands; and, after her Example, became remarkable for Piety, Virtue, and all the ſocial Duties of a Man and a Chriſtian. And they charm'd every one within the Circle of their Acquaintance, by the Sweetneſs of their Manners, the regular Order and Oeconomy of their Houſhold; by their chearful Hoſpitality, and a diffuſive Charity to all worthy Objects within the Compaſs of their Knowledge.

She was regularly viſited by the principal Ladies in the Neighbourhood; who were fond of her Acquaintance, and better'd by her Example.

Lady *Davers* became one of her ſincereſt and moſt affectionate Admirers. And her Lord, in a manner, doated upon her.

The poor little Miſs *Goodwin* was, after a while, given up to her Wiſhes and Importunities, in order to be form'd by her Example; and, in Proceſs of Time, was joined in Marriage with a Gentleman of Merit and Fortune, to whom ſhe made an excellent Wife.

HAVING

HAVING thus brought this little Hiſtory to a happy Period, the Reader will indulge us in a few brief Obſervations, which naturally reſult from it; and which will ſerve as ſo many Applications, of its moſt material Incidents, to the Minds of the YOUTH of BOTH SEXES.

Firſt, then, in the Character of the GENTLEMAN, may be ſeen that of a faſhionable Libertine, who allow'd himſelf in the free Indulgence of his Paſſions, eſpecially as to the fair Sex; and found himſelf ſupported in his daring Attempts, by an affluent Fortune in Poſſeſſion, a perſonal Bravery, as it is called, readier to *give* than *take* Offence, and an imperious Will; yet as he betimes ſees his Errors, and reforms in the Bloom of Youth, an edifying Leſſon may be drawn from it, for the Uſe of ſuch as are born to large Fortunes; and who may be taught, by his Example, the inexpreſſible Difference between the Hazards and Remorſe which attend a profligate Courſe of Life; and the Pleaſures which flow from virtuous Love, and virtuous Actions.

The Generoſity of his Mind; his Sobriety, as to *Wine* and *Hours*; his prudent Oeconomy and Hoſpitality; the Purity and Conſtancy of his Affection, after his Change; his polite Behaviour to his *Pamela*; his generous Proviſion for her, in caſe he had died; his Bounty to her Parents, attended with ſuch Marks of Prudence as made them uſeful to *himſelf*, as well as render'd *them* happy; and ſhew'd he was not acted merely by a blind and partial Paſſion, are ſo many Inſtances worthy of being remember'd in his Favour, and of being imitated, in Degree, by all ſuch as are circumſtanced as he was.

In

In the Character of Lady DAVERS, let the Proud and the High-born ſee the Deformity of unreaſonable Paſſion, and how weak and ridiculous ſuch Perſons muſt appear, who ſuffer themſelves, as is uſually the Caſe, to be hurried from one Extreme to another; from the Height of Violence, to the moſt abject Submiſſion; and ſubject themſelves to be outdone by the humble Virtue they ſo much deſpiſe.

Let good CLERGYMEN, in Mr WILLIAMS, ſee, that whatever Diſpleaſure the doing of their Duty may give, for a Time, to their proud Patrons, Providence will, at laſt, reward their Piety, and turn their Diſtreſſes to Triumph; and make them even *more* valued for a Conduct that gave Offence while the Violence of Paſſion laſted, than if they had meanly ſtoop'd to flatter or ſooth the Vices of the Great.

In the Examples of good old ANDREWS, and his WIFE, let thoſe who are reduced to a low Eſtate, ſee, that Providence never fails to reward their Honeſty and Integrity; and that God will, in his own good Time, extricate them, by Means unforeſeen, out of their preſent Difficulties, and rewārd them with Benefits unhop'd for.

The UPPER SERVANTS of great Families may, from the odious Character of Mrs. *Jewkes*, and the amiable ones of Mrs. *Jervis*, Mr. *Longman*, &c. learn what to avoid, and what to chuſe, to make themſelves valued and eſteem'd by all who know them.

And, from the double Conduct of poor *John*, the LOWER SERVANTS may learn Fidelity, and how to diſtin-

diſtinguiſh between the lawful and unlawful Commands of a Superior.

The poor deluded Female, who, like the once unhappy Miſs GODFREY, has given up her Honour, and yielded to the Allurements of her deſigning Lover, may learn from her Story, to ſtop at the *firſt Fault*; and, by reſolving to repent and amend, ſee the Pardon and Bleſſing which await her Penitence, and a kind Providence ready to extend the Arms of its Mercy to receive and reward her returning Duty: While the abandon'd Proſtitute, purſuing the wicked Courſes, into which, perhaps, ſhe was at firſt *inadvertently* drawn, hurries herſelf into filthy Diſeaſes, and an untimely Death; and, too probably, into everlaſting Perdition afterwards.

Let the *deſponding Heart* be comforted by the happy Iſſue which the Troubles and Trials of the lovely PAMELA met with, when they ſee, in her Caſe, that no Danger nor Diſtreſs, however inevitable, or deep, to their Apprehenſions, can be out of the Power of Providence to obviate or relieve; and which, as in various Inſtances in her Story, can turn the moſt ſeemingly grievous Things to its own Glory, and the Reward of ſuffering Innocence; and that, too, at a Time when all human Proſpects ſeem to fail.

Let the *Rich*, and thoſe who are *exalted* from a *low* to a *high Eſtate*, learn from her, that they are not promoted only for a *ſingle Good*; but that Providence has raiſed them, that they ſhould diſpenſe to all within their Reach, the Bleſſings it has heaped upon them; and that the greater the Power is to which GOD has raiſed them, the greater is the Good that will be expected from them.

From

From the low Opinion ſhe every-where ſhews of herſelf, and her attributing all her Excellencies to her pious Education, and her Lady's virtuous Inſtructions and Bounty; let Perſons, even of *Genius* and *Piety*, learn not to arrogate to themſelves thoſe Gifts and Graces, which they owe leaſt of all to themſelves: Since the Beauties of Perſon are frail, and it is not in our Power to give them to ourſelves, or to be either prudent, wiſe, or good, without the Aſſiſtance of Divine Grace.

From the ſame good Example, let *Children* ſee what a Bleſſing awaits their Duty to their Parents, tho' ever ſo low in the World: And that the only Diſgrace is to be diſhoneſt; but none at all to be poor.

From the *Oeconomy* ſhe purpoſes to obſerve in her Elevation, let even *Ladies of Condition* learn, that there are Family Employments, in which they may and ought to make themſelves uſeful, and give good Examples to their Inferiors, as well as Equals. And that their Duty to God, Charity to the Poor and Sick, and the different Branches of Houſhold Management, ought to take up the moſt conſiderable Portions of their Time.

From her ſignal *Veracity*, which ſhe never forfeited, in all the Hardſhips ſhe was try'd with, tho' her Anſwers, as ſhe had Reaſon to apprehend, would often make againſt her; and the Innocence ſhe preſerved throughout all her Stratagems and Contrivances to ſave herſelf from Violation; Perſons, even *ſorely tempted*, may learn to preſerve a ſacred Regard to *Truth*; which always begets a Reverence for them, even in the corrupteſt Minds.

In

In ſhort,

Her obliging Behaviour to her Equals, before her Exaltation; her Kindneſs to them afterwards; her forgiving Spirit, and her Generoſity;
Her Meekneſs, in every Circumſtance, where her Virtue was not concern'd;
Her charitable Allowances for others, as in the Caſe of Miſs *Godfrey*, for Faults ſhe would not have forgiven in herſelf;
Her Kindneſs and Prudence to the Offspring of that melancholy Adventure;
Her Maiden and Bridal Purity, which extended as well to her Thoughts, as to her Words and Actions;
Her ſignal Affiance in God;
Her thankful Spirit;
Her grateful Heart;
Her diffuſive Charity to the Poor, which made her bleſſed by them whenever ſhe appear'd abroad;
The chearful Eaſe and Freedom of her Deportment;
Her Parental, Conjugal and Maternal Duty;
Her Social Virtues;

Are all ſo many ſignal Inſtances of the Excellency of her Mind, which may make her Character worthy of the Imitation of her Sex, from low to high Life. And the Editor of theſe Sheets will have his End, if it inſpires a laudable Emulation in the Minds of any worthy Perſons, who may thereby intitle themſelves to the Rewards, the Praiſes, and the Bleſſings, by which ſhe was ſo deſervedly diſtinguiſhed.

FINIS.

